MAY, 1948

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

see page 42

"This Prize-Fight Racket"

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CANNON

Howard Baer

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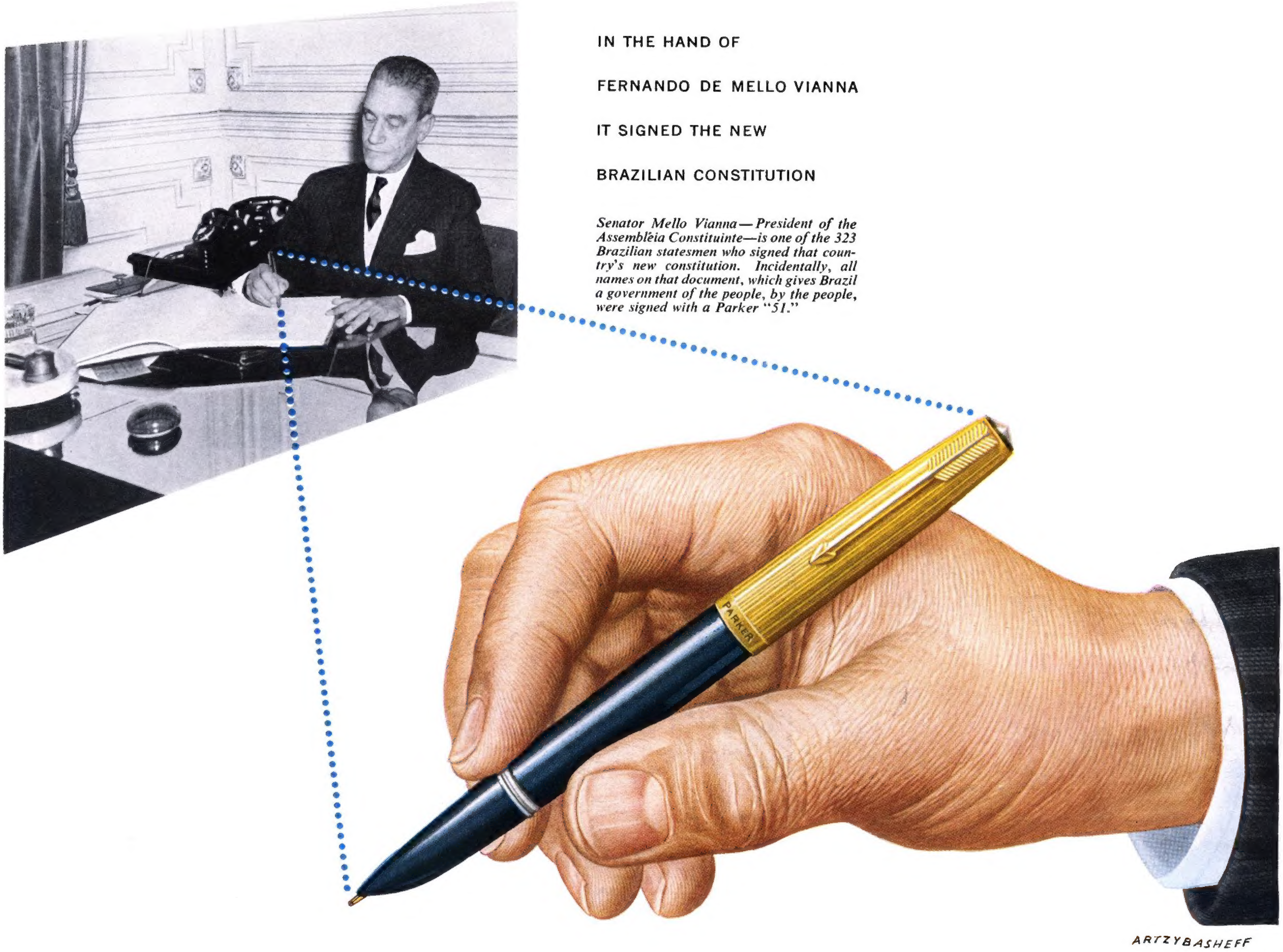
INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 170



IN THE HAND OF

FERNANDO DE MELLO VIANNA

IT SIGNED THE NEW

BRAZILIAN CONSTITUTION

Senator Mello Vianna—President of the Assembléia Constituinte—is one of the 323 Brazilian statesmen who signed that country's new constitution. Incidentally, all names on that document, which gives Brazil a government of the people, by the people, were signed with a Parker "51."

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TODAY, wherever history is being written, you can expect to find Parker "51" a part of the scene. Good companion of statesmen and writers—artists, musicians and business leaders—the "51" is preferred by noted people everywhere.

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Eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!

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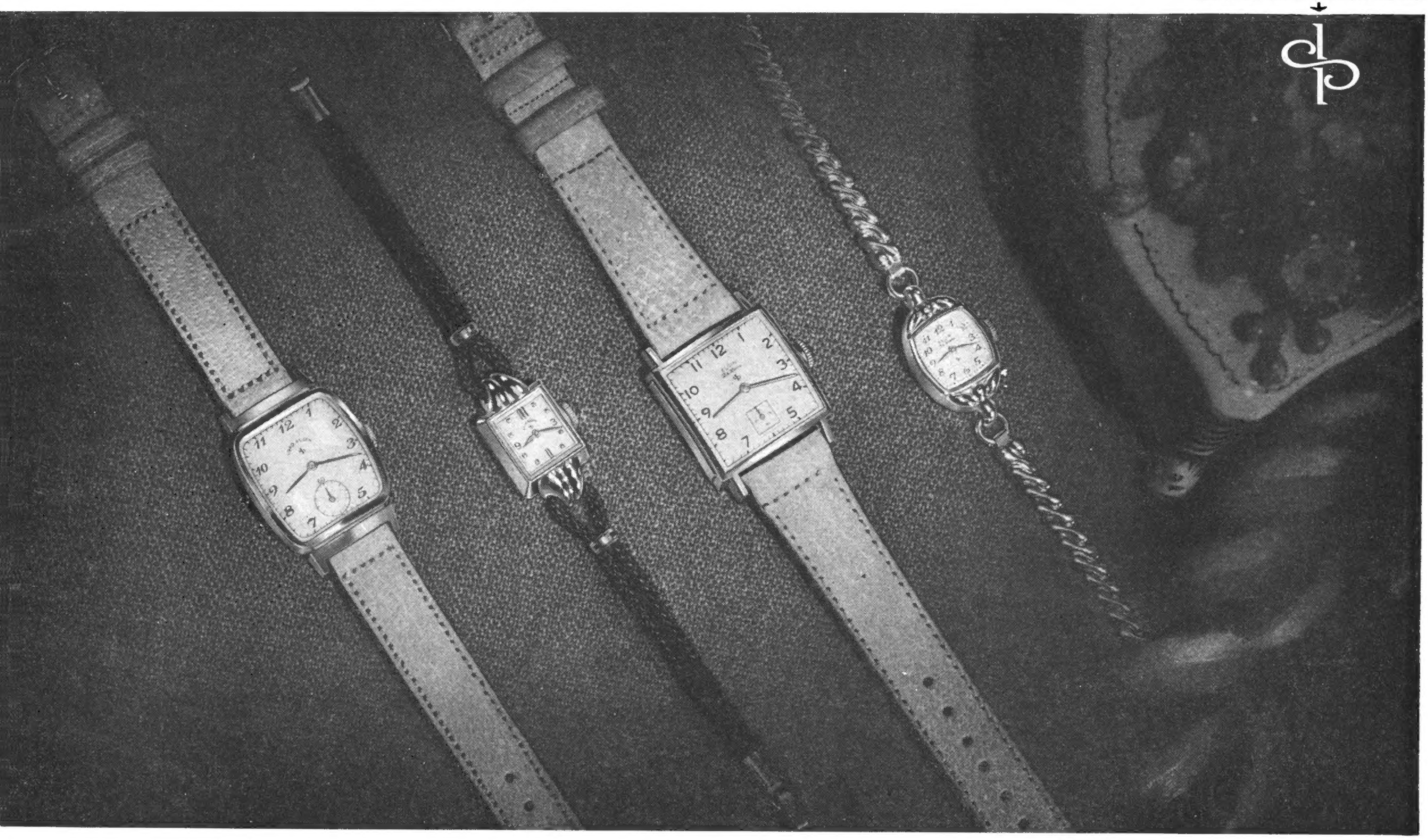

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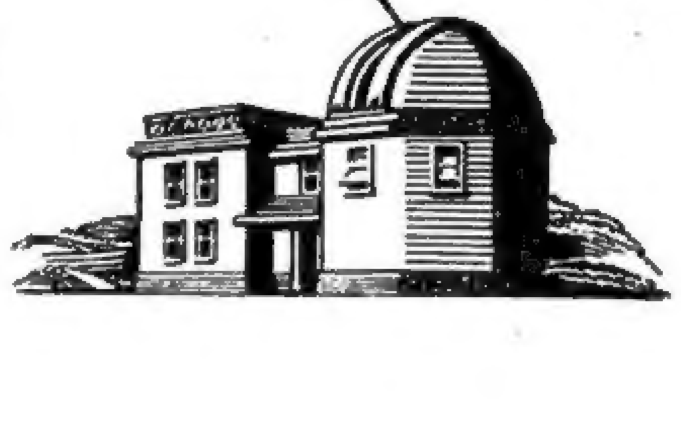

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Wide-Open Eyes

All the world loves a storyteller. To illustrate this, a mischievous lecturer once caught his university audience about one quiver away from an honest yawn, so he told them a boy-meets-girl yarn. It was the most banal, stupid, and wholly predictable little plot he could dream up. Yet—as he blithely told them all a few minutes later—his supposedly sophisticated audience perked up and listened with whole absorption while he foisted the boring little monstrosity on them. It was suggested that he give up lecturing and tell more stories, good ones this time.

Irvin S. Cobb was the classic stylist of storytelling. He could enthrall you even if you'd heard him tell the same story before. His was a leisurely craftsmanship, something very close to an art, which kept you all at once listening and waiting and still wishing he'd never come to the point.

Such storytellers are rare, but, when they appear, all the more welcome for it. And welcome in Esquire is an author who belongs high up on the list—William Francis. On page 38 of this issue is his latest Esquire contribution, *With Eyes Wide Open*. Mr. Francis has the true storyteller's zest for the plot, eye for character, and intangible timing that all add up to good writing and good reading.

Not because he's in Esquire, but because he really has a way with a story, we recommend Mr. Francis to you.

Although, come to think of it, maybe both reasons are really the same.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for May, 1948 Vol. XXIX. No. 5 Whole No. 174

articles

		PAGE
FLOPEROO MÉCANIQUE, 1927	Donald Friede	58
GLAMOUR GIRL FROM BRESSE	Robert Sage	67
STEVAN DOHANOS: LIVING CANVAS	Robert Ulrich Godsoe	70
STORIES FOR HARRY'S BAR	Gordon Cooper	81
MY DOG IS DELINQUENT	Robert E. Reed	83
BOSTON: A POINT OF VIEW		84
WINING COMBINATION	George Kauffman	112
COME TO THE FAIRWAY	Vincent D. Lunny	123

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY		10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE		30
Comment: THIS MAN'S WORLD: WHEN WILL THE SPIRIT REVIVE?	Paul Gallico	35
Fashion: FROM HOT TO COOL	O. E. Schoeffler	74
Reviews: BOOK BRIEFS		111
Discs: THE WAXWORKS	Herbert Kubly	124

fiction

THEME WITH VARIATIONS	Mel Heimer	37
WITH EYES WIDE OPEN	William Francis	38
DEATH COMES FOR THE PILOT	Robert L. Hartzell	44
THE MAN IN THE BLIZZARD	Robert Switzer	51
AND NOW ONCE AGAIN	Robert Vincent	54
THE FURNACE WAS WAITING	William Glynne-Jones	60
"EX" MARKS THE SORE SPOT	Will F. Jenkins	65
THE FABLE OF THE MOUSEY MOUSE	John Henry	68
THE WRECK AT THE HESPERUS	R. Musel & W. Brennan	72
KARATA IN THE MORNING	Ward Brown	79
SATISFACTION FOR LIZETTE	Hans Ruesch	86
NEIGHBOR TO A NIGHTMARE	Margaret St. Clair	88
DR. CLODHOPPER'S FOOTSIES	Martin Gardner	155

personality

A STREETCAR NAMED TENNESSEE	Sidney Carroll	46

book condensation

IF YOU HAVE TEARS (Part II)	John Evans	91

sports

THIS PRIZE-FIGHT RACKET	Jimmy Cannon	42
MY OLD MYOPIC KENTUCKY HOME	Arthur Daley	53

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION	Painting by Howard Baer	
ALPS: AMERICAN PLAN	Color photographs by Bob & Ira Spring	40
UNSPOKEN	Kodachrome by Manuel de Augustin	43
CANOEISTS' LUNCHEON	Painting by Pierre-Auguste Renoir	47
MATERIAL WITNESS	Painting by Ben-Hur Baz	49
MY OLD MYOPIC KENTUCKY HOME		53
SPRING FEVER	Drawings by E. Simms Campbell	56
ONE-TWO PUNCH: BOB RYAN	Color photograph by Reves-Biro	59
YOUNG MAN IN LOVE—WITH MUSIC	Photographs by Ruth Orkin	62
RUSSELL OF SPRING	Color photograph by Bud Fraker	66
THE FABLE OF THE MOUSEY MOUSE	Illustrations by B. Simpson	68
MME. TUSSAUD STILL PAX THEM IN		69
ART PORTFOLIO	Paintings by Stevan Dohanos	71
THE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY OF ALFRED LUNT	Color photographs by Arnold Glantz	82
BOSTON: A POINT OF VIEW	Painting by Chesley Bonestell	84

wearables

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT	Kodachrome by Lownds	75
CORDS ARE COMING INTO THEIR OWN	Kodachrome by Lownds	76
A WORD TO THE WARM	Kodachrome by Arnold Glantz	77
THE LIGHT TOUCH—IN A SPORTS JACKET!	Drawing by Jack Fenton	78
LEI THAT HAT BAND DOWN	Kodachrome by William Stone	96
CALIFORNIA CALLS THE TURNS	Drawing by Merrill Harvey	108
CHANNEL BLUE	Drawings by Martin Burniston & Hunter Wood	120
GOOD COMPANIONS FOR CHANNEL BLUE	Kodachromes by Arnold Glantz	121

credits

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, CANOEISTS' LUNCHEON BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR	Ed Rinker	47
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF MME. TUSSAUD'S WAXWORKS	International News	69

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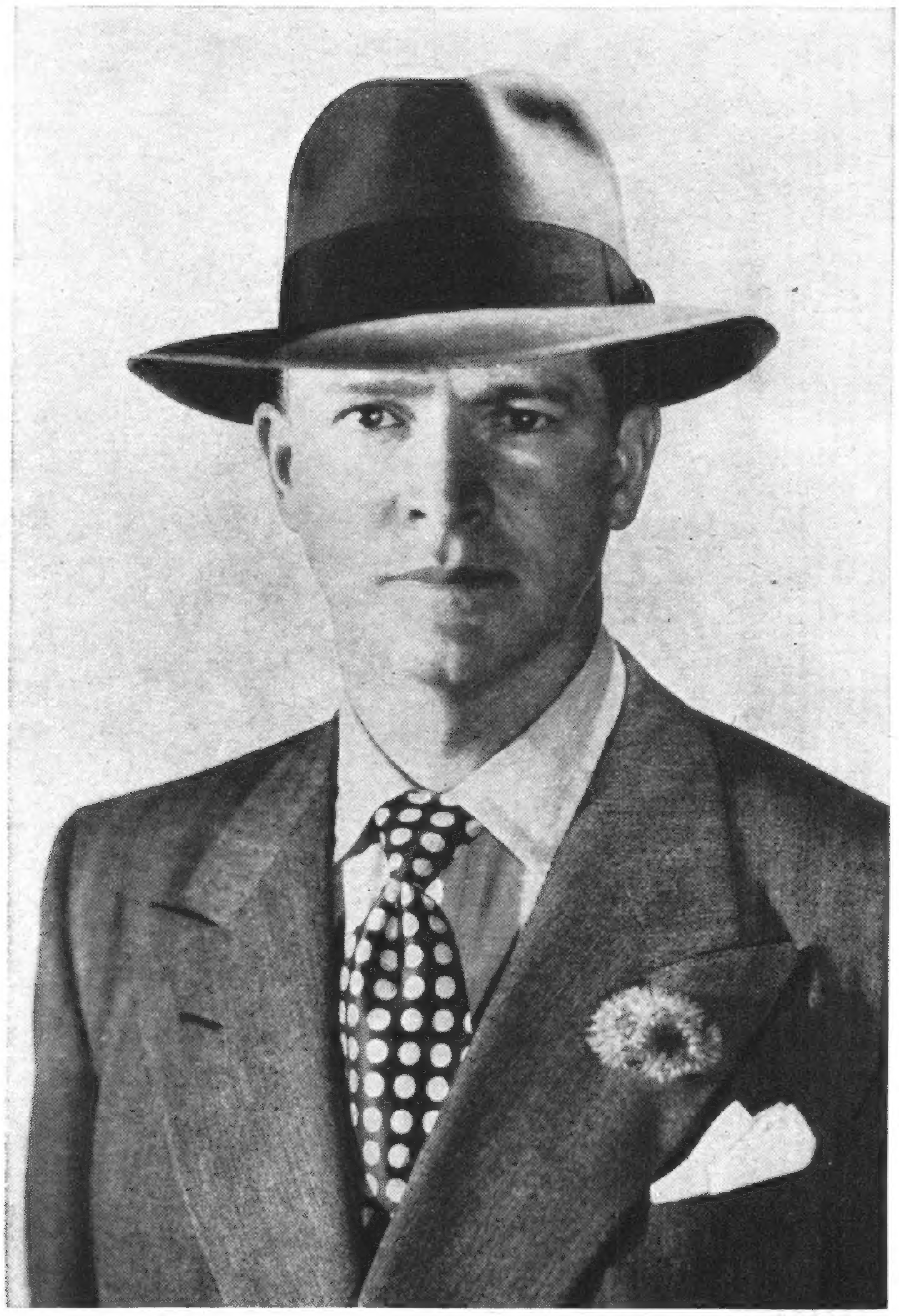
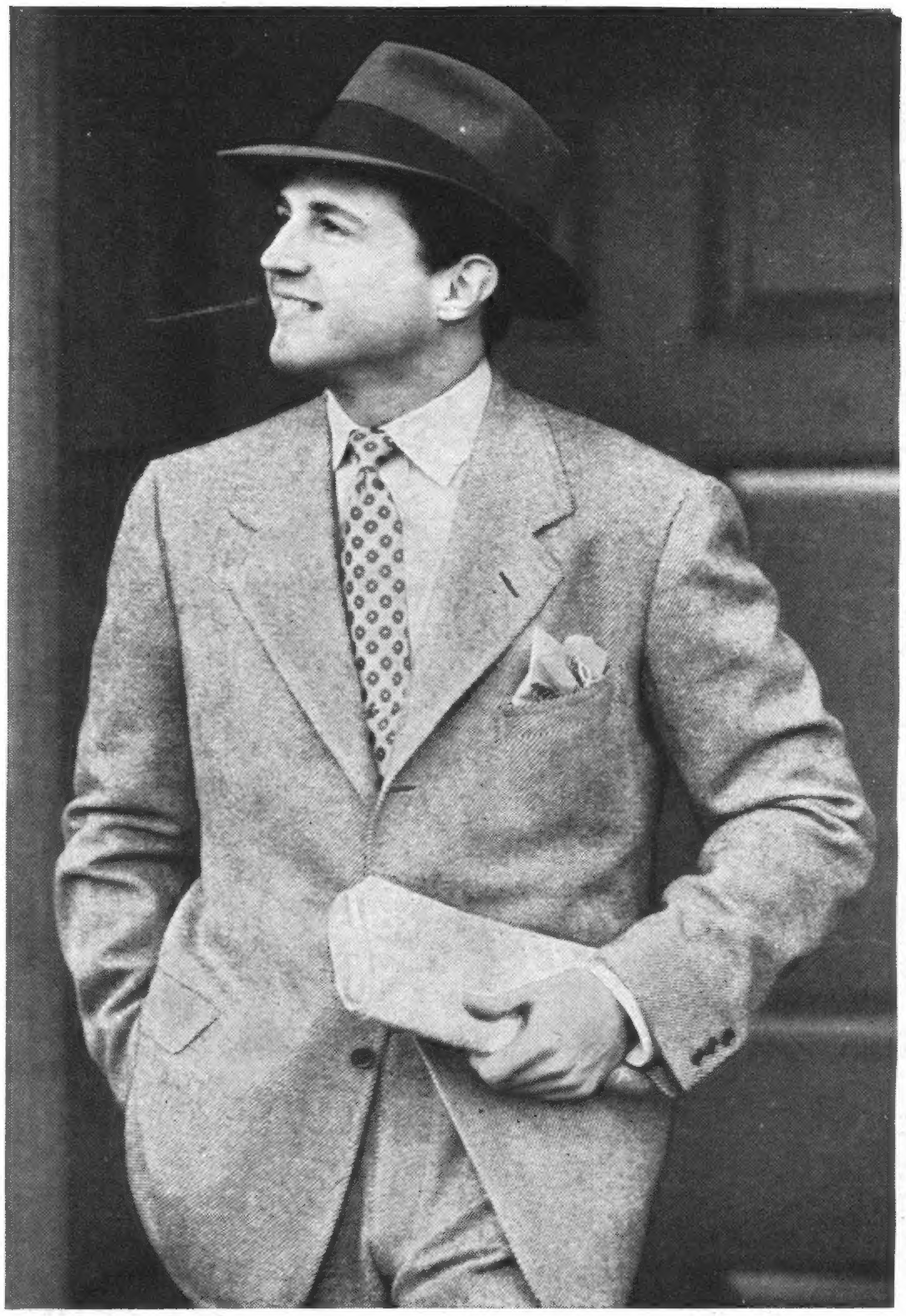
Editorial: THE BOLD LOOK—*Good Taste*





GENTLEMEN, good news.

Last month Esquire launched a great new fashion for men, THE BOLD LOOK, and already it has become a national sensation. The reason is simple. THE BOLD LOOK is distinctive, fresh, and masculine. But—and this is the point—for all its personality THE BOLD LOOK is in good taste, your own good taste.

Life Magazine, admittedly no authority on men's fashions, stepped out brightly last summer in an editorial which said among other things that "America's tailors worshipfully ape in cut and word ('Savile Row,' 'English Import,' etc.) the styles of London."

Well, it was bravely said.

The truth is, of course, that America's tailors are not our fashion leaders by any means. They in no sense compare in influence, for example, to their counterparts in the flourishing field of women's fashions and design. Fashion for American men is, by and large, inspired by a few individuals of taste, and then developed for general usage by various agents, with Esquire usually in the vanguard, setting its correctness and timing its occasion. The "individuals of taste" may be private gentlemen with the means and energy to express their own ideas through the eye of a custom tailor's needle, or these individuals may be alert and creative members of our own Fashion Staff, who interpret current attitudes, ideas, and action among U. S. men in terms of a new fashion.

Before THE BOLD LOOK, Esquire sponsored an amazing sequence of men's fashions you may have forgotten over the years. You'll be surprised: the covert coat, the double-breasted lapel rolled to the lower button, the white dinner jacket, widespread collar, the reversible balmacaan, the bush coat, knitted swim trunks, coconut straw hats, Norwegian peasant slippers, semisport hats, the shirt-and-slack ensemble, string gloves, the leather watch-guard strap—all had a genesis in Esquire.

Such a record gives us a chance to be pretty proud of our fashion history, and also to relax and confess a little. Not all of these Esquire firsts had the same natural rightness to them as THE BOLD LOOK, we must admit. None of them were any concession to the savants of Savile Row. But, on the other hand, some were a trifle extreme, welcome enough to the men who are specifically interested in fashion for its own sake, but sometimes too conspicuous for the bulk of U.S. men who demand with good reason that their fashions be a blend of the accepted and the new. THE BOLD LOOK, happily, is for all men. We'll stake a safeful of sketches by Mr. Ben-Hur Baz (we refer you to his painting on page 49 with the pitiful hope that we'll find you back on this page again) that Esquire is creating in THE BOLD LOOK the fashion that Mr. America has been awaiting. If we can talk for him and how he feels about what he wears (and our thousands of fashion inquiries weekly will help keep us on the beam), we'd say this is about what he'd like in his clothes:

He wants them distinctive, but not freaky: THE BOLD LOOK has individuality.

He wants them masculine, but not noisy: THE BOLD LOOK has decibels, but well under control.

He wants an occasional sensible excursion into color, but not a bomb in a paintpot: THE BOLD LOOK has baritones in it.

THE BOLD LOOK is fashion for men who want to look like men, and at the same time express their own personalities and good taste. It touches everything a man can wear—hat, tie, shirt, suit, socks, shoes, topcoat, gloves—with a solid, dynamic vitality that sprang out of our own background, truly an American fashion for American men. The "command collar" shirt, massive shoes, the clear, sharp tie, the husky-bordered handkerchief, the rich cinnamon brown snap-brim hat with a black band and gun-metal grey binding were introduced in the April Esquire. There is further good news on fashion pages 74 through 78, and scattered through the back of this issue.

THE BOLD LOOK is yours, sir. ⧺

In the 1830's while Audubon painted his famous "Birds of America"...

Col. James Crow

was immortalizing another American "bird"

Neither bright plumage nor bright song distinguish the bird that has become the symbol for James Crow's whiskey. But for more than a hundred years, Old Crow has brightened many a gathering and caused men to sing out the praises of this grand old Kentucky whiskey. Today, its famous symbol is known all over the world!

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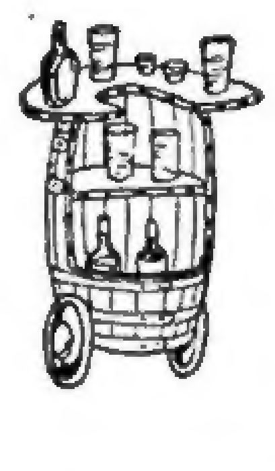
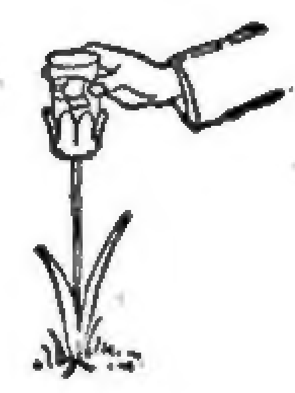
Talking Shop with Esquire

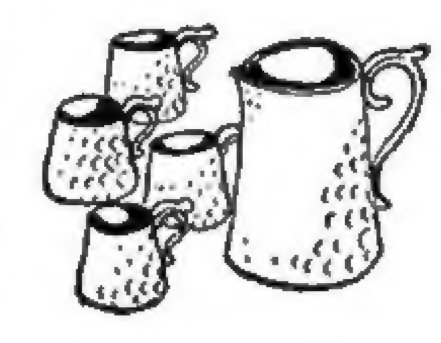
ROLL OUT THE BARREL. A portable, compact bar, fashioned from a sturdy oak barrel, with a mahogany finish. Well balanced on rubber tired wheels, it's easily rolled to wherever the thirsty congregate—even out to the lawn or terrace. The U shaped serving top, extending out over the barrel, is covered with alcohol resistant, inlaid linoleum with chrome edge. Back of barrel is fitted with a linoleum covered shelf and a waterproof storage space, which can be filled with ice and a goodly supply of beverages. Convenient tap drain takes care of melting ice when the party is over. Chrome hub caps and black hoops. Height is 34" and counter measures 29" across.



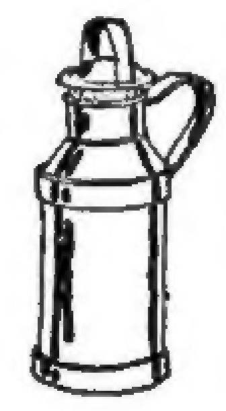
DRINKING IN THE OUT-DOORS often involves sharing your drink with a convivial ant or two, when you park your glass on the lawn. Here's a colorful lawn accessory that provides you with a convenient place to put your drink and at the same time make sure you're not going to be sharing it with ground insects. Holds the glass at a convenient level; makes sure it won't be tipped over. These stemmed coasters are made of steel in conventionalized flower shapes, with petals enameled in floral shades, the stem and leaves in green. An excellent gift idea for friends who like to entertain at lawn parties and barbecues. A set of six, in six different colors, costs about ten dollars.



HANDSOME MUG. Juleps or gingerale — whatever you're drinking tastes cool and extra-refreshing when it's served in one of these mugs of hammered Buenilium (that's a new aluminum alloy). Hand-forged handles. Each mug, 4¾ inches high, accommodates a full bottle of beer, or 24 ounces of any thirst quencher. The matching pitcher holds almost three quarts, is about 8 inches high. The mugs sell for around three dollars each; the pitcher for about six. You can have your three initial monogram engraved on each piece for an additional dollar.



COPPER COCKTAIL SHAKER. Looks like a junior edition of a milk can, but it's really made to hold Stronger Stuff. Inside is double plated with nickel and gold to make sure there's no metallic taste to your cocktails. Polished copper exterior has soldered joints, just like any self-respecting milk can. Two quart capacity accommodates quite a large and thirsty gathering. Lends the rustic touch to country shin-digs or cocktail parties in town, for around fifteen dollars.



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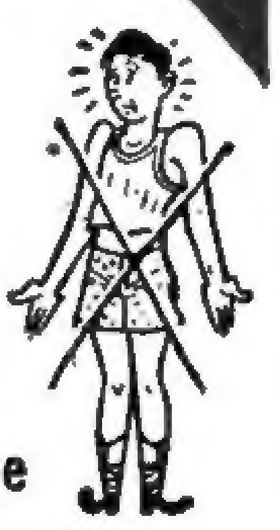

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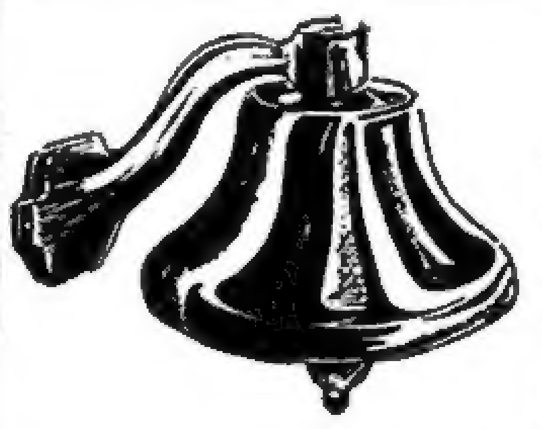

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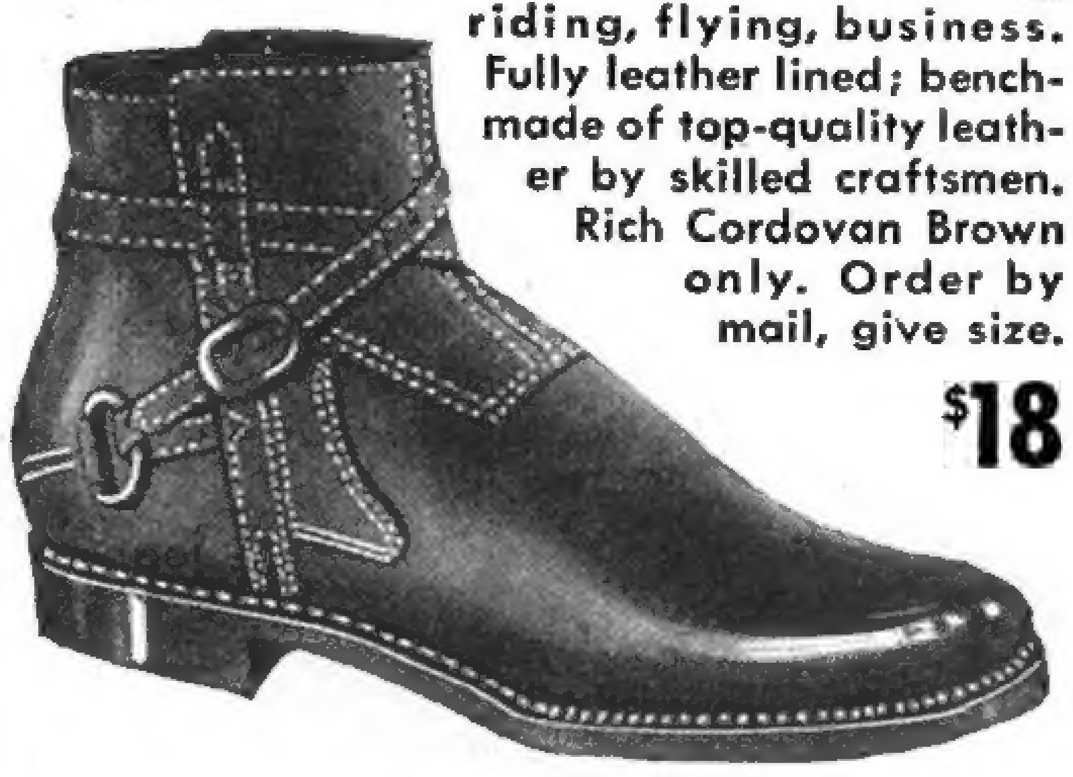

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(Choice of "Farmer's Daughter", "Scoundrel's Toll", "Curse of Nicotine", "His Royal Flush", "Sadder But Wiser", "The Oily Schemer".)
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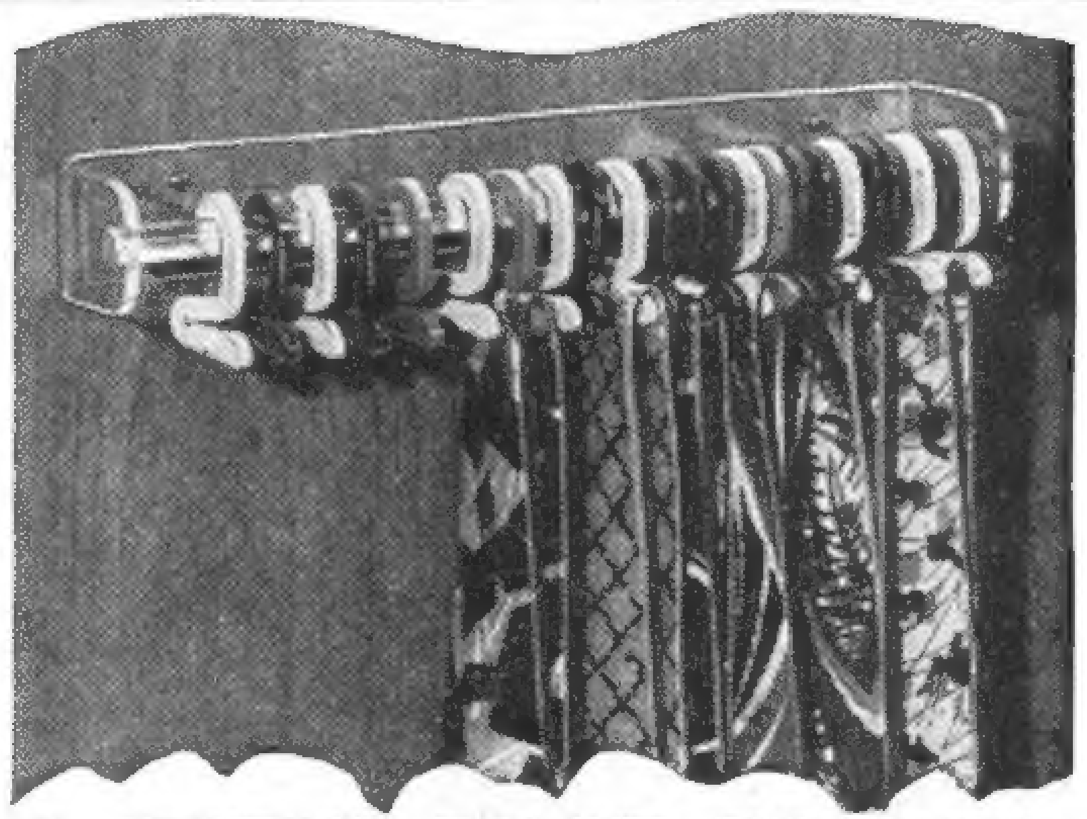

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A Beautiful Crystal Clear Lucite Rack and colorful Ivory, Red, Blue and Green flexible plastic holders. Patented holders hold each tie individually—keeping them neat—orderly—easily selected at a glance.
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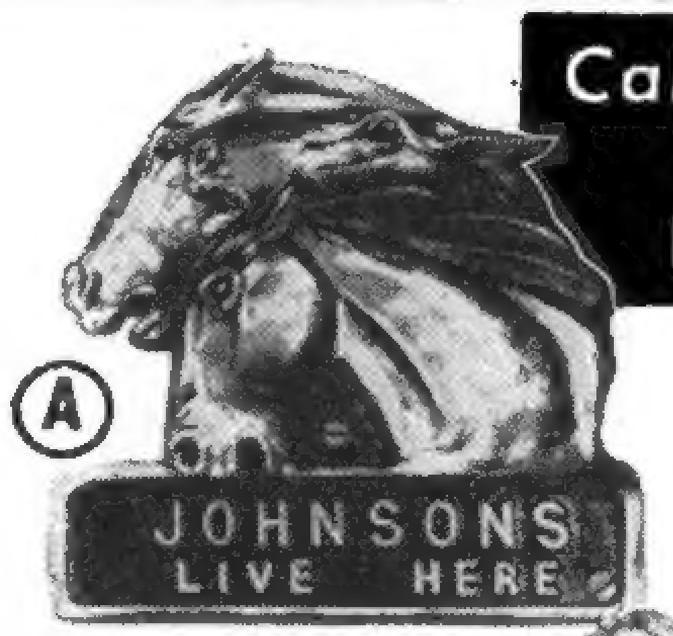

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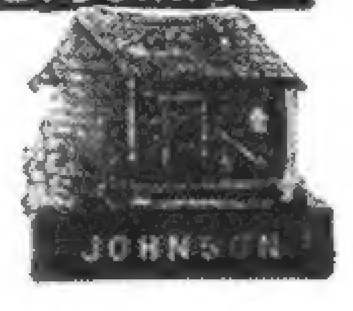

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Unique... distinguished! Cast with your name (or gift recipients) in solid bronze! Hand polished. 5½x5⅝x¼-inches. Your choice of three designs: California Stallions, Spaniel Pups, Hillbilly Cabin, and 3 name styles as shown. Popular in California. An ideal gift. Money back guarantee. Prompt delivery. Use coupon below. Print name clearly - not over 11 letters, please.

Clever! Beautiful!

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I enclose $7 (check, cash or money order only) for plaque A ☐ B ☐ C ☐ cast with the following
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(In California add State Sales Tax)

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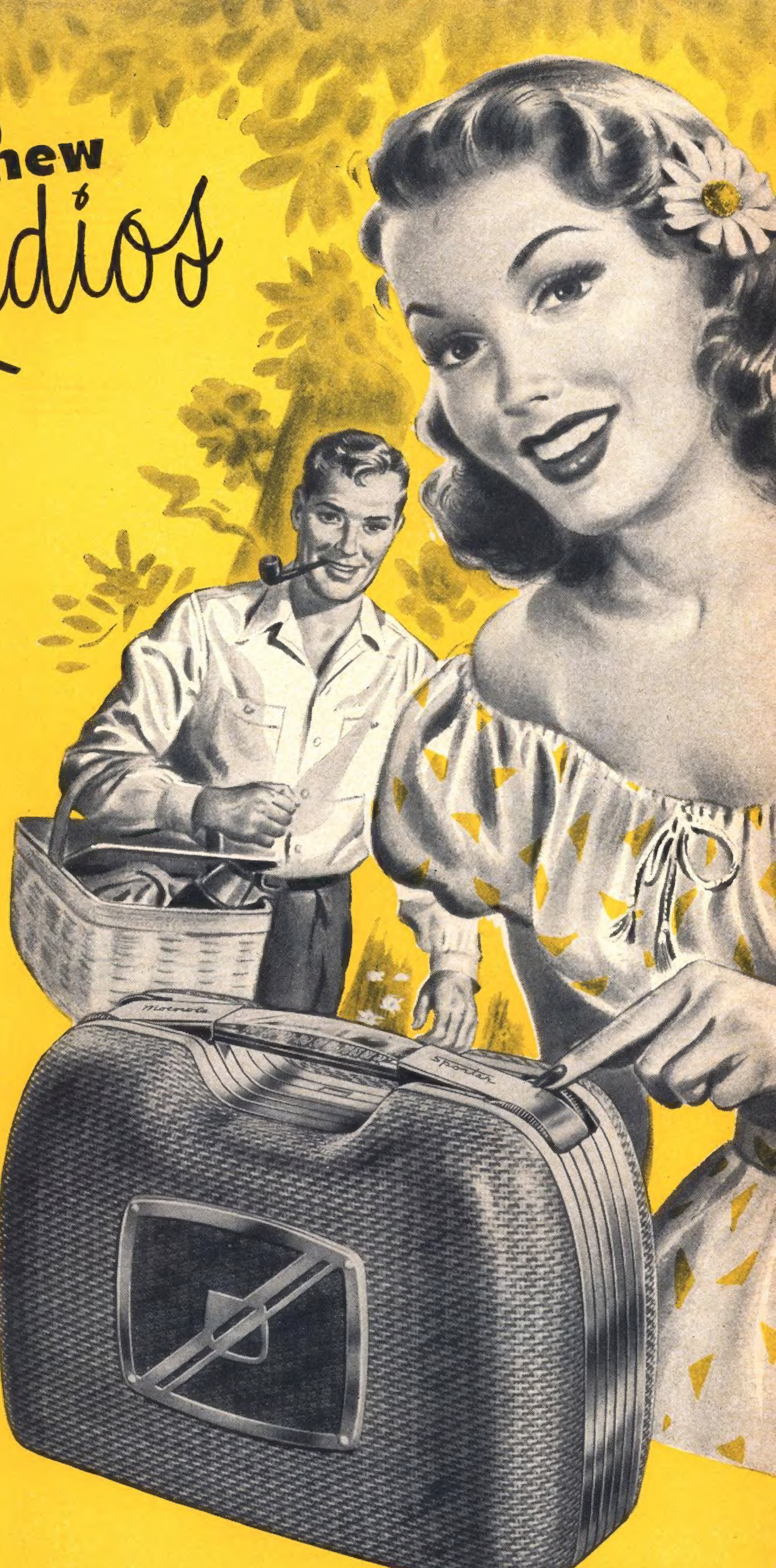

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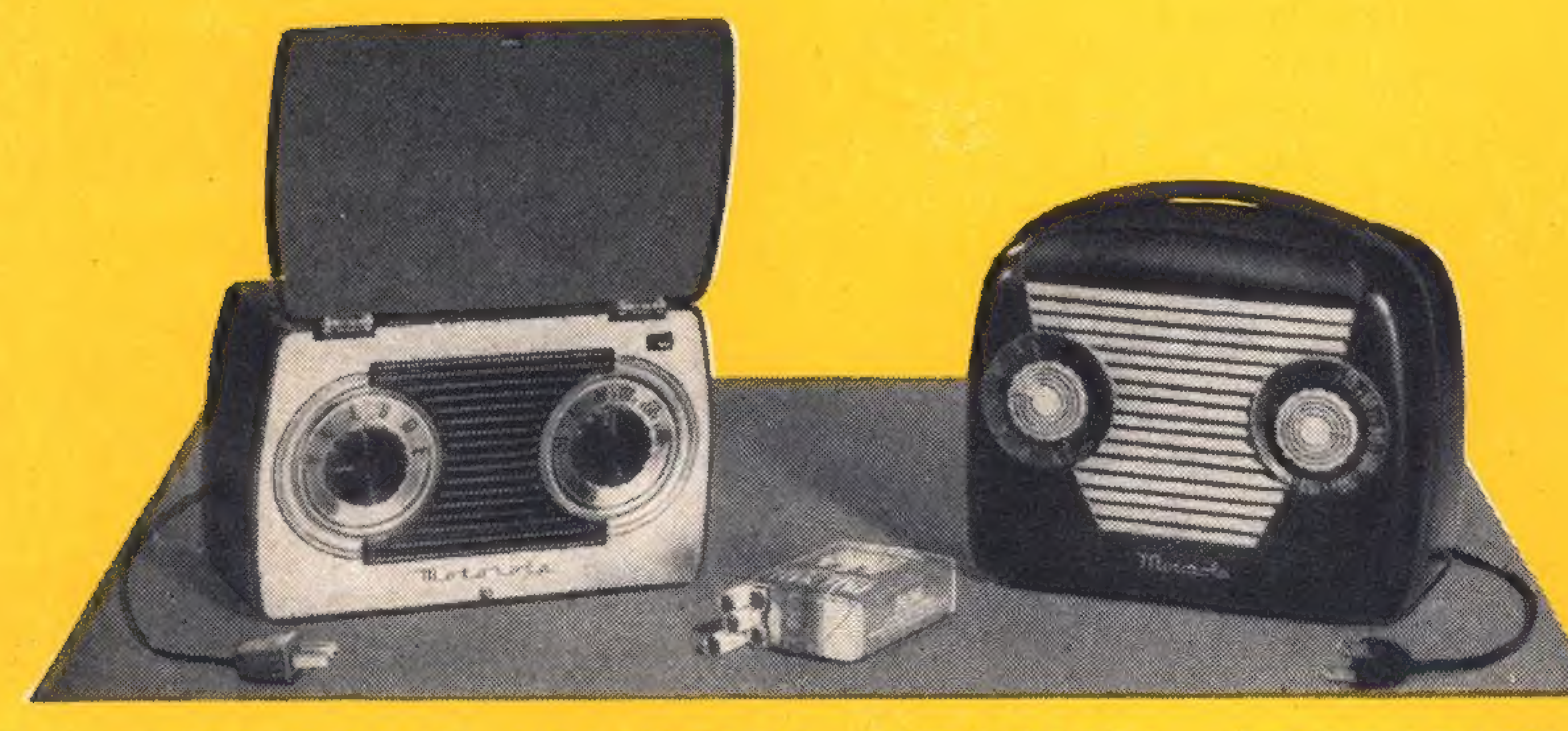
Meet the *new all through* Motorola Sporter®. It's a brilliantly modern design with all controls in thumb's reach while you're carrying it. Motorola Portables are famed for ability to bring in hard-to-get stations with big volume and beauty of tone. Now in the *new all through* Sporter you have a handsome cabinet of woven fabric, permanently coated with clear, durable plastic. Its beauty is breathtaking! A best buy at only $49.95

Five tubes (with rectifier), Tuned RF Section, 3 Gang Condensers. AC/DC or Battery operated.



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The Playmate Jr. is the glamour baby among personal radios. Tiny, beautiful to look at! A midget with the rich, full voice of a giant. Battery or AC/DC. A best buy at only . . . $39.95

Prices slightly higher in the south and west.
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Model 58L11 . . . an all star performer in a marvelously compact moulded plastic cabinet. Two-tone retracting handle. Fully enclosed aerial. Battery or AC/DC. A best buy at only . . $29.95

Model 48L11... same as above but battery operated only. A best buy at $19.95

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PORTABLES

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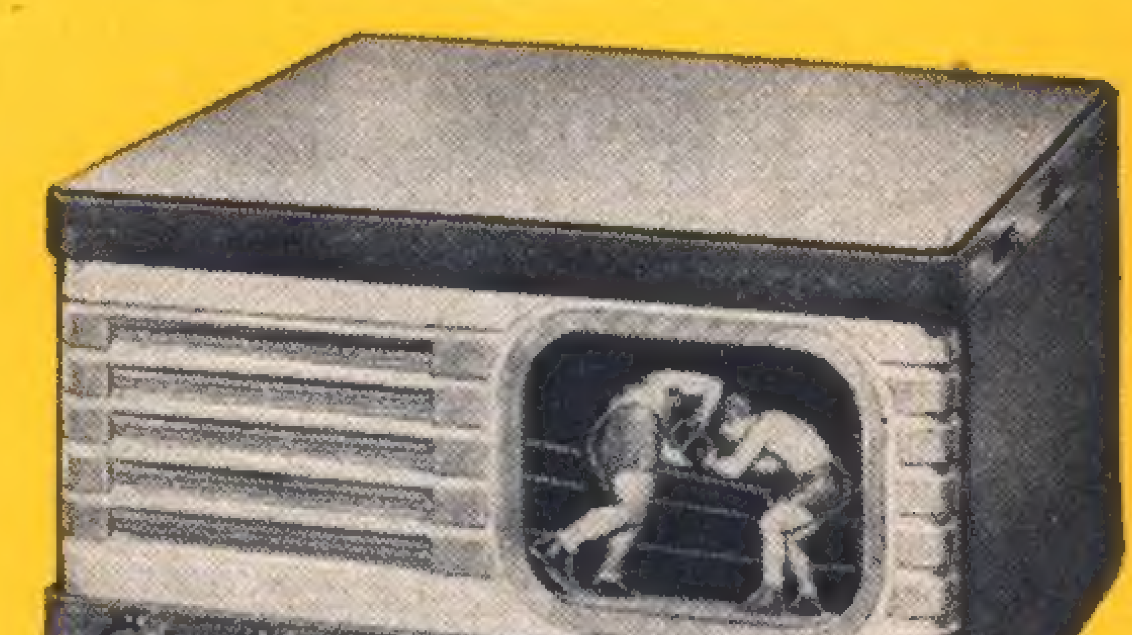
Before you buy, see and hear the sensational Motorola *Golden View!* The picture is big, bright, and clear. Amazingly simple to operate, at only $179.95. It is America's *Best Buy* in Television. (Aerial and installation additional.)



Look in Your Classified Phone Book for the name of your nearest Motorola Dealer.

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The Sound and the Fury

ski or she

Last week, when I opened my February Esquire, I was delighted to note that a full page was devoted to basic ski exercises. I've never skied, but I'm going to Sun Valley early next month, and thought this was a good chance to do some practicing before I got out in the open before all those people.

I've been home every evening since the issue arrived, and the book has been open each night to the exercises, but I can't seem to find the opportunity to read the text under those lovely E. Simms Campbell pictures.

If you use a similar article next year, would you mind not using such a distracting model?

George Burke
Lake Forest, Ill.

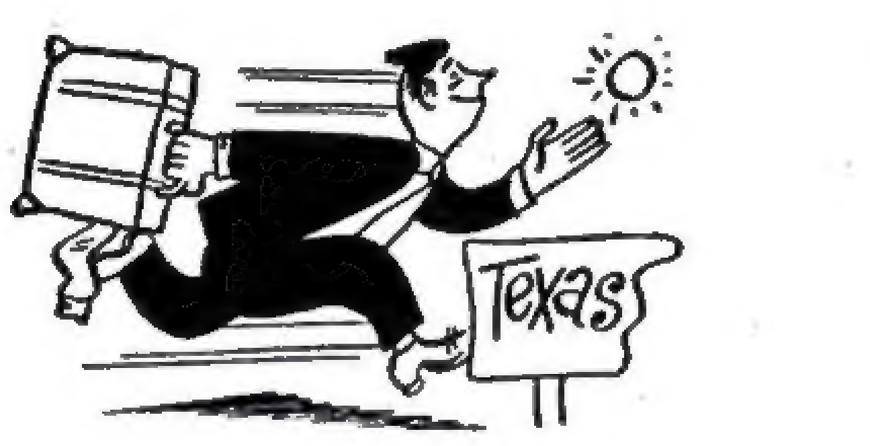
in beauty's cause

To Barrington P. Brougham in January issue of Sound, etc., I would say, "Aw shucks." His sense of all things beautiful must be dull, or was I just lucky!

In my visits to America I saw many beautiful girls. I recall striding along Fifth Avenue in New York, my bell-bottoms flapping in the afternoon breeze, and seeing a lovely creature walking towards me. As she passed by, I inhaled her perfume, stopped, turned round and sighed. On my second sigh I turned to resume my errand, and lo! there stood on the kerb a vision. So lovely that the cause of my previous sighs were forgotten.

Bouquets to all American and Canadian girls for their nice way of dressing their hair, their pride in apparel. I pay them a tribute by saying, "Their beauty is reflected in every flower."

F. C. Heath
London, England



local patriot

South Texas—The Rio Grande Valley—should revolt at not being mentioned in Richard Joseph's *Blow Hot, Blow Cold* article in February Esquire. Our temperature during the winter months is better than California's or Florida's. Mexico and the Gulf are just a few miles to our southwest, and easily reached on our excellent highways. Texas citrus fruit, Texas grapefruit the best in the United States. Remember, when you want a vacation with excitement, sun, oceans, and Mexico all within reach, come to South Texas.

Andrew L. Psak
Edinburg, Texas

captious Capps

In his February column Paul Gallico does make a point about the difficulty of writing well; although perhaps not quite in the way he intended making it.

If it requires a journalist of Mr. Gallico's stature to write the mediocre stuff I have been skimming through in Esquire, what must it take to produce real literature?

I can remember when Paul used to write with less attention to the deadline. Or was that another chap of the same name?

I think your magazine in general has improved in the last six months, although you are still a little pontifical about some things. I think I can detect a certain note of sincerity which has been lacking in the recent past. Look out, or you will become a "slick."

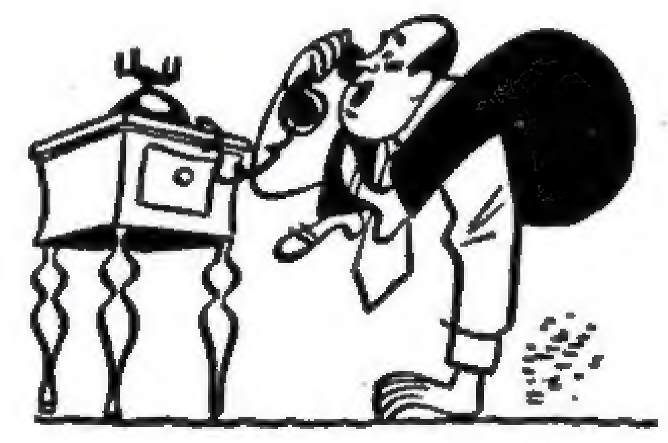
C. M. Capps
Oakland, Calif.

last shall be first

On page 167 of Esquire for December, 1947, a color photograph of a flashy red and yellow iceboat appears. The descriptive paragraph says ". . . put together the world's first rocket-powered iceboat . . ." With all due credit to the scientists at Reaction Motors, Inc., I wonder if they have ever read *Rockets*, by Willy Ley (Viking Press, 1944). Page 4, Plate VI, of that text reproduces a photograph of a rocket-driven iceboat, captioned "Max Valier with his rocket sled on the ice of Starnberger Lake." No date is given, but on page 132 the author stated that in May, 1930, Max Valier was killed in the explosion of a test rocket motor.

All of which goes to show merely that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps someone preceded Valier?

H. J. Portzer
Kenmore, N. Y.



author in suspense

It has been my good fortune to meet the accomplished Charles B. Roth, who described in the December issue of Esquire how to do the "Dands."

Mr. Roth is so modest in explaining how he engages himself in this demonstration of muscle over matter that he has modestly refrained from mentioning the pièce de résistance of his accomplishment.

After he has pushed forward with his legs, bent his arms, and allowed his chest to almost touch the floor as he straightens out his right arm, he gracefully, without trembling, without apparent effort or struggle of any sort, then removes his right hand from the floor and can remain indefinitely, unless interrupted by the telephone, suspended in mid-air.

E. D. Whittlesey
Denver, Colo.

scherzo

Since we are not professional writers, we are probably heading for as big a fall as José Iturbi is liable to get one of these days if he leans over his motorcycle while he is working on it like he is pictured as doing on page 96 of your January '48 issue. Also, he should hang his head in shame if even his dog should catch him using pliers on a spark plug, or don't he care if they slip off and bust the porcelain and his knuckles both? And unless his machine has been in a horrible wreck, they would be on top of the cylinders on this type of machine. The front plug can clearly be seen in the picture.

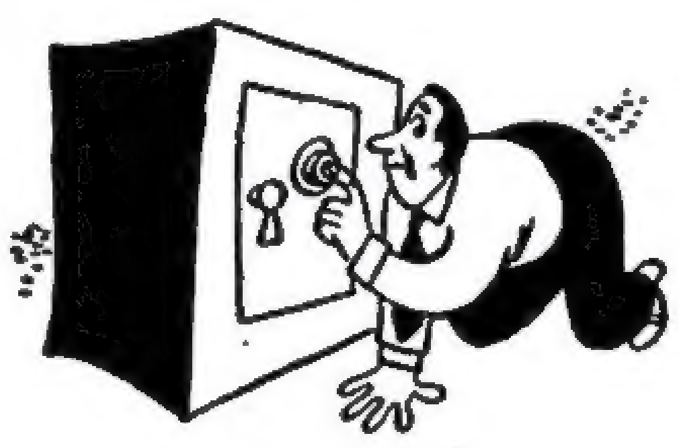
Anyway we enjoy your magazine very much especially the double page of the girl's picture usually found in the center of your magazine.

Howard & Dewayne Dill
Plymouth, Ind.

no malice intended

A number of friends of mine have resented some of the cartoons by Dedini which are considered offensive and even insulting to Mexico. As far as I am concerned they do not make the slightest difference because I believe in free press, and because I really do not think much of those cartoons one way or the other. I do believe you should try to tone down the bitter humor of some of the aforementioned items. That man can do much better in matters concerning your own country anyway.

Carlos Gonzalez Reyna
Mexico City, Mexico



Eskotherapy

My copies of your excellent magazine have now begun to come through regularly and brighten up a rather dull life. I have only one regret about Esquire, and that is that its postal wrapper is so marked as to leave no doubt whatsoever as to the contents of the package. As a result, after delivery of the magazine, my life is plagued by the howls of interested interns, staid surgeons and anxious anaesthetists, who besiege my room in search of Esky.

Next month I'm going to lock it in the safe along with the radium—I think it is equally as precious!

John Hendrie
L. R. C. P. and S. Edin
Brighton, England

editor's gadfly

I buy Esquire for the battery charging effect of the cuties and the usually excellent fiction. What possessed "ye Eds" that the monstrosity of a "Whodunit" was allowed to sprawl over about half the January, 1948, issue? If we *must* have whodunits, let's get good ones and keep them short.

Stanley Duggan
Sugar Creek, Mo.

that's Hollywood

Giving due credit to Samson Raphaelson, he did not write the original to *The Lady in Ermine*, but merely the screen play. Also Rex Harrison is not cast in it but Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Betty Grable.

I know this must have been a slight oversight on your part and in spite of the error I will continue to be a lifelong reader of Esquire.

Paul A. Stanhope, Jr.
Story Department,
Twentieth Century-Fox
Beverly Hills, Calif.

who wants nature?

I am covered with Sound and Fury. The reason? I cannot get an Esquire Calendar because we Britons are not allowed to send money out of our country.

Do you think any of your readers would care to trade a Scots Pictorial Calendar for an Esquire same? The scenery, of course, is not exactly similar but then, mountains, rocks, and rivers would be quite a change from—ah, well, we won't go into detail!

Further, may I take this opportunity to assure you that in Scotland the arrival of the current Esky is eagerly awaited, and oh my, what these adverts do to us!

Lang may your lum reek.

Robert Wallace Lees
Prestwick, Scotland

thrice welcome

Al Moore's girl on page 48 of the February Esquire was a welcome change from the more common types of glamorous sultry and sulky females, who never look you squarely in the eye. Too many of them are of the sort who, like drink, "Provoketh the desire but taketh away from the performance."

Walter S. Hughes
Ojai, Calif.

no mixture as before

One gallon of alcohol plus four gallons of water does *not make* five gallons of solution because there is a volume loss by mixing.

Therefore your correspondents, Mr. Harris (Dec.) and Mr. Whalen (Feb.), will have to do their sums over again.

Robert G. Davies
Santa Monica, Calif.

benevolent Batts

Congratulations! The "new look" is extremely becoming. I especially like the emphasis on art and the book feature. Keep up the good work and I'll be a subscriber for life.

Grover Batts
Raleigh, N. C.

infinite spin

Keith Monroe (*The Old-Bold Pilots*, February issue) is going to have a lot of bold, deceased pilots on his literary conscience if they follow his advice on how to recover from a spin. Rudder must be applied *opposite* the direction of the spin, then flying speed must be regained by pushing the stick forward.

Perhaps it's not serious, however, if Monroe can reincarnate all dead pilots as adroitly as he did Tex Rankin.

Joel N. Clark
Van Nuys, Calif.

more jabberwocky

To add to friend Shank's confusion, let him figure the value of his money today compared to a few years back.

If a Dollar is 36¢

What part of 10¢ is a Quarter? Leave us all take the next boat to "DaDreem."

Gerald Tanner
Statesville, N. C.

purist

Abel Green's article *Wanna Go to Europe?* suggests that his French needs revision. He calls French prostitutes *poulets* instead of *poules*, using a masculine noun, and their places of employment *maisons de joie*; the correct term is *maisons de tolérance*. He says the poules were forced to become *femmes du pave*; a better expression is *dames du trottoir*.

H. R. Horton
Chicago, Illinois

Continued on page 162

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
The BLENDED Scotch Whisky of the WHITE HORSE CELLAR
Original Recipe 1746
Estab 1742
EDINBURGH to LONDON
WHITE HORSE CELLAR
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THE MASTERPIECE

Every true masterpiece is a delight to one generation after another. White Horse Scotch has always been a most distinguished example of the art of blending fine whiskies, and today more than ever has an honoured place the world over, among men of impeccable taste.

WHITE HORSE
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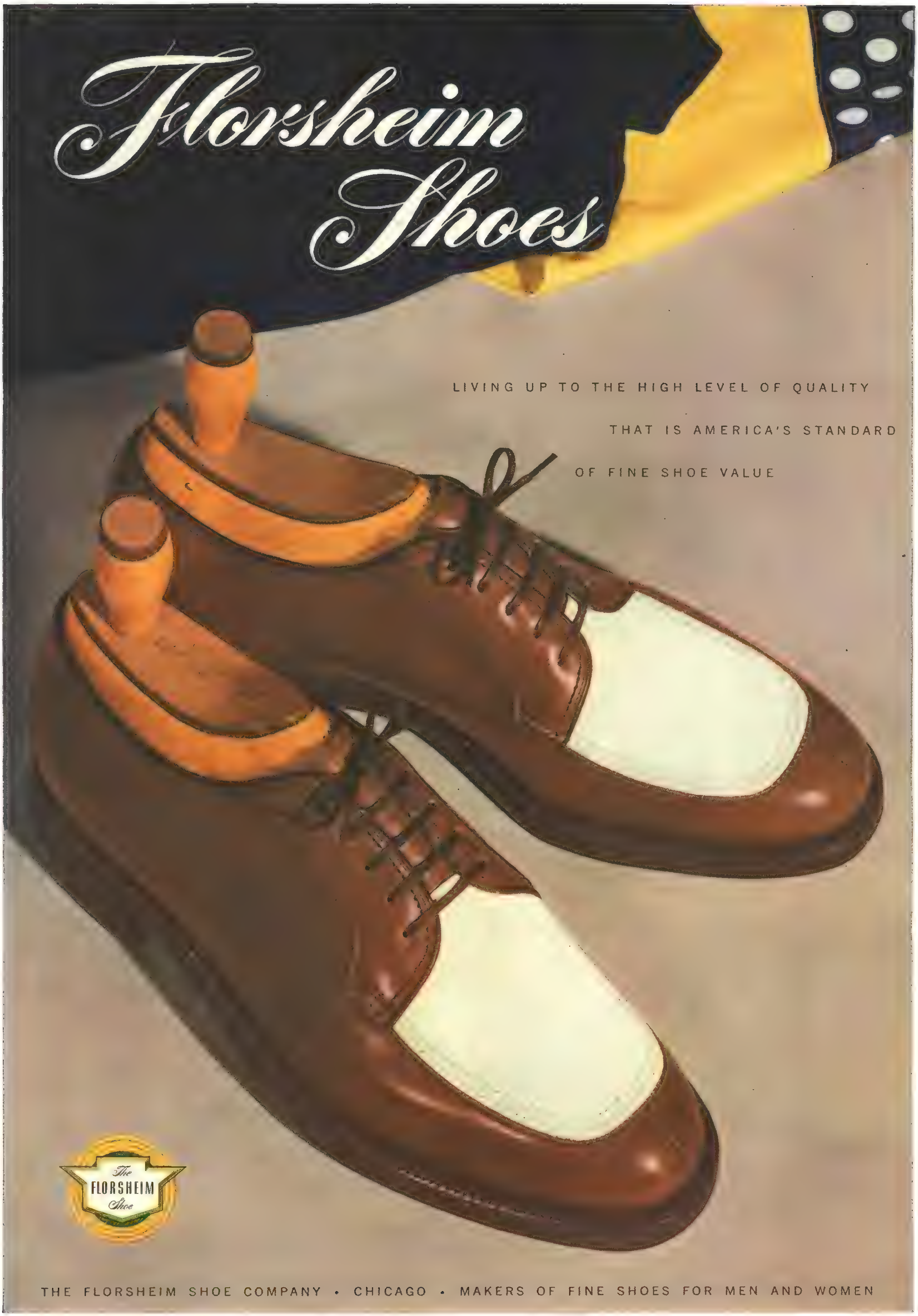
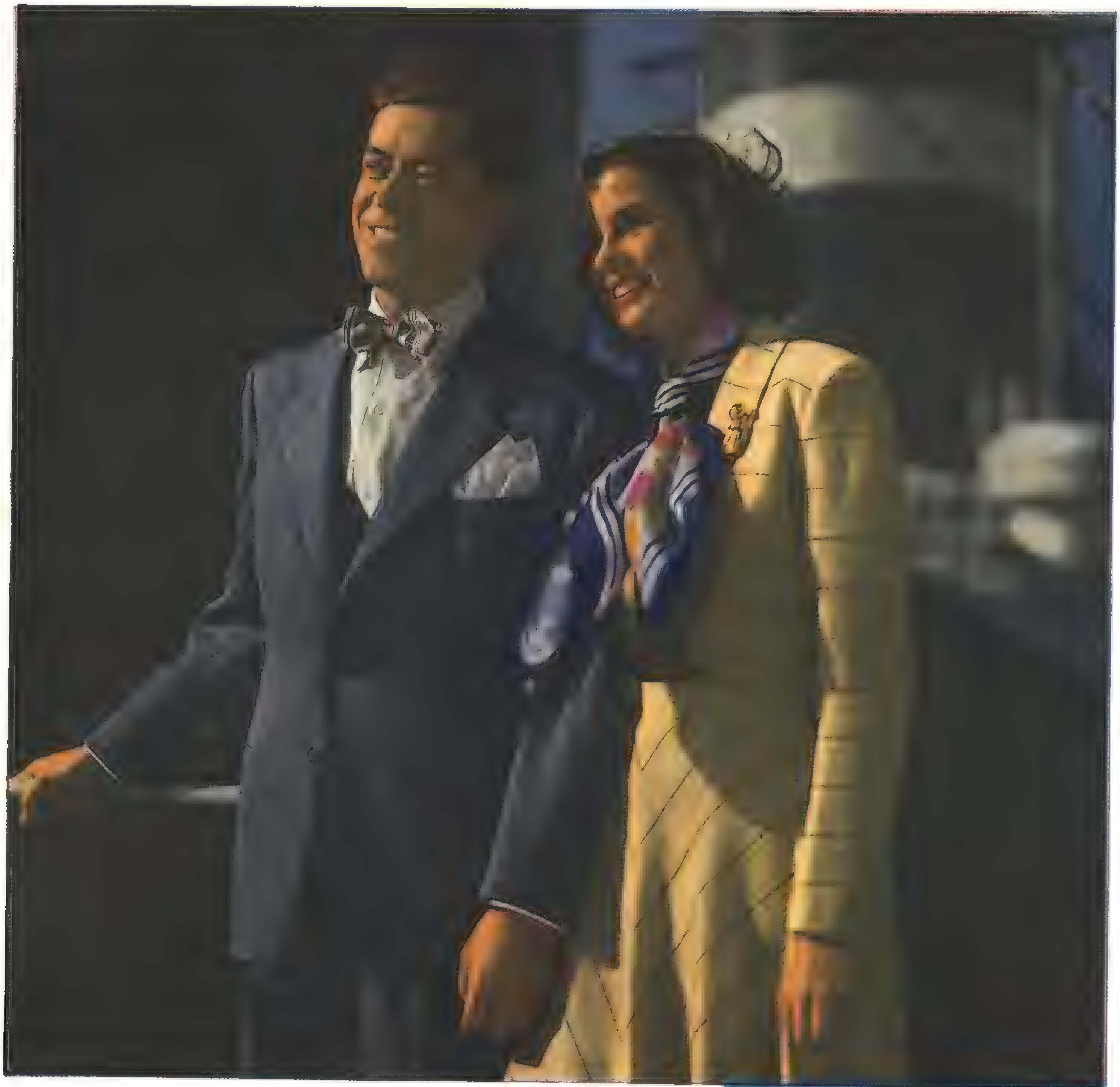

Florsheim Shoes
LIVING UP TO THE HIGH LEVEL OF QUALITY
THAT IS AMERICA'S STANDARD
OF FINE SHOE VALUE
The FLORSHEIM Shoe
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Want a year 'round vacation from weighty clothes?



Plateau* is all wool worsted...rich and silky. Actually it's the same weight as your ordinary clothes. But thanks to "prelaxing" by Pacific Mills, it feels practically weightless on your back...giving you a wonderfully comfortable "out-of-your-clothes" feeling. And, like all Timely Clothes, it also has Balanced Tailoring that makes it look better...longer. In tasteful solid shades, $68. Slacks, $20. If you don't know your nearest dealer, write Dept. PE, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

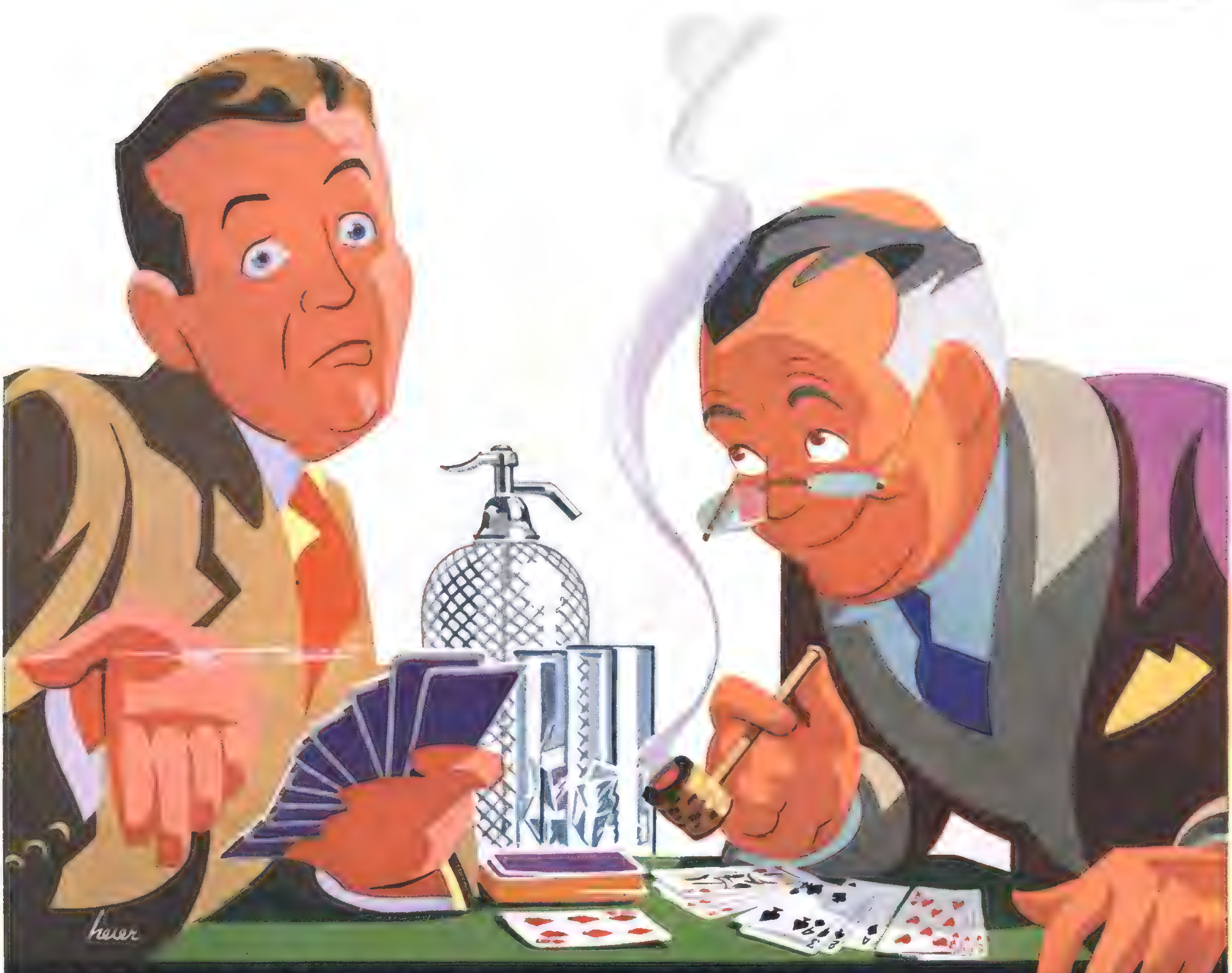
TIMELY CLOTHES

PLATEAU

the suit with the weightless feel

fabric by

Pacific Mills



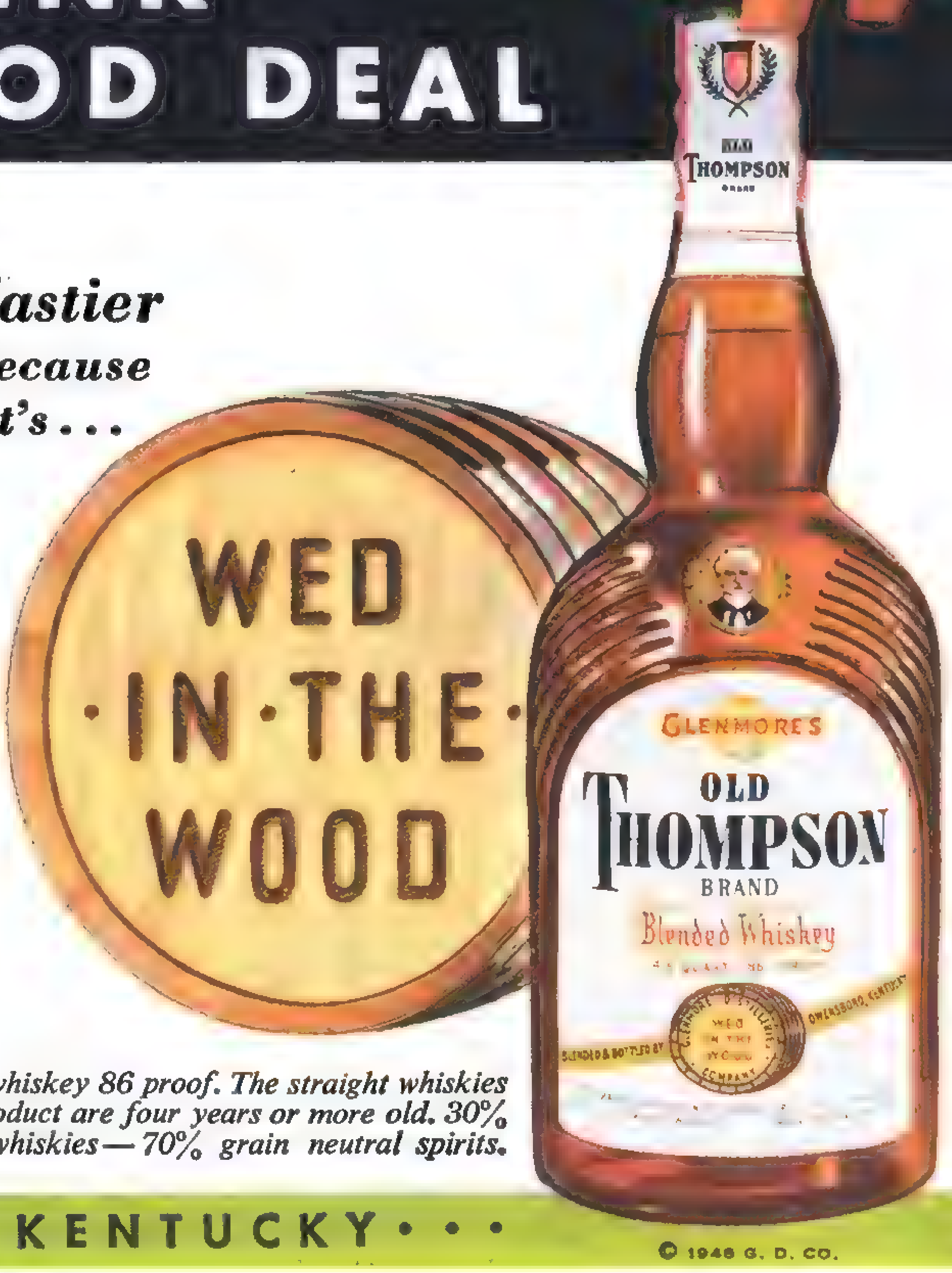
WHEN A GOOD DRINK MEANS A GOOD DEAL

"Thompson" is a winner because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. This means that aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but, instead of being bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but the difference really tells in the taste.

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

Tastier
because
it's . . .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WOOD
OLD THOMPSON
GLENMORE'S
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY• • •

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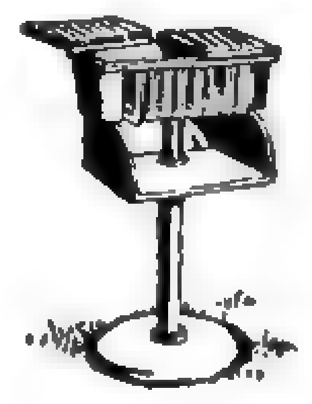
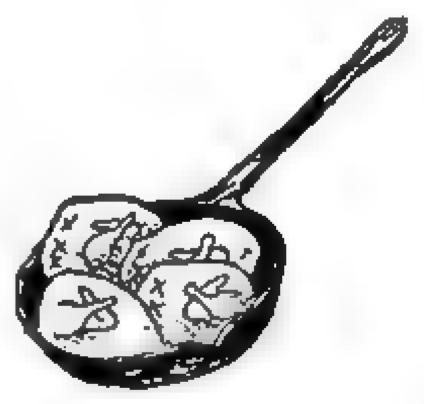
Talking Shop with Esquire

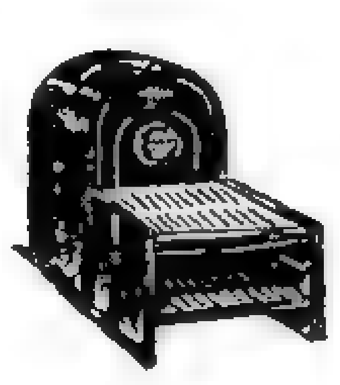
OUTDOOR GRILL. There's no trick at all to installing this cast iron grill. Just set it up and you're in business, ready to grill T-bones or hamburgers. When the wind blows the wrong way and smoke gets in your eyes, just give the top section a shove and it will rotate on its axis so that you can cook in the clear. There's a special shelf to catch the ashes so the lawn won't look a shambles when the party's over. A utensil rest and a warming section make cooking easier. Won't tip over because the base is wide and heavy. Retails for under forty dollars.



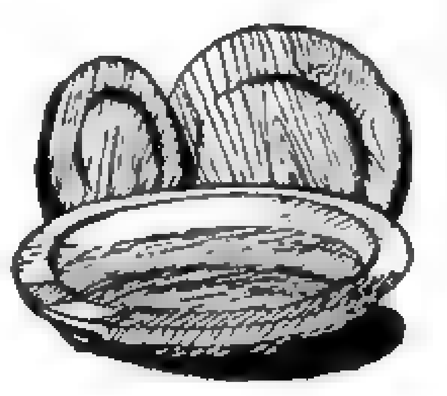
A WHOPPER. This king-size skillet is big enough to fry four chickens or handle twenty hamburgers at once—tailor-made for large scale outdoor entertaining. It's heavy gauge steel—the outside is black, the inner cooking surface is polished steel. Measures 20 inches across and has a 36 inch handle, so you won't scorch your knuckles. About eight dollars.



HOME IS WHERE THE HEARTH IS. Families who like to spend their summers outdoors just naturally congregate around a backyard fireplace like this one. Of heavy gauge steel, it comes as a complete unit and you can set it up and use as is—or you can enclose it in brick, field stone or whatever sort of masonry you want. The built-in oven will bake anything from potatoes to biscuits, or even cake, because a heat director provides uniform temperatures. Grates are adjustable to several types of fuel—wood, coal, charcoal. You can go all out for outdoor cooking—bake, broil, roast, fry or barbecue. Unit costs about fifty dollars.



GREAT PLATES. These solid oak plates are a full 12 inches across—big enough to hold generous, picnic size helpings of everything on the menu. The plates are hand-turned and specially finished so they won't buckle or warp in the line of duty. About thirteen dollars for a set of six . . . And for serving up everything from salad to watermelon, one of these large wooden chopping bowls will come in handy. It's oval in shape, natural hardwood and measures 21 x 11 inches and 5 inches deep.



CANDIDATE FOR K. P.? When you've been nominated for kitchen duty — and face a stack of greasy pots and pans, the broiler racks and grill — count to ten and reach for this bottle of household "de-greaser." It makes short shrift of the job, rapidly dissolving the grease on roaster, grill or oven. Can be used on walls and floors as well and kills odors at the same time, and rinses off without leaving a trace of film.

Ranger

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. . . It's all "ayes" with men who have seen the new Feldstein line of Slacks and Drape Suits. Leading the parade are:

. . . FELDPARK Drape Suits featuring a one button roll drape in the newest fabrics and colors.

. . . FELD-WELT—Casual slacks with the new open welt seam and continuous waistband.

. . . CHAMP—The high styled drape slack with extra wide knees and tapered bottoms.

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Like to roam? Does a winding road fascinate you with its alluring promise of something new around every bend? Do you enjoy country air, the fragrance of fields, meadows, woodlands? Do tumbling waterfalls, quiet lakes, broad rivers bring you back to them again and again? Then you'll like motorcycling, world's greatest sport! For it takes you places, out in the open, to scenic wonderlands, faraway cities, brings you the thrills of gypsy tours, race meets, hillclimbs, exciting vacations . . . makes every spare hour mean happier, healthier outdoor enjoyment. It's so easy to enjoy motorcycling, easier than you think to own a genuine Harley-Davidson. Why not get started now! See your dealer, mail coupon *today.*

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Send free copy of ENTHUSIAST magazine, filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on 1948 models.

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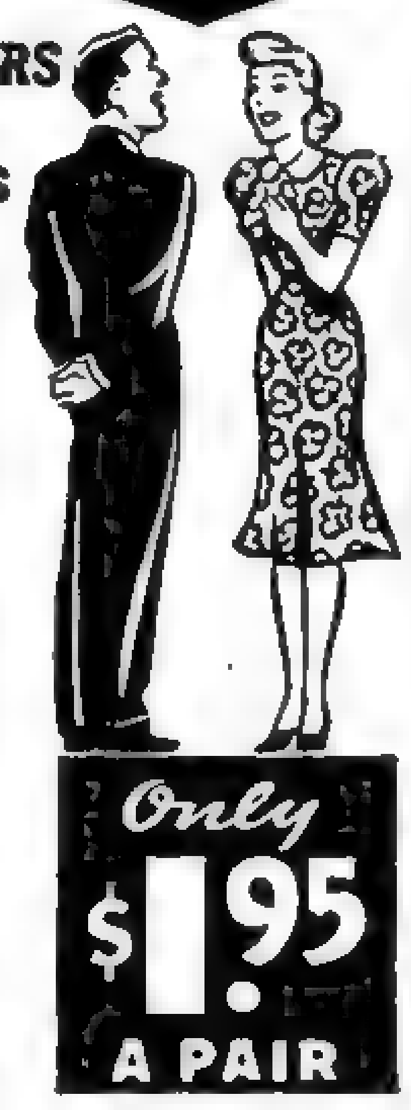

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TALLER
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Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

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If not in stock, order by coupon. Include dealer's name.

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help feed
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Rub those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr.! This helps speed the local circulation. Then fresh blood supplies starved muscles with fresh nourishment for renewed energy. Pain eases so fast you'll feel like a different person!

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SIZES
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Shoe Size ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Please send catalog ☐

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Please send me..........................pairs of Rand Loafers at $10.95 each, plus 25c postage.
Enclosed find Check____ Money Order____
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Sizes..........................
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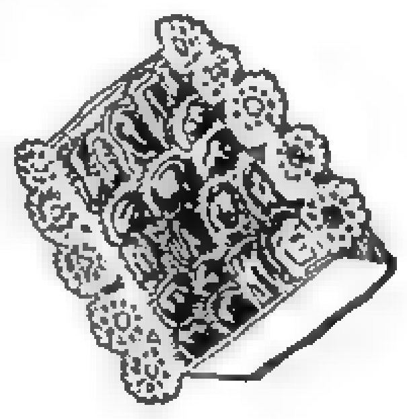
GARTERS
BELTS

"Very Good, Sir"
BOSTON

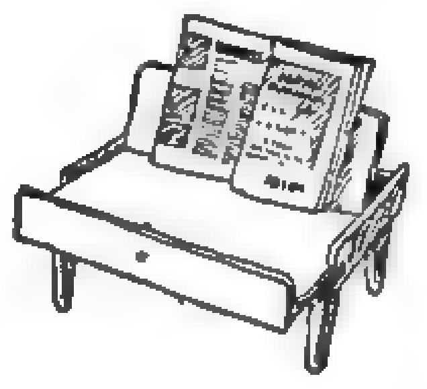
©GEORGE FROST CO., Shirley, Mass.
IN MONTREAL, H. B. GLASSFORD, LTD.

Talking Shop with Esquire

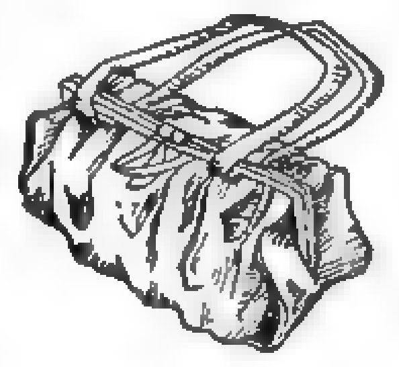
May ninth is Mother's Day. To help you find Something Special in the way of a present, Ranger scouted these gift items . . .



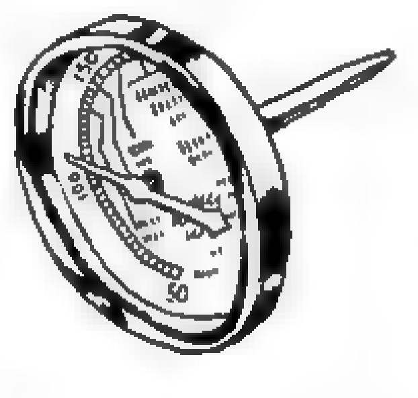
REMEMBER MAMA a dozen times during the year with a subscription to this monthly candy club. The specially packaged Mother's Day edition contains an assortment of fresh butter cream chocolates, fruit cordials, toffee and other candies. Not only on Mother's Day, but once a month throughout the year the "club members" receive a box of chocolates—each one a different one to two pound assortment and each in a special gift wrap to match the season.



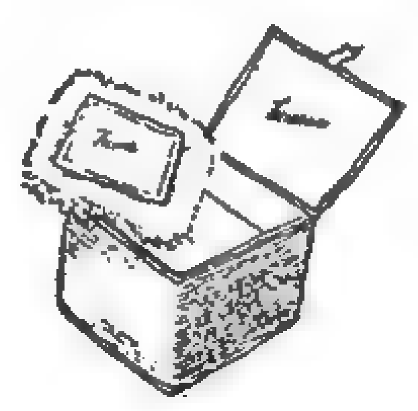
BED TRAY WITH A LIGHT. If Mater rates Sunday morning breakfast in bed—or if she likes to read at night, she'll appreciate this rather special bed tray with a built-in light. The upper section adjusts to hold books or magazines — two positions for easy reading. Supporting legs are held firmly in place with concealed springs. For reading, detachable cord plugs into any wall socket. The light is from a standard Lumiline bulb, good for 1500 hours and easily replaceable. Choice of six shades—white, pink, peach, turquoise, ivory or blue. Under twenty dollars.



WELL IN HAND. A smart new handbag is always a welcome addition to any woman's wardrobe, and Mother is no exception to the rule. This particular purse in navy blue faille ought to make a certain hit with her because it's all equipped with a shiny new compact, a comb and mirror. The Doric frame opens up wide so she can really get *at* things. In spite of the fact that it looks fairly small and compact, it easily manages to accommodate all the hairpins, old grocery lists, samples of upholstery fabric and other stuff that women seem determined to tote around. Also comes in black or brown faille.



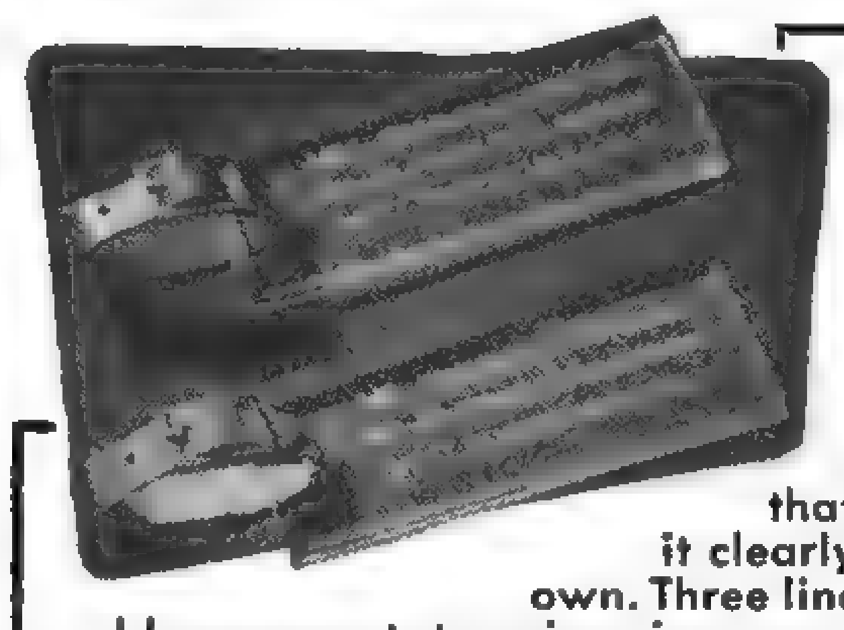
IS THE ROAST DONE? With this practical cooking thermometer to rely on, Mom won't have to fuss over the Sunday roast. Tells her *exactly* when the Christmas turkey or the Crown roast is done and ready to put on the table. The sharp-pointed, stainless steel stem is inserted into the raw roast, and stays right there until the prescribed degree of oven heat registers on the thermometer. It's all managed by a clever metal coil that expands as the heat increases. She'll want to use it on top of the stove, as well as in the oven to make smooth cake frostings and jellies that "jell." Costs about five dollars.



PRACTICAL TYPE? Maybe your Mother is a Sensible Soul, — all the more reason to give her a strictly *unsensible* present on May ninth . . . Like this magnum size box of bath powder. (Ought to make her feel as if she'd never heard of a Hoover apron or handled a dust mop.) A nice, light-hearted fragrance called "Straw Hat", with a big thick puff to daub it on. Under four dollars.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



TAG Your BAG

Smart lucite labels that identify it clearly as your own. Three lines of 23K gold permanent stamping give your name and address, so if an absent-minded porter does you dirt, your luggage will always show up.

$1.75 the pair, postpaid
PAIR MUST BE MARKED IDENTICALLY
No C.O.D.'s please
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GOOD— by itself
GOOD— as a friendly mixer

RUM and MAPLE
Pipe Mixture
ORIGINAL
BLEND No. 53
The Friendly Mixer
MANY MEN BLEND RUM & MAPLE WITH OTHER TOBACCOS
RUM and MAPLE

CREATED IN CALIFORNIA by Maurice Holman Los Angeles

The Holman Casual Jacket— all wool worsted, fine shepherd check. To retail —
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Each lovely flower is 2½" to 3" in diameter. Fresher. Long lasting. True orchid colors. Reference: Security-First National Bank.

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3 orchids in corsage $4.00
5 orchids in corsage $5.00
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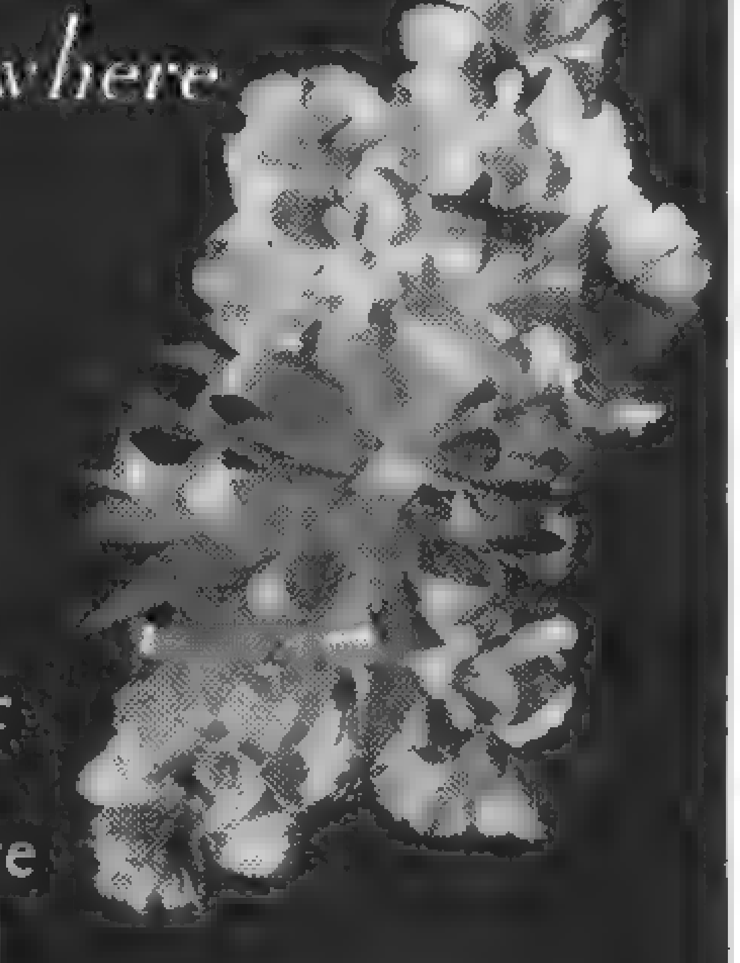
Postpaid airmail special. You can wire money. Please, no COD's.

Skyway FLOWERS
117-R So. La Brea • Inglewood, Calif.



Sir John Schenley
Schenley
Mark of Merit
Sir John Schenley
Sir John Schenley

When you're in the
spotlight and you're *judged*
by your hospitality,
there is only one choice . . .

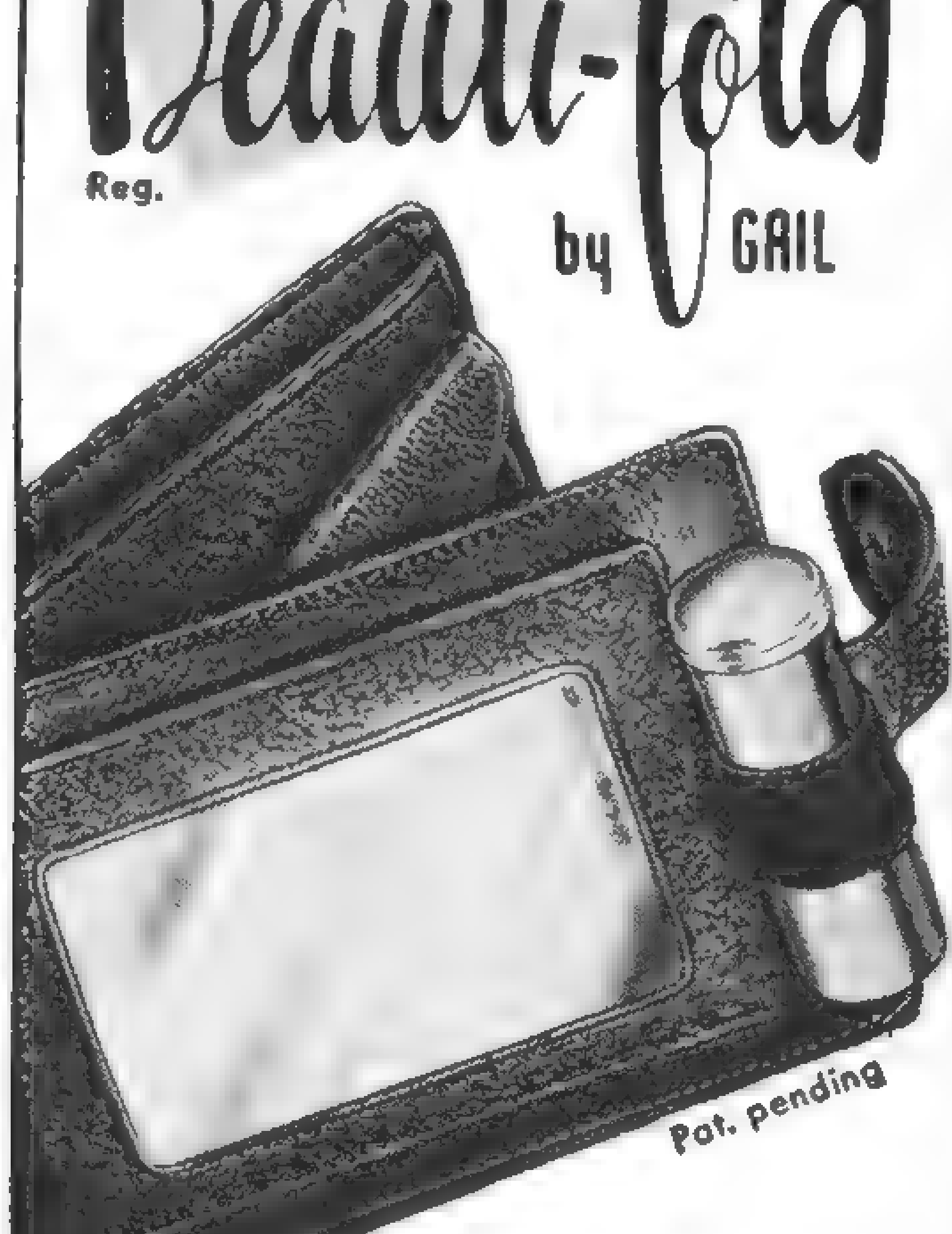
A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

Rare Blended Whiskey 86 Proof. 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City give her a

Beauti-fold

Reg.

by GAIL



IT'S A BILLFOLD . . . IT'S A VANITY

. . . a handy leather accessory that holds her most precious possessions — bills, silver, lipstick, mirror.

Comes with mirror and lipstick case outside or in. Assorted colors. From $3.50 (plus 20% Fed. Tax).

At fine stores everywhere

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"OLD COPPERSIDES"

... *Copper Milk-can*

cocktail shaker!

Now, different, attractive—ready for double duty as cocktail shaker or mixer. Generous 2-quart capacity. Solid copper with handsome mirror finish and seamless base. Double-plated inside with nickel and gold to prevent any metallic taste. Ideal for informal entertaining, for playroom and bar. Smart, modern, "Old Coppersides" makes a charming gift, too. Only $14.95 postpaid. Check, money order, or C.O.D. Order direct from factory.

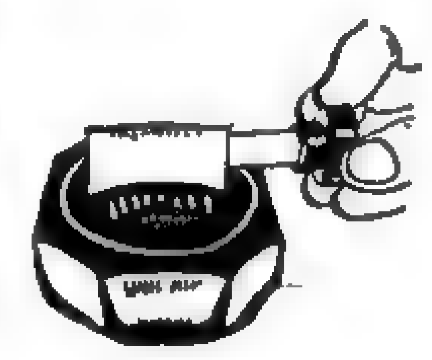
H. E. WRIGHT COMPANY

32 Cambridge Street

- Charlestown 29, Massachusetts

Talking Shop with Esquire

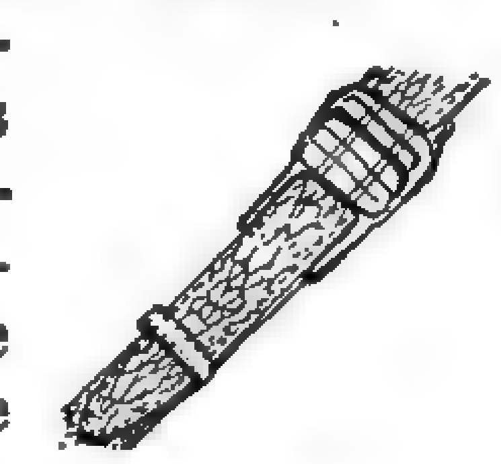
DUAL DEAL FOR SHAVERS. No more frantic groping in the medicine chest for the styptic pencil — here's a shave bowl with a neat gadget on top containing a removable styptic pencil, ready for any emergencies. The shave soap is imported from England, that whips into a good thick lather at the flick of your shave brush. Even with wet hands, you can get a firm grip on the eight-sided bowl.



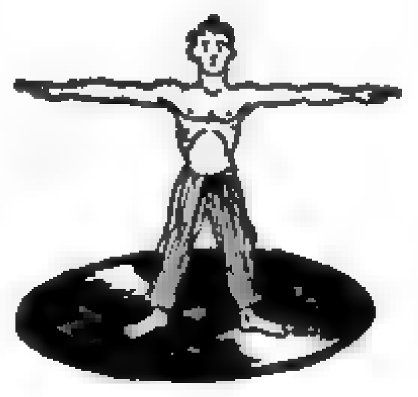
POLO PLAYER or pencil pusher—active or passive, a man has to rely on a good deodorant if he wants to Win Friends and Influence People. This new liquid deodorant, made especially for men, will provide you with "social security" even in the hottest summer days to come. Although it has an alcohol base, the stuff won't smart or dry out the skin.

SPRING CLEANING FOR FACES. Dermatologists blame a good percentage of skin problems on careless cleansing . . . Fella may do a slick job shaving, but a slap dash job washing his face. And that's just where the Trouble can start. All of which can be avoided if he uses this Skin Cream Wash to clean out the clogged pores and discourage blemishes. Easy to use. Just put a blob in your palm, moistened with warm water — then rub in gently. Slosh off with warm, then cold water. Four ounce jar for about two dollars.

NEWS FOR THE MIDDLE MAN — a belt with a new type of buckle! It works smoothly, fastens securely, and actually there's nothing complicated about it — the only movable part of this die cast buckle is the slotted carriage through which the belt rides. When the belt is pulled into place around your waist, the carriage grips the belt tightly—thus allowing you to adjust to the most comfortable degree of tightness...once "locked" into position it stays that way.



EXERCISE, OFF THE RECORD. Here's a phonograph recording of set-ups and such to help keep you in the pink. Music sets the right rhythm and there's competent vocal instruction by an expert on Physical Fitness. A *girl* with a pleasant voice who puts you through your paces! Each side of the ten inch, double faced disc takes three minutes. The routine is explained in detail and illustrated on the jacket that fits over the record. About two dollars.



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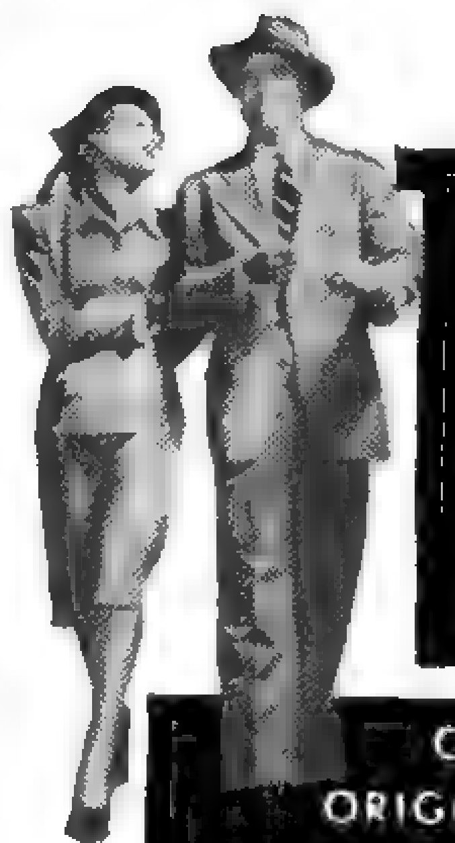


"GROW" TALLER

CHANGE TO THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE

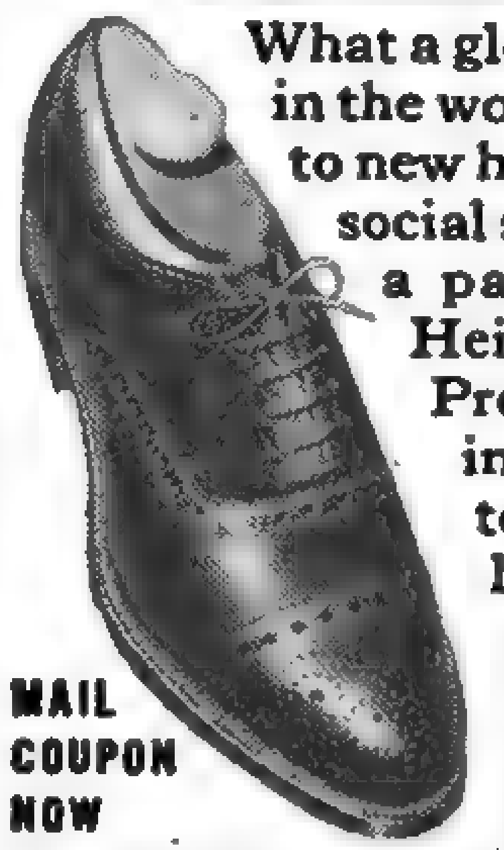
ELEVATORS

TRADE MARK

HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES

"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"

TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.



What a glorious feeling to go **UP** in the world! It's so easy to rise to new heights of business and social success! Just step into a pair of **"ELEVATORS"** Height-Increasing shoes. Presto! You're almost 2 inches taller. Secretly, too, for **"ELEVATORS"** look and feel like any other smart shoes . . . you don't know what you're missing until you're taller.

MAIL COUPON NOW

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc. Dept. E-5, Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer
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(Please Print)
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________ STATE________

The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

PRICES SLASHED! ALUMINUM PIPES

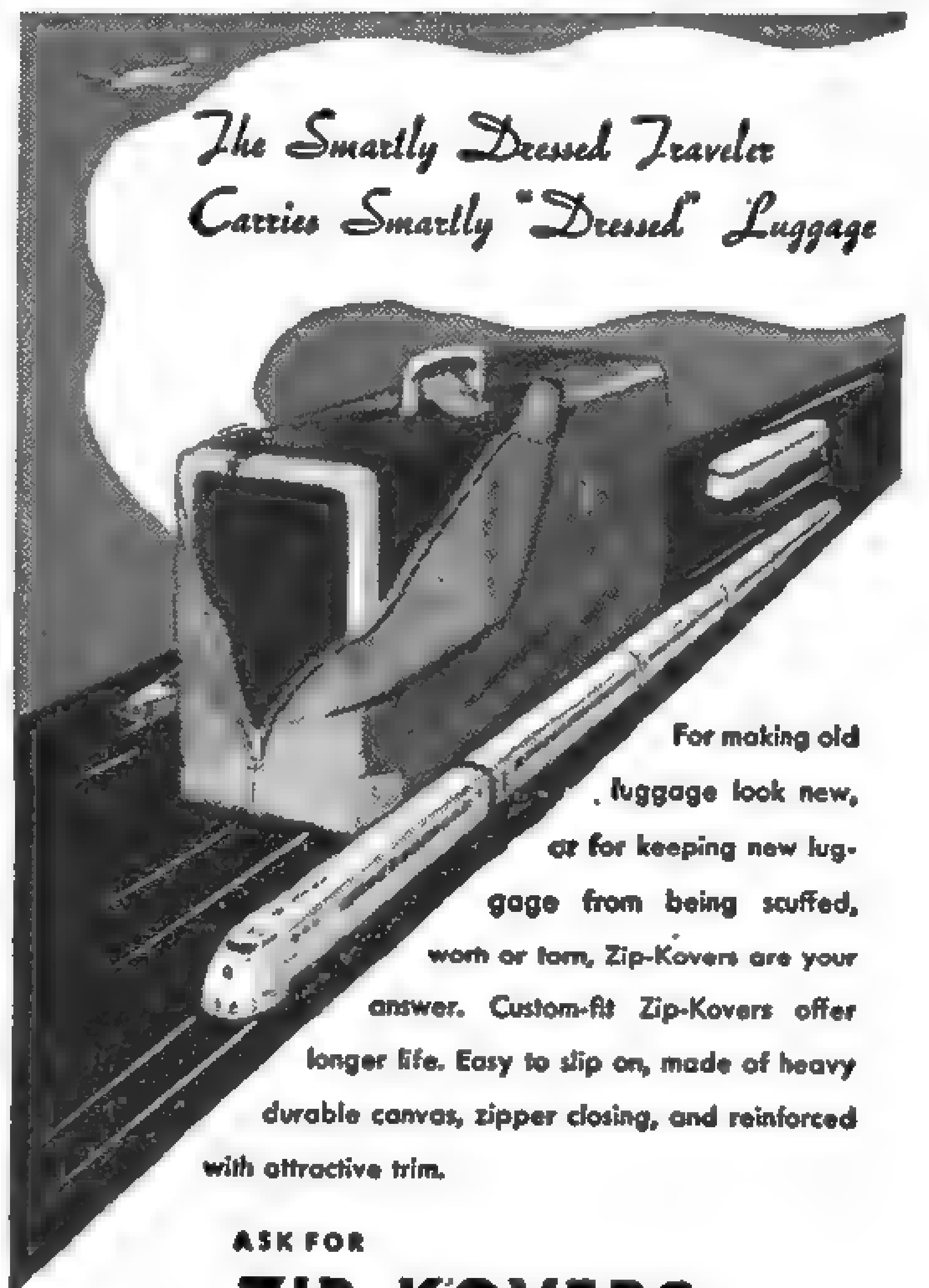
$4.50 pipe for $1.00. Imported briar bowl, hard rubber stem, air cooled aluminum shank. No filters required. Check or money order, we pay postage. C. O. D. orders filled on request. **Write for FREE catalog of pipes and cigars.**

$1

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Eddie THE CIGAR MAN

Dept. E-1, 1094 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn 5, N.Y.


The Smartly Dressed Traveler Carries Smartly "Dressed" Luggage

For making old luggage look new, or for keeping new luggage from being scuffed, worn or torn, Zip-Kovers are your answer. Custom-fit Zip-Kovers offer longer life. Easy to slip on, made of heavy durable canvas, zipper closing, and reinforced with attractive trim.

ASK FOR

ZIP KOVERS

READY MADE

Custom Fit Luggage Covers

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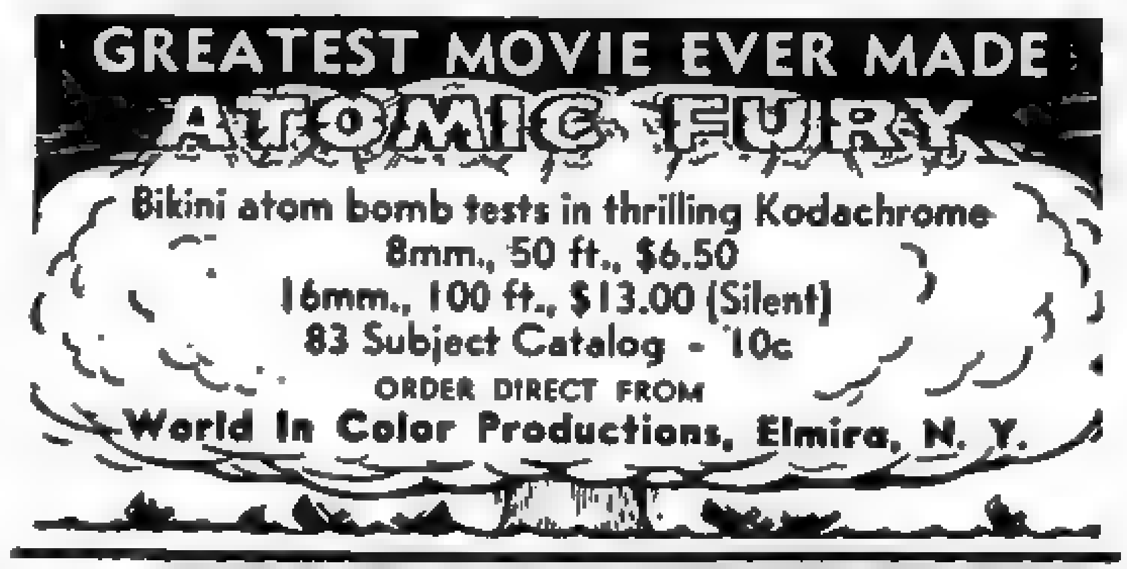
ZIP-KOVERS . . . THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THE TRAVELER

GREATEST MOVIE EVER MADE



ATOMIC FURY

Bikini atom bomb tests in thrilling Kodachrome
8mm., 50 ft., $6.50
16mm., 100 ft., $13.00 (Silent)
83 Subject Catalog - 10c
ORDER DIRECT FROM
World In Color Productions, Elmira, N. Y.

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IMPORTED HAND MADE PIPES FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ORDER YOURS DIRECT BY MAIL TODAY

Most treasured pipe in any collection are these sweet smoking, handmade beauties from Czechoslovakia, where peasants and noblemen smoke them every day. Hand-tooled by Czech craftsmen of an age-old art So beautifully made, there's nothing like them anywhere. Send check or money order Prompt delivery Money back guarantee.

No 476—Carved Horn mouthpiece, stem and removable drain cap. Seasoned Mediterranean briar bowl. Rich cap and trim. Fits the hand 7-inches overall.

$10 POST PAID

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Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City____________ State________
(In California add State Sales Tax)

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

May Cause Fatal Infection

Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE**

REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

ROTATING SCISSORS

You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair clipped off gently, safely.

$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel. Chromium plated—also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any *special* occasion.

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

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Enclosed is $\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\. for \.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\. KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax);\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.\.in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund within 10 days.
Name____________________
Address____________________

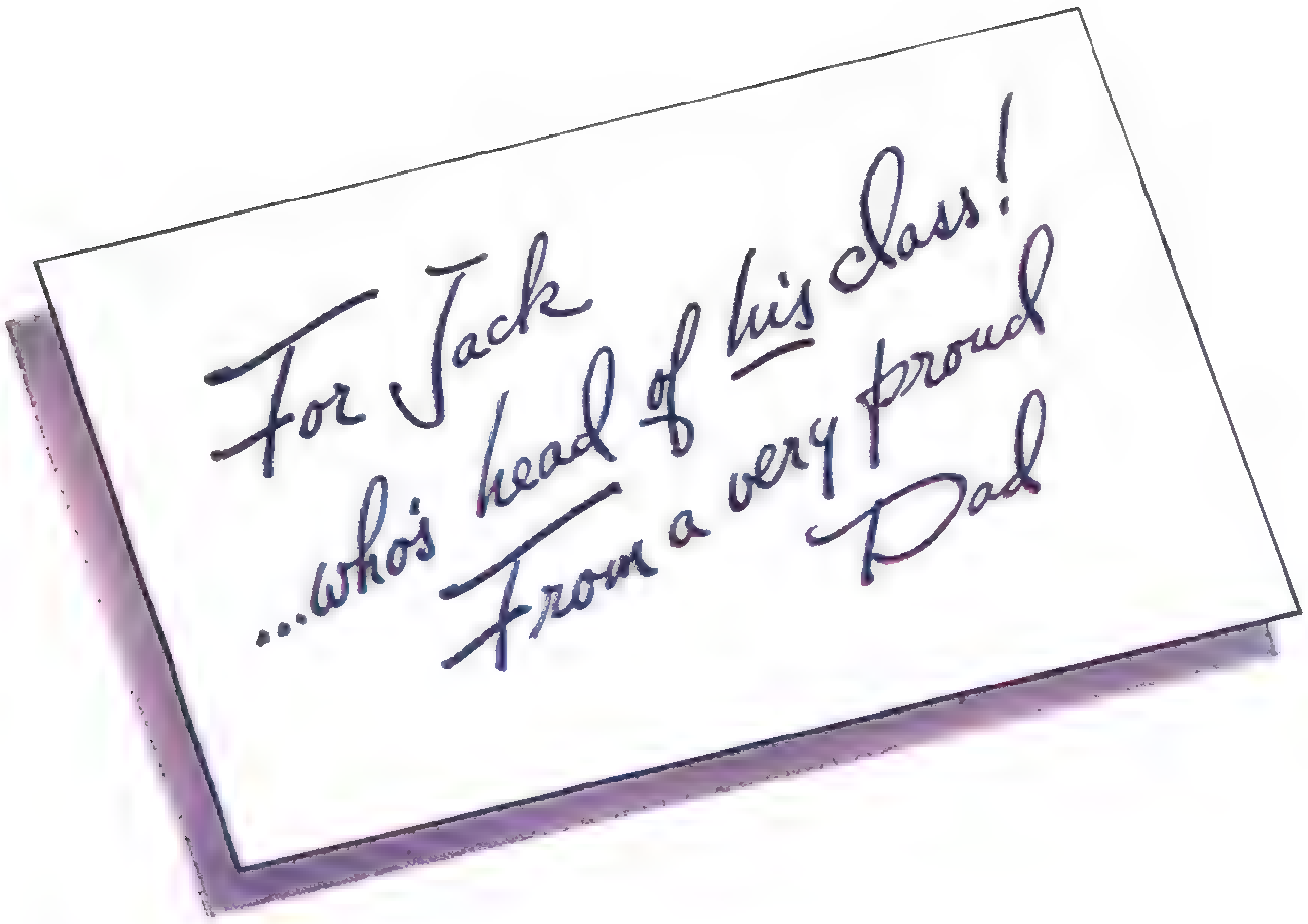
in men's sportswear,

QUALITY

signs its name . . .

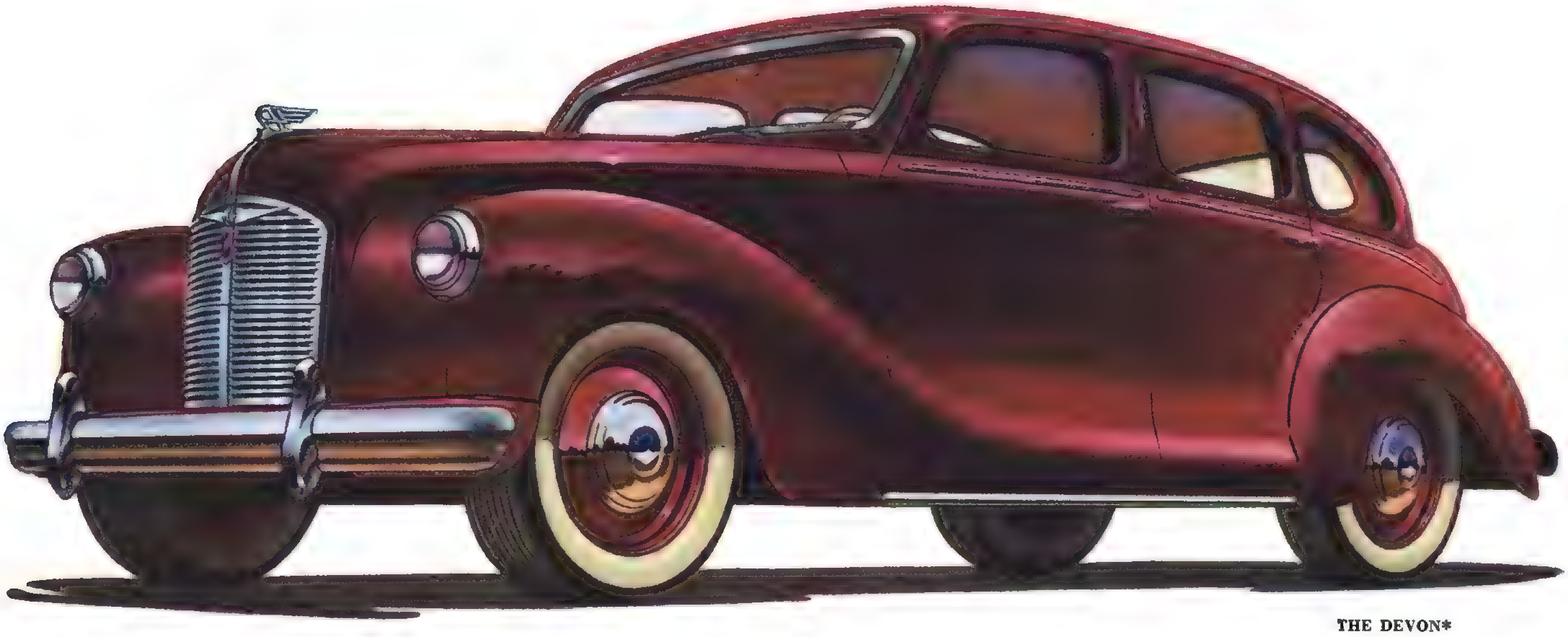
A church ORIGINAL

EDMUND T. CHURCH CO., INC., NEW YORK



For Jack
...who's head of his class!
From a very proud
Dad

Created by leaders... for leaders. It's the new *Devon* from England, the car that combines liveliness, comfort, beauty and poise. It's built by Austin—established for nearly half a century, and Great Britain's largest builder of large motor cars. Illustrated catalogs on request.



THE DEVON*

Austin of England

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD. (ENGLAND) FISK BUILDING, 250 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

*White sidewall tires extra when available.

DRESS FOR LEISURE and increase your pleasure

The feel of a fine fabric . . . the awareness of good style and tailoring . . . make a positive contribution to a man's enjoyment of leisure moments.

Here are garments styled to help men live their leisure moments to the full . . . leisure suits in which slacks and shirt are in complete harmony because they are color-blended and created for each other.

Illustrated are two of many combinations possible with Smartair wardrobes of blending colors. Smartair slacks, in gabardine, flannel or tropicals, make wardrobes flexible when worn with color-blended leisure shirts of hand-washable rayon, featherweight worsted gabardine and soft all-wool challis.

Your nearest Smartair retailer will show you a wide selection of rich color-blended Smartair slacks and leisure shirts in a host of spring and summer weight fabrics at prices that are kind to your budget.

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LEISURE WEAR

SMARTAIR, Racine, Wis.
Division of Rainfair, Inc., Makers of Rain Topcoats

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A Hilarious Book For Expectant
PARENTS

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Here's the one genuine, concise golf book that gets results! Not fancy 'golf pro publicity'- just valuable tips to help you shoot in the 80's or less. Fully illustrated. Only $2.00 postpaid. Residents of Ohio add 6c tax

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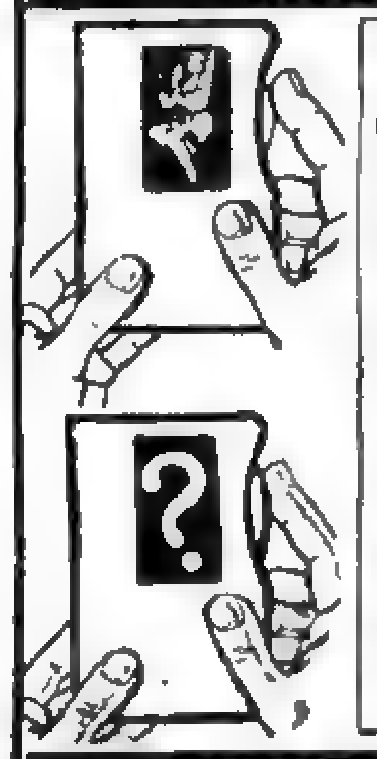
What HAPPENS WHEN YOU TURN THE DISC——?



POCKET X-RAY

Like STARTLING effects? POCKET X-RAY is a picture-panic! When you turn the little disc the surprise is GUARANTEED! Works slick as magic—custom-made for parties and get-togethers! Just $1 prepaid, or 3 for $2.50. (Write for wholesale prices).

STAR SPECIALTY CO.
DEPT. E-1 BUTLER, PENNA.

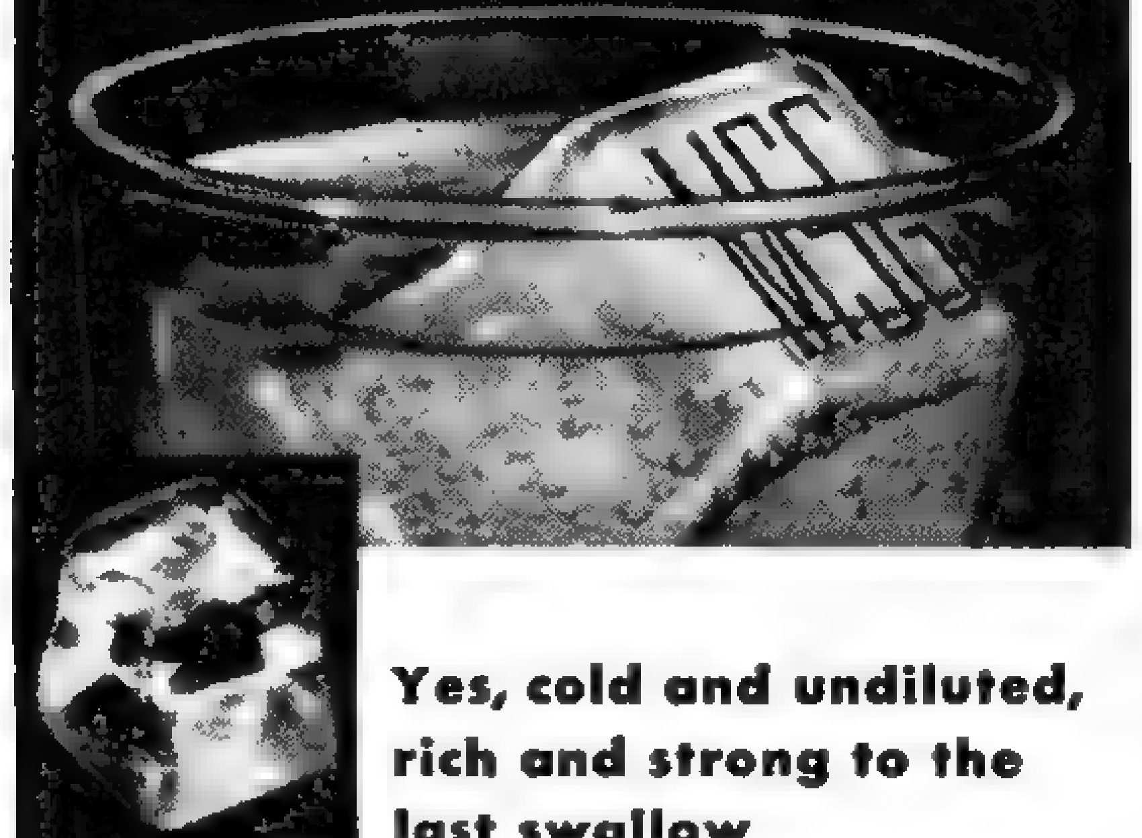
"JEWEL" ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS
In Metal, Stone, Natural Rock

For Home And Pools

Sparkling, bubbling, decorative fountains in metal, stone, natural rock. Cool and humidify atmosphere. Preserve furniture. Portable. No water connections. **COLOR CHANGE FOUNTAINS.** Send 25c for ou large catalog describing patented color change fountains, water fall, and **pump units.** Also House and Garden Specialties. Est. 1885.
Reliable Dealers Wanted.

Jewel Electric & Mfg., 216-R W. Kinzie Street, Chicago 10, Illinois

Keep drinks cold without ice!



Yes, cold and undiluted, rich and strong to the last swallow

"Nice-Cubes" do it. Freeze them in the refrigerator. Drop them in your drink. "Nice-Cubes" are tasteless, odorless, crystal-clean plastic cubes with water forever sealed inside. "Nice-Cubes" last indefinitely. Just rinse—re-freeze and re-use.

Order now! Box of 8, $1.98. Gay assorted colors or crystal clear.

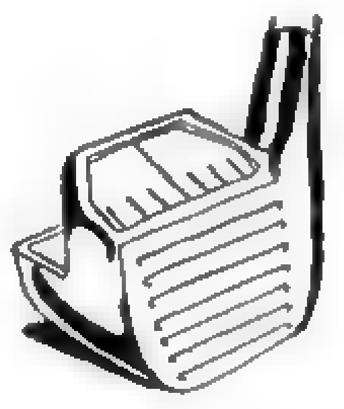
The Perfect Gift
Monogrammed "Nice-Cubes." Box of 8, $2.98. (Crystal clear only. Limit 3 letters per monogram, 1 set monograms per box.)

Add 10c per box for shipping charges on all orders.

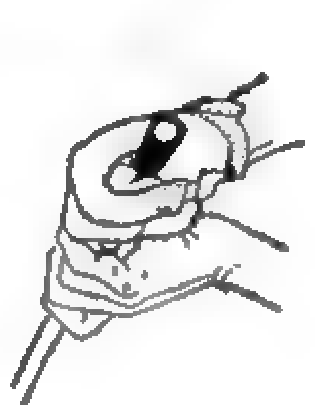
"NICE-CUBES"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. PATENT 1923522
8648 Melrose Avenue
Hollywood 46, Calif. Dept. E

Talking Shop with Esquire

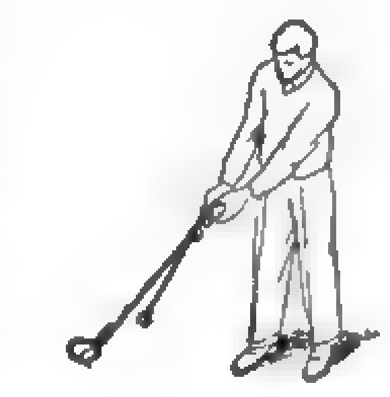
SINK THAT PUTT—is easier said than done. But when you practice with the new putter with mirror sights imbedded right in the head of the club, you'll be able to get a direct and positive alignment with the flag pin. The putter doesn't in any way lessen the skill and technique required for precise putting—it's really a means of developing technique to it's highest degree. The mirrors are "targeted" for easy alignment, and cemented in the aluminum head. Comes with a special padded sock which protects mirrors and finish. Retails for about fifteen dollars.



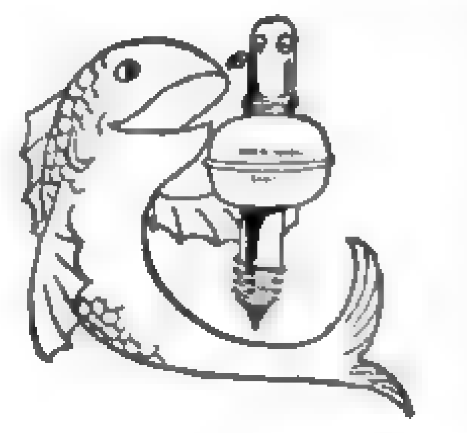
GET A GRIP ON YOUR GAME. Common error in a lot of golfer's games – according to some schools of thought – is the mistake of easing the grip of the last two fingers of the left hand, during the swing. And here's a special golf glove, designed to take care of that very error. It's made from Cape and sheep skin. Won't harden or lose its shape, even when soaked with perspiration. There are two, two-fingered sections to accommodate the four digits of the left hand. The thumb remains free, and the entire gripping surface of the palm is protected. Once the club is in your hand, a special adjuster strap is hooked onto the wrist strap and you're ready for score trimming. Comes in three sizes – large, medium and small and sells for under three dollars.



GET IN THE SWING. A lot of expert golfers seem to agree that you can forget all about your left elbow, your right leg and the pivot problem—*if* you get into the correct practice of that all-important swing. This little metal gadget clips onto the upper part of the club. By observation of the free swinging ball at the tip of the flexible shaft you're able to pace your stroke in a proper, natural swing, whether you're driving down the fairway or putting on the green. Costs you about five dollars.



HEY! A BITE! The perfect solution for the drowzy fisherman who likes to catch his forty winks along with a few fish – a bobber that *whistles* when you've got a nibble! Also handy when you're fishing several lines at one time, or for night time fishing excursions. Has all the features of a regular bobber and is easily attached to a line. Durable red and white plastic. Sells for under a dollar.



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THE PERFECT HANGER
IDEAL FOR
TROUSERS, SKIRTS, SLACKS

FOR TROUSERS
FOR SKIRTS

Holds 5 trousers, skirts or slacks. Reduces pressing bills, keeps up your well-groomed appearance. Garments slip on, or off with ease—a real space and time saver. Holds with "Bull Dog" grip without marking garments. Nickel-plated spring steel clips on sturdy steel brackets. Easy to mount on wall or door. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Order Now! $1.50 each
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Postage Extra on C.O.D. orders
2 for $2.75
4 for $5.00

WILBAR SALES CO., Dept. 309
549 W. Washington, Chicago 6, Ill.

FROM SOUTH OF THE BORDER

MEXICALI SANDALS! Sahuayo huaraches with extra heavy steerhide thongs, double soles, burnt-orange color. Size 3 to 12 for women and men. Send shoe size, outline of foot and $6.50. Add 2½% in Calif. Postpaid.

(Send for folder showing styles in leather sandals, espadrilles and cowboy boots for men, women and children, 5c will bring folder by airmail.)

THE MEXICO CO. Dept. EM Calexico, California

BE TALLER
WEAR
CUSTOM MADE
STATURAIDS
$19.50

SAGAMORE
No. 1003 — Brown calf (shown above)
No. 1004 — Brown grain

Get the Thrill of Being Taller
ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
. . . 5 day shipment or visit my factory

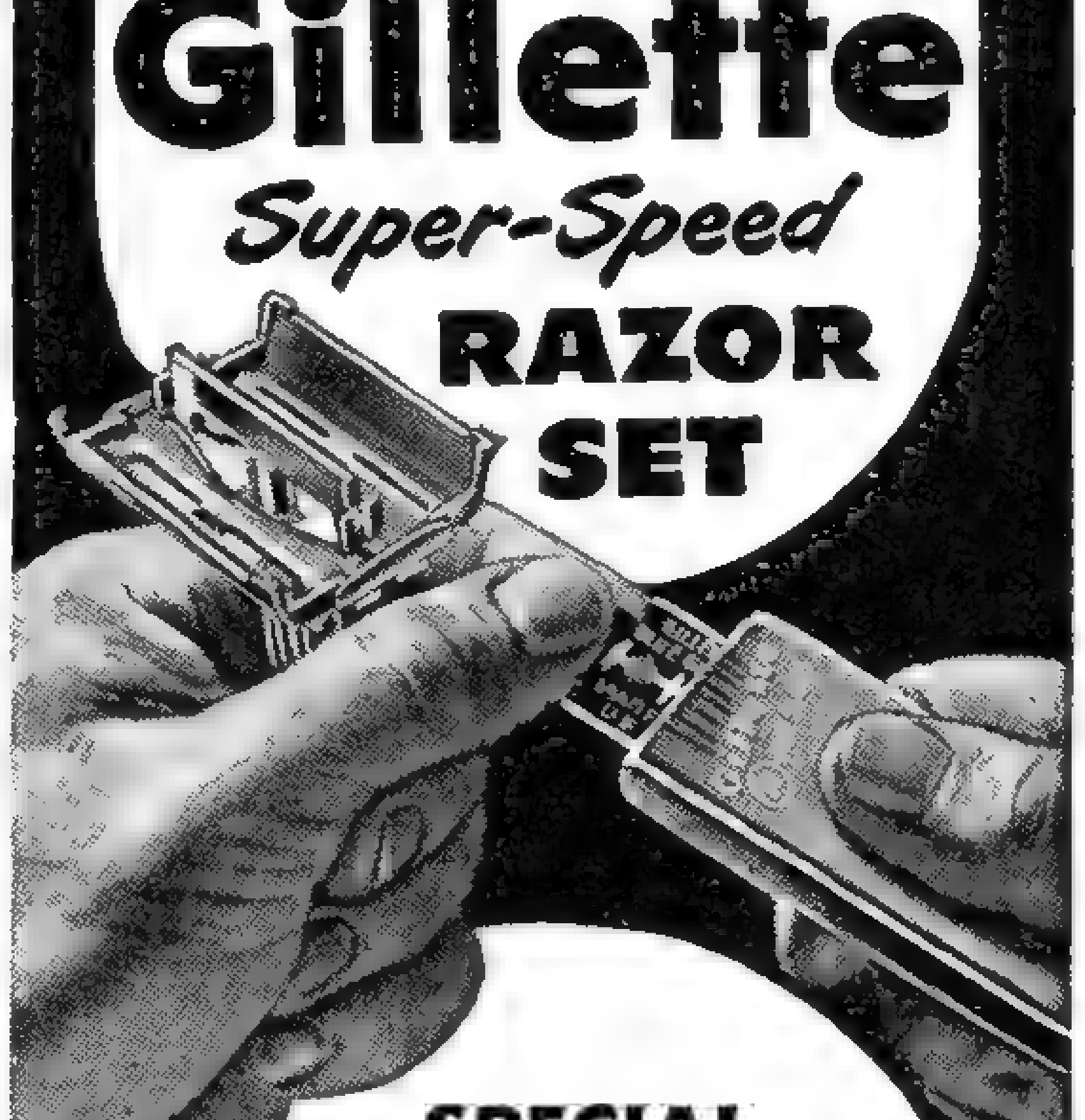
Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

**Free Catalog "Rise to New Heights" showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request.*

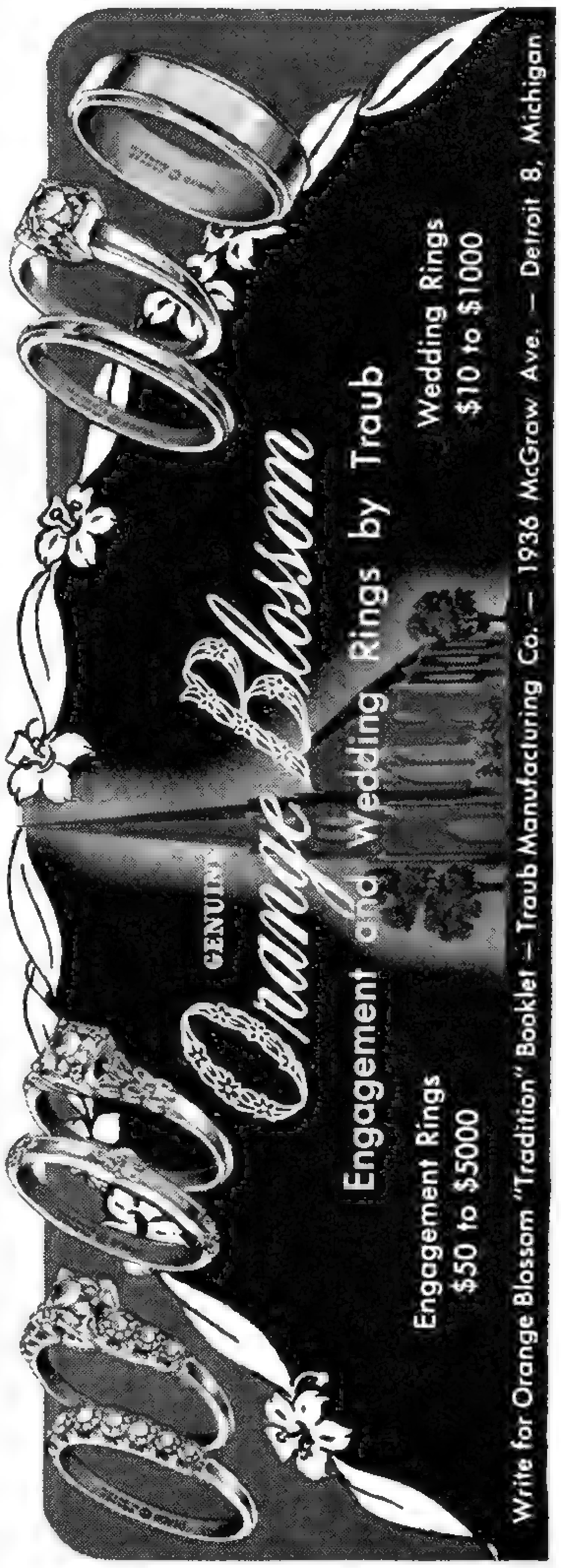
JOSEPH BURGER, Manufacturer, Dept. 157
2067 Third Avenue, (nr. 113 St.) N. Y. C., N. Y.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR STATURAID SALES OPPORTUNITY

Enjoy extra shaving luxury
Change blades presto!
Remarkable New
Gillette
Super-Speed
RAZOR SET



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Gillette One-Piece Razor and 10-Blade Dispenser
$1.50 VALUE
$1.00
Greatest Shaving Value Ever Offered!

• You shave easier and change blades quicker with this new shaving combination. Twist . . . the razor opens! Zip . . . there's an unwrapped blade! Twist again . . . you're ready to shave.

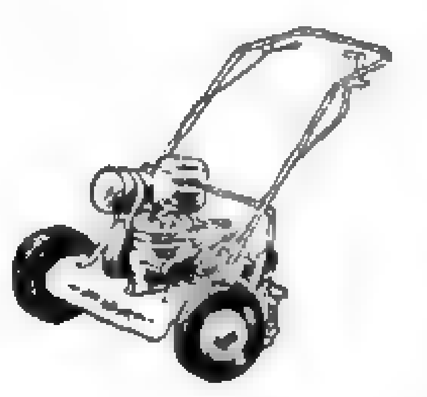


GENUINE
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings by Traub
Engagement Rings $50 to $5000
Wedding Rings $10 to $1000
Write for Orange Blossom "Tradition" Booklet — Traub Manufacturing Co. — 1936 McGraw Ave. — Detroit 8, Michigan

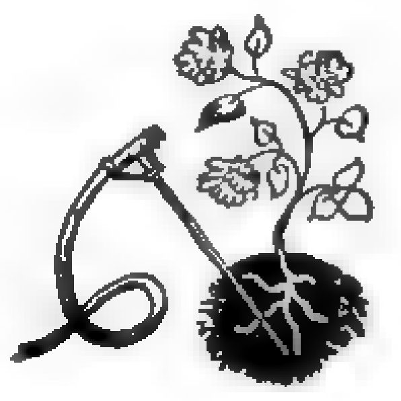
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOR KINDERGARDEN-ERS. A 9 x 12 inch color book for children that contains seven packets of flower seeds — each one a different variety. Behind each packet is an outline drawing of the flower, which the Small Fry colors in with his crayons or paints. Names and descriptions of the flowers are printed beside the drawing, and general instructions for the child gardener are included. The cover illustration suggests a garden plan for the flowers—all of which have been selected because they're easy to plant and simple to grow. The folder sells for about fifty cents.

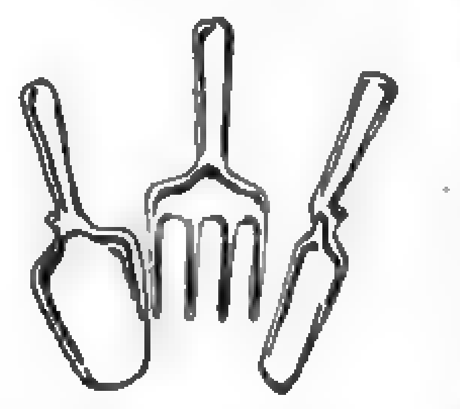
MOTORED MOWER. If that wide expanse of lawn keeps on growing faster than you and your achin' back can keep up with it, maybe you'll find your answer in this motor-driven lawn mower. It cuts a swath 21 inches wide and cuts it with a minimum of effort on *your* part. Easy to maneuver because the rollers are aluminum, equipped with ball bearings. Semi pneumatic tires won't tear up the turf. Wheel base is extra long, so the machine hugs the ground for even shearing. Cutting height adjusts from ½ to 2½ inches; 1½ HP gasoline motor. You can cover two to three acres in a day with this precision mower.



FOOD FOR PLANTS. This scientific garden appliance takes Food and Drink right to the roots of flowers, shrubs, trees and grass. Consists of a pressure control valve which can be attached to any garden hose, a transparent plastic cartridge chamber and a copper plated steel feeding tube — pointed so it can easily penetrate the soil. When it goes into action, the water enters the root feeder from the hose, dissolves the nutrient cartridge which forms the solution that's carried through the tube right to the place where it will do the most good. Costs about five dollars, which includes a dozen nutrient cartridges. Additional cartridges sell for about a dollar a dozen.



ALL SET FOR GARDENING with these three streamlined tools — garden trowel, cultivating fork, and bulb trowel. Feather - weight to handle, but extra strong because of the one-piece aluminum alloy construction. A finger rest at the base of the shaft gives you a good grip on the situation — eliminates finger fatigue at the same time. The set of three implements costs about five dollars.



Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SHOE of the MONTH

Style hits a new high in these ultra-smart hand-woven *Concords.* Designed especially for all-purpose wear—ventilated for cool comfort. Distinctive pattern in rich brown leather. Flexible leather sole and rubber heel. Style-right for any occasion. A topnotch shoe value!

ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*

Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-25 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. **$11.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.

Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Just what you have been looking for...

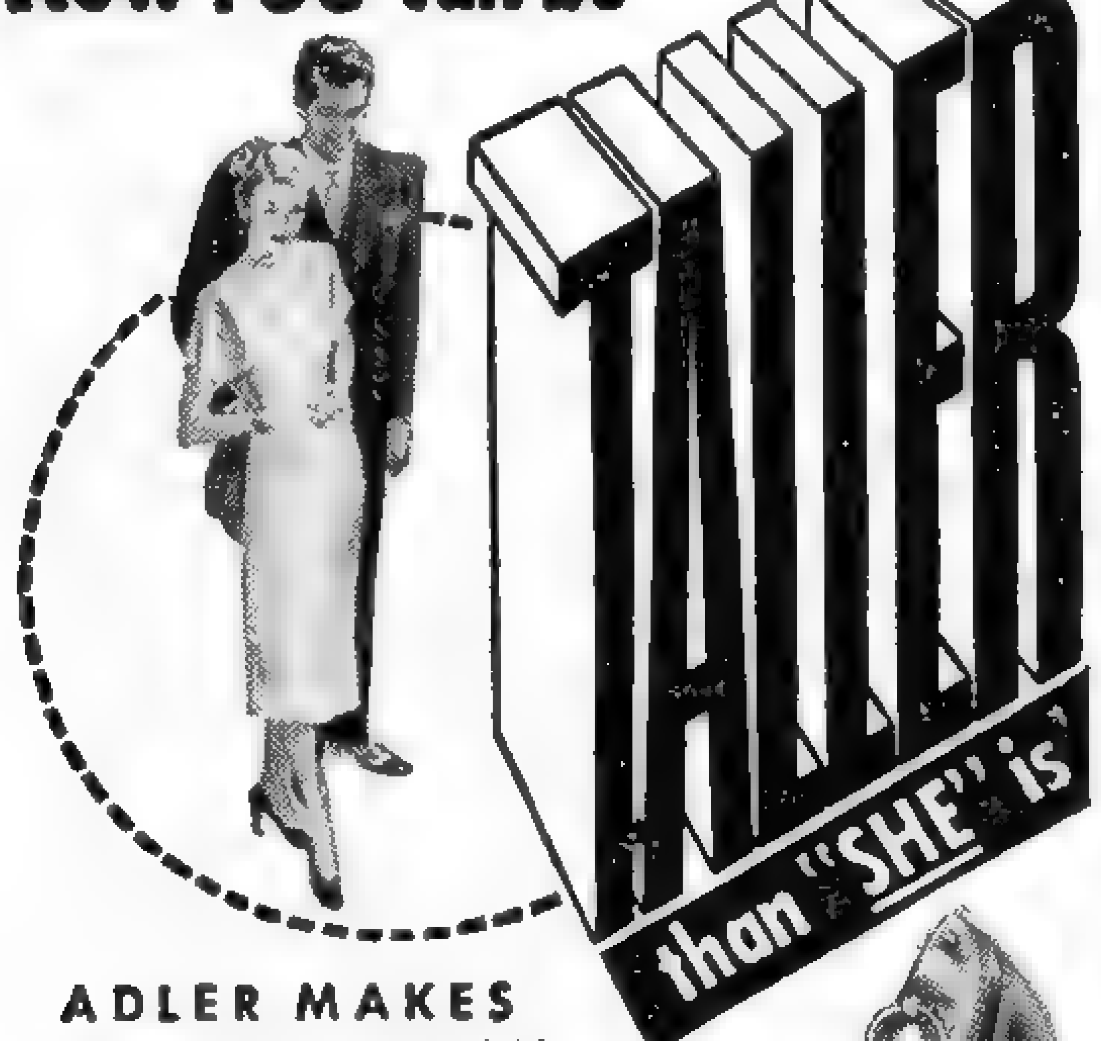
a MAN'S CONCAVE 18½" PLASTIC HANGER.

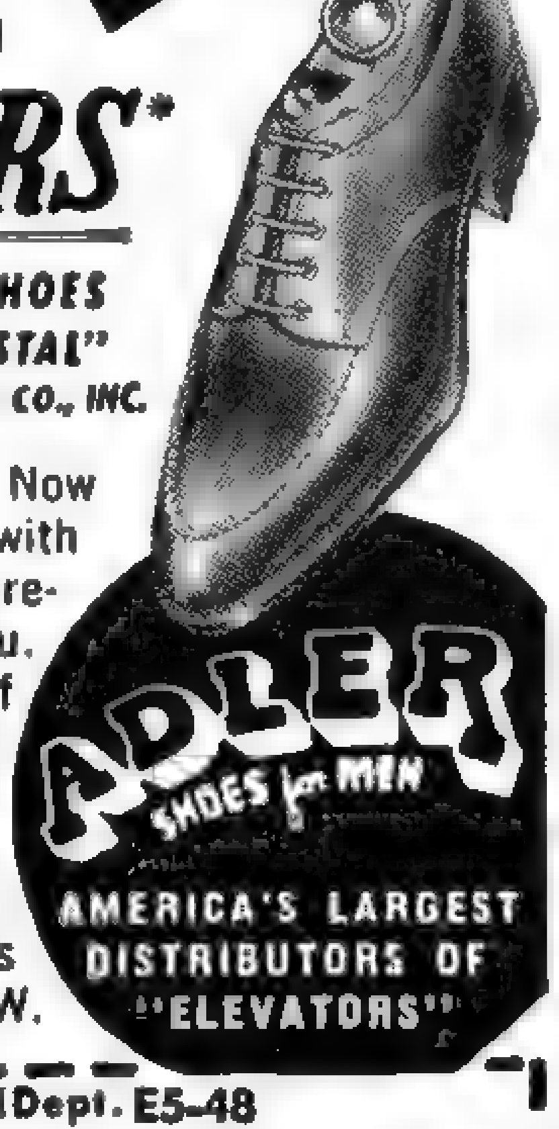
Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets, Practical, Unbreakable, Special concave construction. "Shaped like a man's shoulders" Wide full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome plated hook. Gift packed 6 to box.

MEN'S Rainbow PLASTIC HANGERS

Crystal, amber, onyx, sapphire, green, ruby, mahogany. $1.25 each. Set of 12-$12.00 Post Ppd. Send check or money order. No COD.

RAINBOW PLASTIC HANGER SALES CO.
205 West 34th St., New York 1. Dept. E





ADLER MAKES YOU TALLER IN

ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK

HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

Now she'll look up to you. Now you can see eye to eye with men, and women, who previously towered over you. Simply step into a pair of **"ELEVATORS"**; you're **almost 2 inches TALLER** instantly. The heels are no higher. For Catalog and complete details MAIL COUPON NOW.

Adler Shoes for Men (Dept. E5-48
249 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

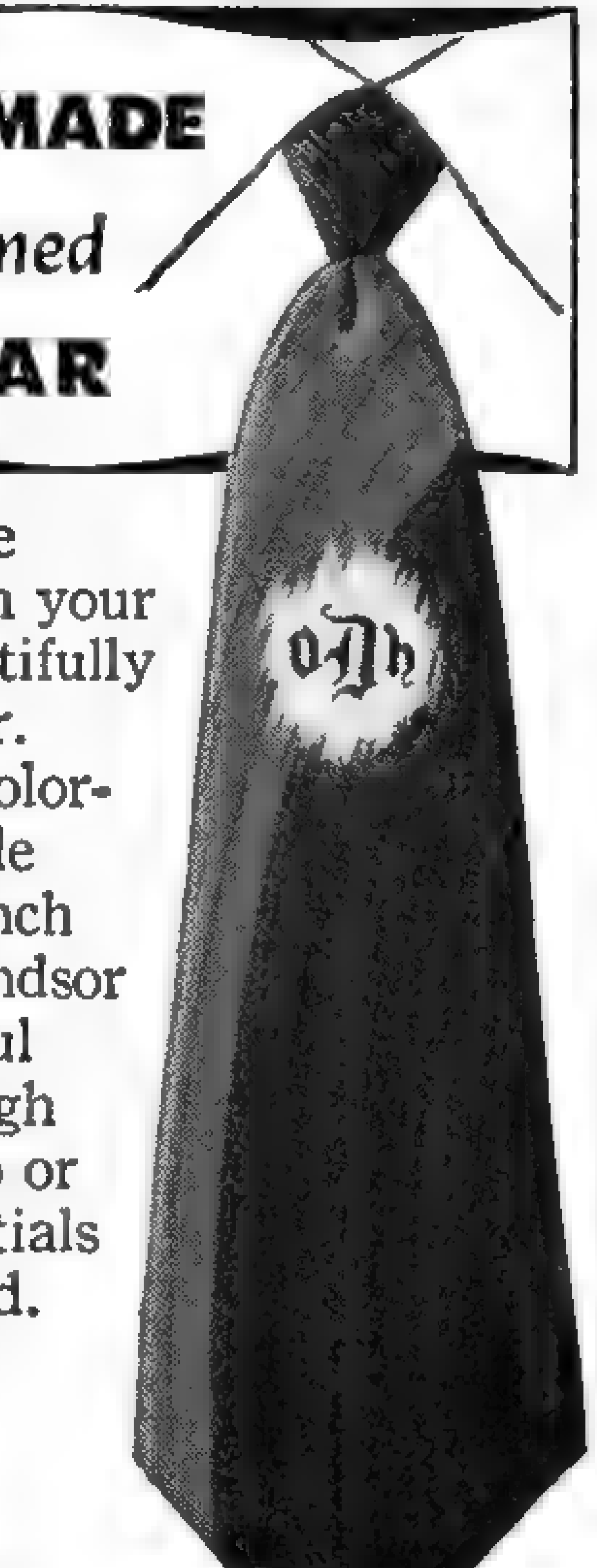
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

Name..

Address..

City.......................................State..............

†Copr., 1941 Adler Sons Shoe Corp.



CUSTOM MADE
Monogrammed
NECKWEAR

A gentleman's tie personalized with your monogram, beautifully executed to order. Pure silk crepe, colorfast, custom made throughout. 50 inch length for the Windsor knot. A wonderful gift. Order through your Men's Shop or direct, giving initials and colors desired. Sorry, no C.O.D.

$7.50

BROWN & BEIGE
MAROON & GREY • BLUE & GREY

Duval OF HOLLYWOOD

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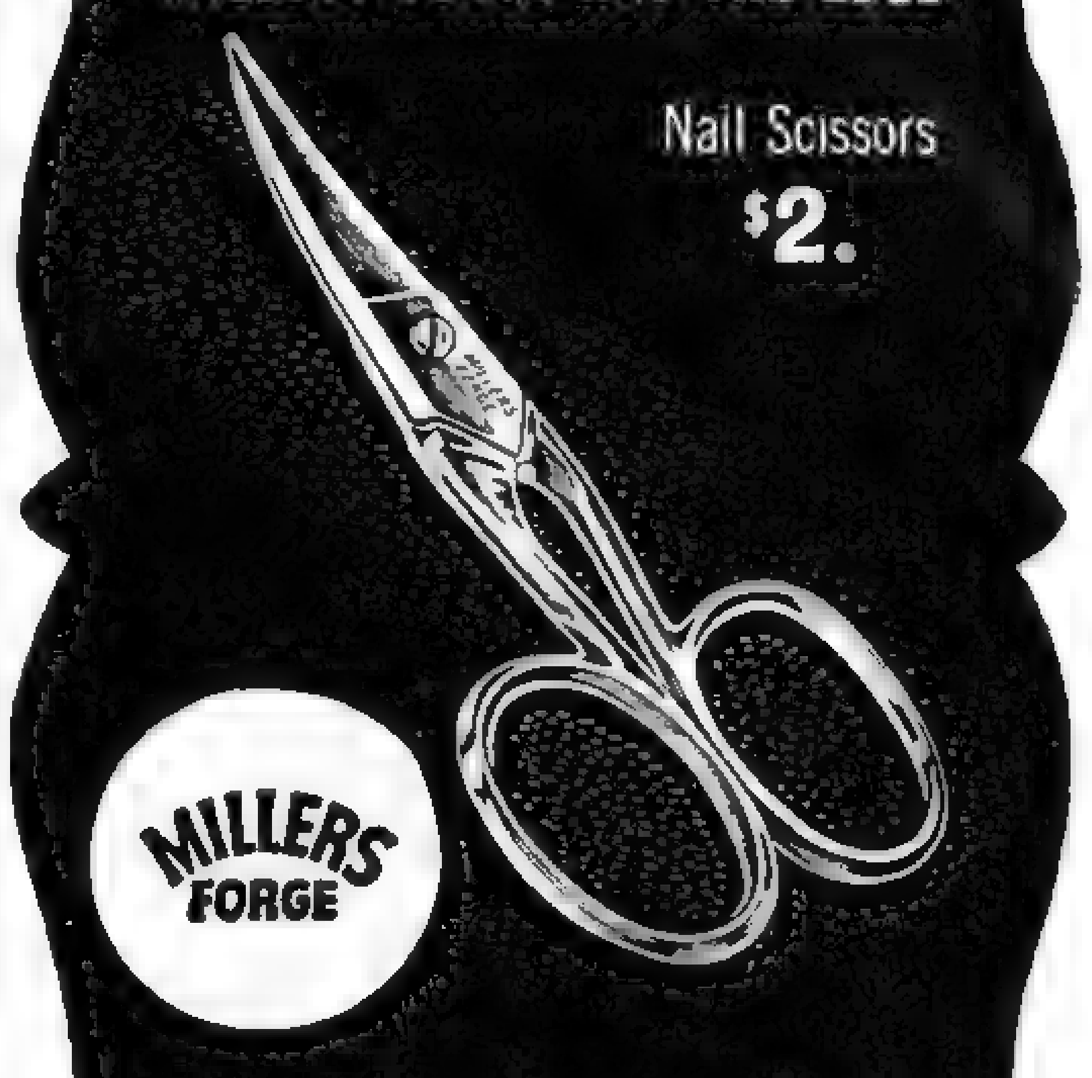
Setters Slacks

COMFORT WITH GRACE
U.S. Pat. No. 2,236,693

the slacks with the patented waistband that . . .

- keeps your shirt down, slacks up
- e-x-p-a-n-d-s with your waistline
- doesn't slip when you stoop
- At leading men's wear and department stores.

For nearest store write:
SOL NEWMAN INC.,
18 W. 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.



Because they are hand ground
MILLERS FORGE HAS THE EDGE

Nail Scissors
$2.

MILLERS FORGE

Available only at quality stores

KEEPS YOU RIGHT *when you could be wrong*

AUTOMOBILE COMPASS (Illuminated) $5.95
AUTOMOBILE COMPASS (Standard) $3.95
BOAT COMPASS $2.75

BY HULL

HULL MFG. CO., Box 246 - G5, Warren, Ohio

Personalized **STATIONERY**

NAME AND ADDRESS PRINTED ON BOTH LETTERHEADS & ENVELOPES

On luxurious **white linen finish** paper and envelopes printed in blue.

CHOICE OF 2 STYLES:

STYLE NS—200 sheets, 6 in. x 8 in., 100 envelopes. A perfect social stationery size.

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$2.00 POSTPAID

Without Printing $1.50
West of Mississippi add 10%

State style desired, send name, address & check or money order. No C.O.D's.

SCRIPTON PRESS 260 WEST BROADWAY
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Leather is our Business.
Located in world's largest leather market, we are specialists in leather for leathercraft.
Write for free catalogue.
Leather Clearing House
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6¾-in. high
Hard Rubber Stem
Briar Shank
Imported Briar Bowl
Saliva Trap
Removable Bottom

NEW PIPE THRILL
For SMOKERS and COLLECTORS

Here's the driest pipe I ever puffed on! Most unique Tyrolean shape. Genuine Briar bowl unscrews. Has removable plastic knob at bottom. Beautiful walnut color. A gem of a pipe for smoking or for your collection.

TYROLEAN
$2.95

Worth a lot more but only $2.95 to get acquainted.

Send No Money

Mail coupon. Pipe will be sent at once. Pay postman $2.95 plus delivery. Money back after examination if not delighted. Quantity limited. Mail coupon now.

Mark Foster, Dept. 5E
257—4th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Send me a Tyrolean pipe as advertised. I will pay postman $2.95 plus few cents delivery. If not delighted after examination will return for refund.

Name ....

Address ....

City, Zone, State

NOTE: If remittance is sent with coupon, we pay delivery charges.

not
for
every
man

GRUEN
CURVEX
PRECISION

the CURVEX EXECUTIVE with diamond dial... $200

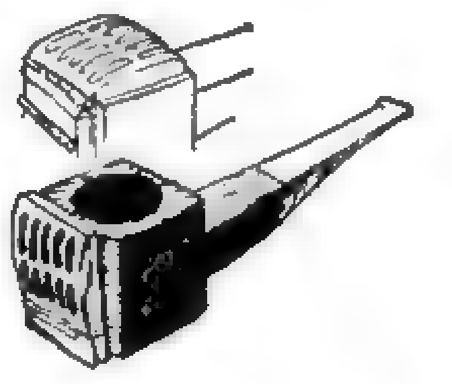
He's not an ordinary man . . . the man for whom you seek the perfect gift. By his manner, by his bearing, by the things he chooses for himself, you know he is satisfied by perfection, and nothing less. This is the man for whom the Gruen Curvex* Executive is reserved. And this is the gift he'll wear proudly, forever conscious of the high tribute you've paid him . . . dial richly highlighted with three brilliant diamonds, 14-karat white, yellow or pink gold case, faceted crystal, patented 17-jewel Gruen-Precision Curvex movement. Other Gruen watches from $33.75 to $4000, federal tax included.

• For cherished gifts, consult your jeweler.

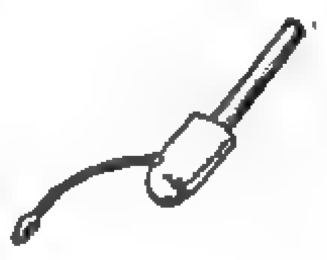
GRUEN
THE *Precision* WATCH

*T. M. REGISTERED
WATCH ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL

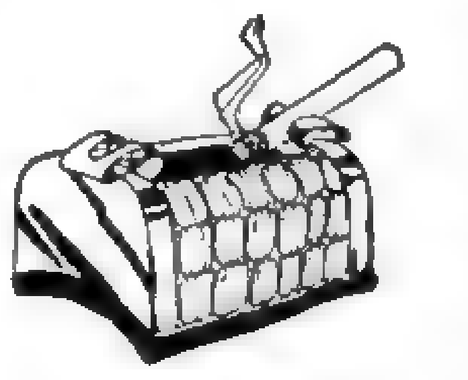
Talking Shop with Esquire



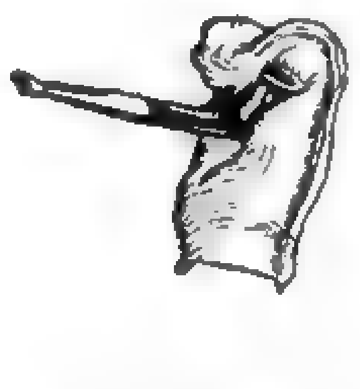
WIND PROOF PIPE. You can enjoy this new pipe wherever you are—hunting, fishing, sailing in the roughest type of weather—because of special construction. To protect your eyes and face against hot clinkers or loose tobacco blowing up from your pipe, there's a smooth-sliding metal cover attached to the bowl. Nothing complicated about it—a flick of the thumb slides the cover over the bowl; the reverse action places it back out of the way for easy filling or cleaning. In imported briar, hand-tooled or plum for under four dollars.



FOR THE RECORDS—A shockproof phonograph needle designed to cut out surface noise. The needle tip has been set into a nylon elbow with a special duraluminum shank—all of which protects both record and needle in case some careless soul drops the pick-up arm of your machine . . . While the platter spins, the needle's metal tip rides the record smooth and easy — all the shock absorbed by the spring steel and the nylon connecting elbow. Sells for under three dollars and guaranteed to play 5,000 times.



TRAP THOSE ASHES. This educated ash tray not only copes with cigarette ashes in a competent manner, but it holds your burning cigarette completely secure in the special safety rest. Leaves you free to concentrate on the conversation, a game of gin rummy or the last chapter of a whodunnit. The curved base is cushioned in rubber so that it hugs the arm of your chair. Made of solid copper, covered with burnproof, simulated leather. Brown alligator, red or green snakeskin. Under four dollars.



BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR BRIARS. Pipe collectors and pipe smokers can keep prize briars in prime condition by using this "pipe conditioning glove." Based on a special formula from India, the mitt contains a combination of ingredients which preserve the briar, remove dirt particles from its surface and bring out the natural beauty of the grain. Included with the glove is a booklet of complete directions on the care of pipes, old and new. For about a dollar.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BOLD LOOK?

order the windsoroll

Searching for the Bold Look? We've taken this new sensation—as featured in Esquire — and given it famous Stern Bros. custom treatment! Result: A most handsome shirt — from the uniquely stitched, low-sloping collar with points rounded (to make the Bold Look bolder) to the smart french cuffs, with the same bold stitching! And the soft collar with stays rolls so smoothly with your Windsor knot. Order it now in lustrous white broadcloth or soft white oxford!

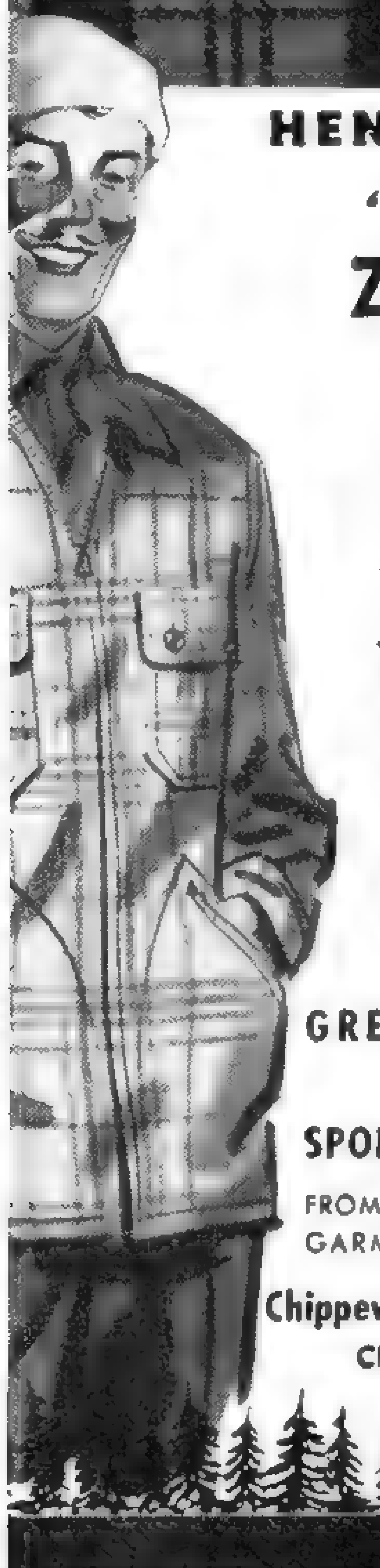
COLLAR SIZES: 13-17½ SLEEVE LENGTHS: 30-38 $6.50 PLUS 25¢ POSTAGE

Bold Look Ties! Extra long, to make the Windsor knot. In hand-loomed pure wool, 3" wide stripes, color combinations to "suit" you. Give major color desired. $3.50

Stern Bros
PLANKINTON ARCADE
DEPT. E, MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.

Send me ☐ Broadcloth ☐ Oxford Shirts
Collar Size ☐ Sleeve Length ☐

Write for leaflet with other collar styles, including special types for heavier men.



CHIPPEWA

HENRI SAYS:
"THIS NEW ZIPPER-JAC, HE IS HANDY AND HE'S DANDY!"

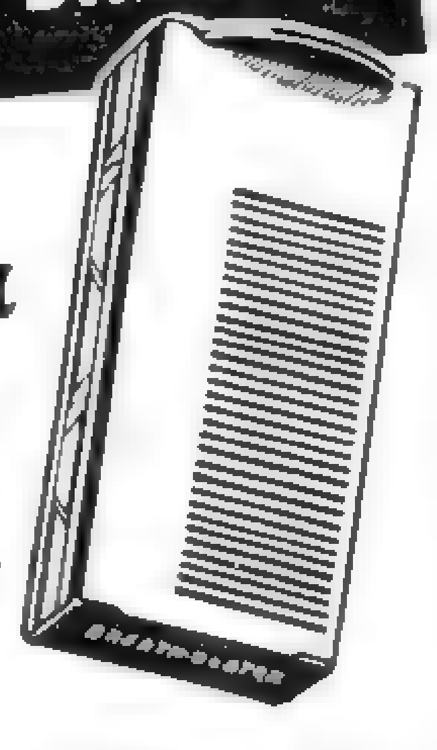
This new ZIPPER-JAC gives you all the warmth of 100% wool . . . PLUS the comfort of hand-warmer *slash-pockets, covered zipper,* and *free-action back.*

Created in the
GREAT NORTHWOODS
Accepted by
SPORTSMEN EVERYWHERE

FROM RAW WOOL TO FINISHED GARMENTS UNDER ONE ROOF

Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

WOOLENS
SHIRTS • STAGS
PARKAS • COATS • PANTS
In a Wide Variety of Styles, Designs and Colors



CORRECT BAD BREATH
with
Breath-o-lator

The New Scientific Discovery that Costs Only ½ Cent A Day To Use

Now you can stop wondering whether your breath is offensive. Just inhale Breath-o-lator a couple of times a day, especially after eating, drinking or excessive smoking. Breath-o-lator's active agent, Neutragen, is the new scientific wonder that deodorizes your breath right at the source, down in the passages of the throat and chest, as well as in the mouth. BREATH-O-LATOR'S clever little case weighs less than a cigarette lighter. Mail $1 (check, money order or cash) and we'll send you a complete Breath-o-lator outfit, guaranteed to satisfy you completely or your money back.

SIGMA PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. K
41 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. C. 17

BREATH-O-LATOR and Neutragen are developments of the Crosby Research Foundation.

GOOD CARE FOR GOOD LEATHER

Lexol keeps genuine leather pliable, strong, good looking and long lasting. Easy to use. No rubbing required. After using Lexol any good polish gives a high finish. Get Lexol at shoe, luggage, sporting goods, camera, and department stores, or remit direct . . .
Pt. $1., Qt. $1.75, Gal. $4.

LEXOL
Leather Conditioner
THE MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
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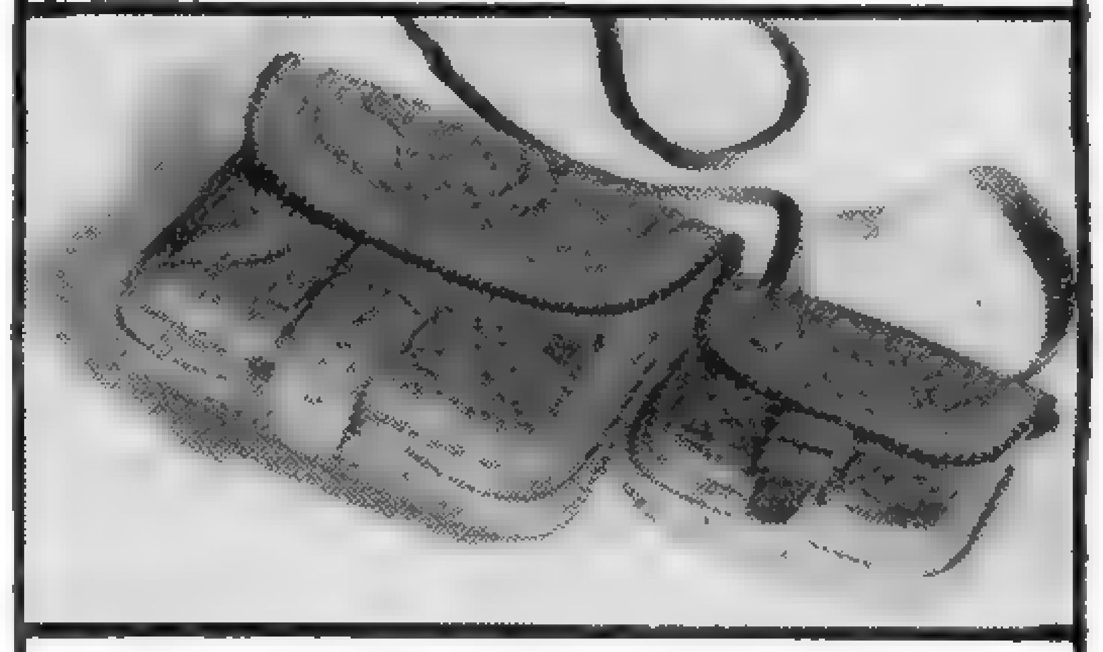
Nimrod
PIPELITER
DOWN-DRAFT CHIMNEY-ACTION
• WINDPROOF
• LIGHTWEIGHT
• LARGE FLAME
$3.50 AT YOUR DEALER
Unconditionally Guaranteed



IDEAL MOTHER'S DAY GIFT
HAND-CRAFTED in GUATEMALA!

POPULAR PALOMINO LEATHER
SHOULDER BAGS
• New! Stylish! Full Length Straps!
• Sizes For Mother and Daughter.

Beauty and long service are combined in these genuine selected cowhide bags. Large bag is 8 x 10½ inches . . . small bag is 5½ x 7¼ inches. Ideal for casual or sportswear. Makes wonderful gift.

Ladies' LARGE SIZE (Illustrated) $9.65 Plus $1.93 Fed. Tax
Child's SMALL SIZE (Illustrated) $4.75 Plus .95 Fed. Tax

Write for FREE illustrated folder on 10 beautifully styled shoulder and hand bags

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Southwest's Leading Mail Order House
Box 275, Dept. 23-5, San Antonio 6, Texas
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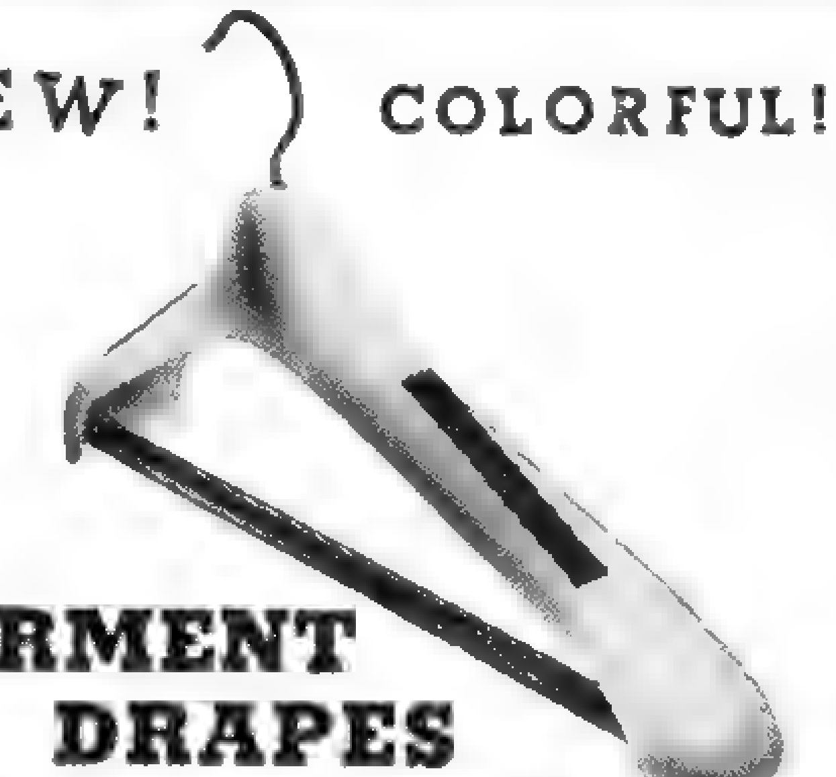
Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.



NEW! COLORFUL!

GARMENT DRAPES
clothes look better - closets look smarter

To preserve fine cut and good styling, hang your clothes on attractive new "Garment Drapes". Shoulder-form shape supports collars without creasing, protects shoulders from crushing, allows garments to hang in natural lines. Felt pads prevent slipping or shifting. Six beautiful colors to modernize your closets: red, green, yellow, black, blue, pink. Smooth, durable plastic with long-life "suspended" construction. 16" wooden pants bar.

$1.25 each, 12 for $10.00 Postpaid

.....PENNOCK & ASSOCIATES.....
46 Market Ave., N.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SMARTER SUNGLASSES SAFER
ROCKGLAS*
GLASS HARD AS A ROCK
BANG THEM! DROP THEM! WEAR THEM!
THEY'RE IMPACT RESISTANT!
NEW ORIGINAL
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

They'll strut and prance with Mister Short's ANTSY Pants*

The first new idea since the invention of men's shorts

* T. M. REG.

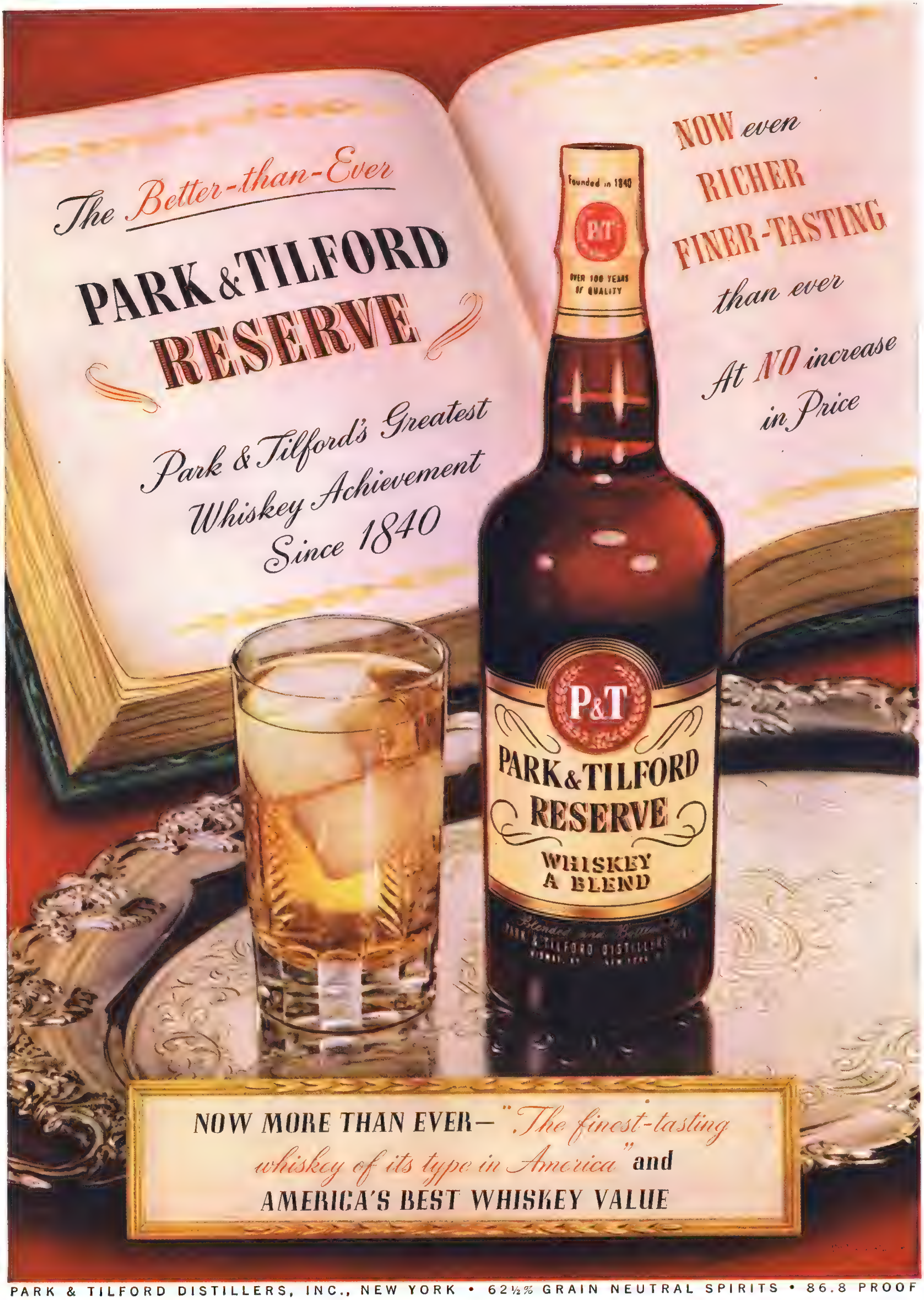
No longer must men's shorts be drab and uninteresting! Big red ants (or blue or brown, if you prefer) scurry over these wonderful All-American (boxer style) shorts! Made of fine quality mercerized Sanforized cotton broadcloth. Sizes 28 to 42. $2.50 pair. At these and other stores:

Bullock's—Los Angeles
J. L. Hudson—Detroit
Woolf Bros.—Kansas City
Carson's—Chicago
Halle Bros.—Cleveland
Kaufmann's—Pittsburgh
John Forsyth—New York
Baskin's—Chicago

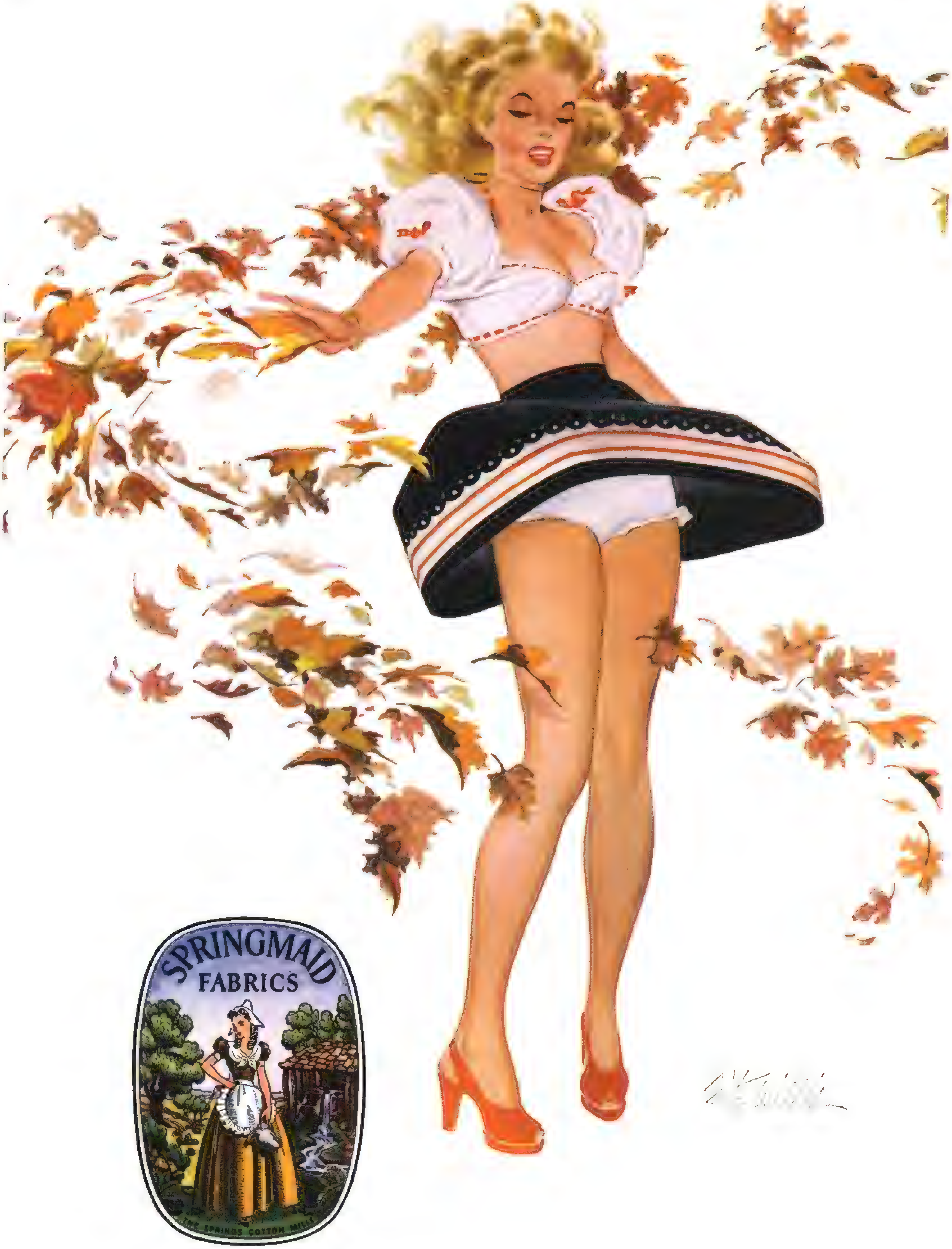
Or, send $2.50 direct to us, with the name of your store, and we will send your Antsy Pants to you pronto!

Antsy Pants are exclusive with:

The Mister Short Co., Inc.
869-B Merchandise Mart • Chicago, Ill.
Fine Shorts for the Discriminating Man


The Better-than-Ever
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
Park & Tilford's Greatest
Whiskey Achievement
Since 1840
NOW even
RICHER
FINER-TASTING
than ever
At NO increase
in Price
Founded in 1840
P.T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
NOW MORE THAN EVER—"The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America" and
AMERICA'S BEST WHISKEY VALUE

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF


SPRINGMAID
FABRICS
THE SPRINGS COTTON MILLS

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills developed a special cotton fabric which was woven to be water repellent and wind resistant, and then made into ski pants and arctic uniforms. This fabric is now available for the covers of America's best foundations, and if you want protection from a sudden draft on a windy corner, look for the SPRINGMAID label on the bottom of your trademark.

An American favorite...
the JACK ROSE
made with LAIRD'S***
Fine Brandy Since 1780
LAIRD & CO.
Scobeyville, N. J.
86.4 Proof
LAIRDS
LAIRD
Three ★ Star
FOUNDED 1780
LAIRDS
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86.4 PROOF
Apple Brandy
America's oldest Family of Brandy Distillers
DISTILLED BY LAIRD AND COMPANY DISTILLERIES
SCOBEYVILLE N.J. LYONS N.Y. NORTH GARDEN VA

"They're waiting for the booth where the man is smoking London Dock Tobacco."
"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"
POCKET PACKAGE 40¢
$3.20 PER POUND
Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852
TELEPHONES
London Dock
AROMATIC
SMOKING MIXTURE

Painting the Town with Esquire

DINE AL FRESCO at Armando's on the charming outdoor terrace, and go from 1 p.m. on Sundays. Weekdays, dinner and lunch. About fifty miles up the Hudson at Croton Falls. Continental cuisine and an admirable cellar. You'll like the little bar and the congenial atmosphere. Much favored by the smart younger crowd, especially weekends. Better phone ahead Saturdays and Sundays and go reasonably early.

A REAL FIND, too, is Gertrude Hart's Elm Lodge hotel, in the outskirts of Fishkill—about 65 minutes north of Manhattan. Fine lodgings overnight or weekends in a lovely setting; excellent food and a new and beautiful little bar. Miss Hart shot the works on her new décor and it looks it: with the exciting lighting of the giant pine in the rear, the outdoor dining and the clever landscape gardening. Driving hereabouts in the Hudson River Valley country is sheer delight. You won't be bored. Near excellent golf, fishing and the hiking's fine. *ESQUIREcommended!*

FRIED CHICKEN at its absolute best, accompanied by corn muffins, corn fritters, black-eyed peas, creamy gravy and all the other Southern trimmings—that's the magnet at the Dixie Inn, at nearby Dobbs Ferry. About forty minutes via Saw Mill River Parkway to Dobbs Ferry cut-off. Phone Leah and Hannah for reservations. Better start off with one of the house's Mint Juleps. A favorite with theatrical folk. Go moderately early.

UP CONNECTICUT WAY, the Red Barn at Westport is the perfect place to break a northerly drive on Merritt Parkway. At the first Westport cut-off, down the approach and you're there. Closed Tuesdays, Mrs. Dunham features steak and lobster, but it's a good kitchen and you can order 'most anything you want. Atmosphere is fine, and there's fire in the big fireplace any chilly May evening. Make it early for dinner. You'll want to linger for your demi-tasse and brandy afterward. *ESQUIREcommended.*

IF YOU CAN STAND the bobby-soxers, Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook still offers top name bands and a flashy headliner (new star weekly) at his mammoth roadhouse across the River in New Jersey. Take the George Washington Bridge and follow the road-signs. Highly recommended for the younger set. Sinatra, Como and many a star hit the bigtime here.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Sparklet
REFILLABLE SYPHON
Toast to a Good Host
the Gift of Distinction that turns ordinary tap water into sparkling soda
$10
A box of Sparklet bulbs makes a case of lively club soda
SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., ST. LOUIS 16, MO.

carry that bottle SAFELY in a
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Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.
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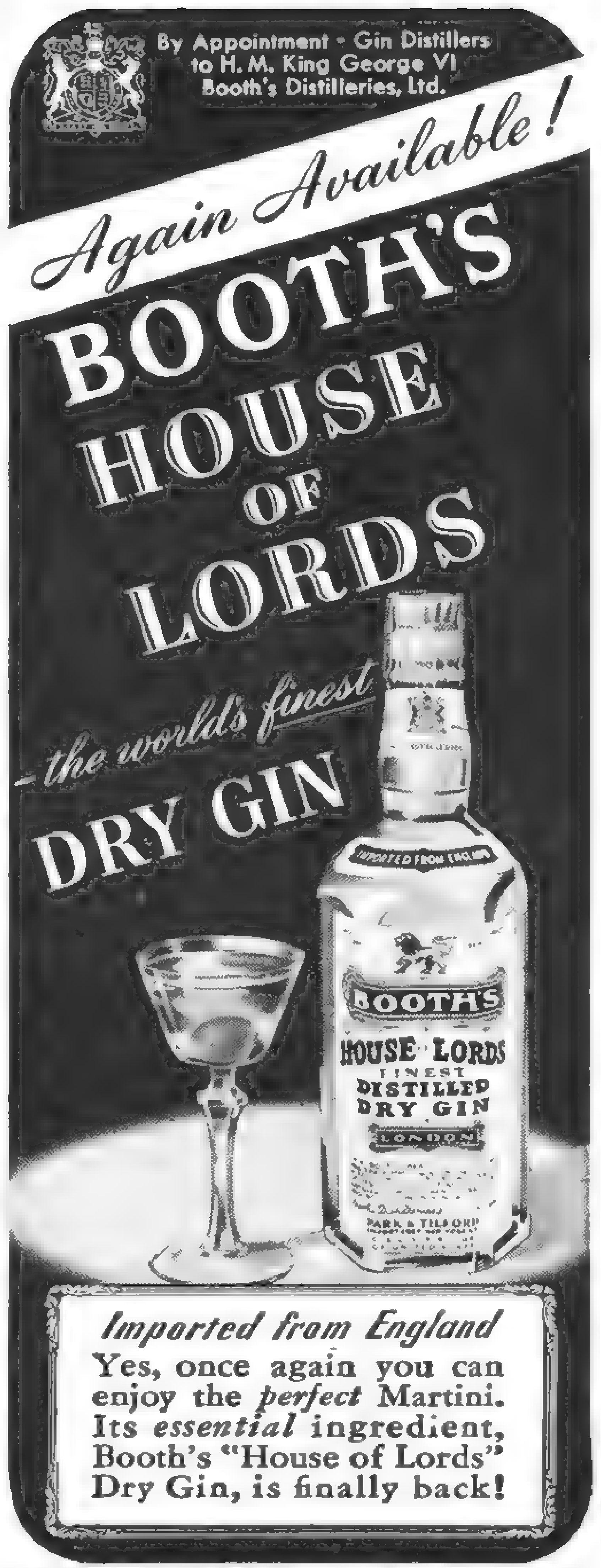
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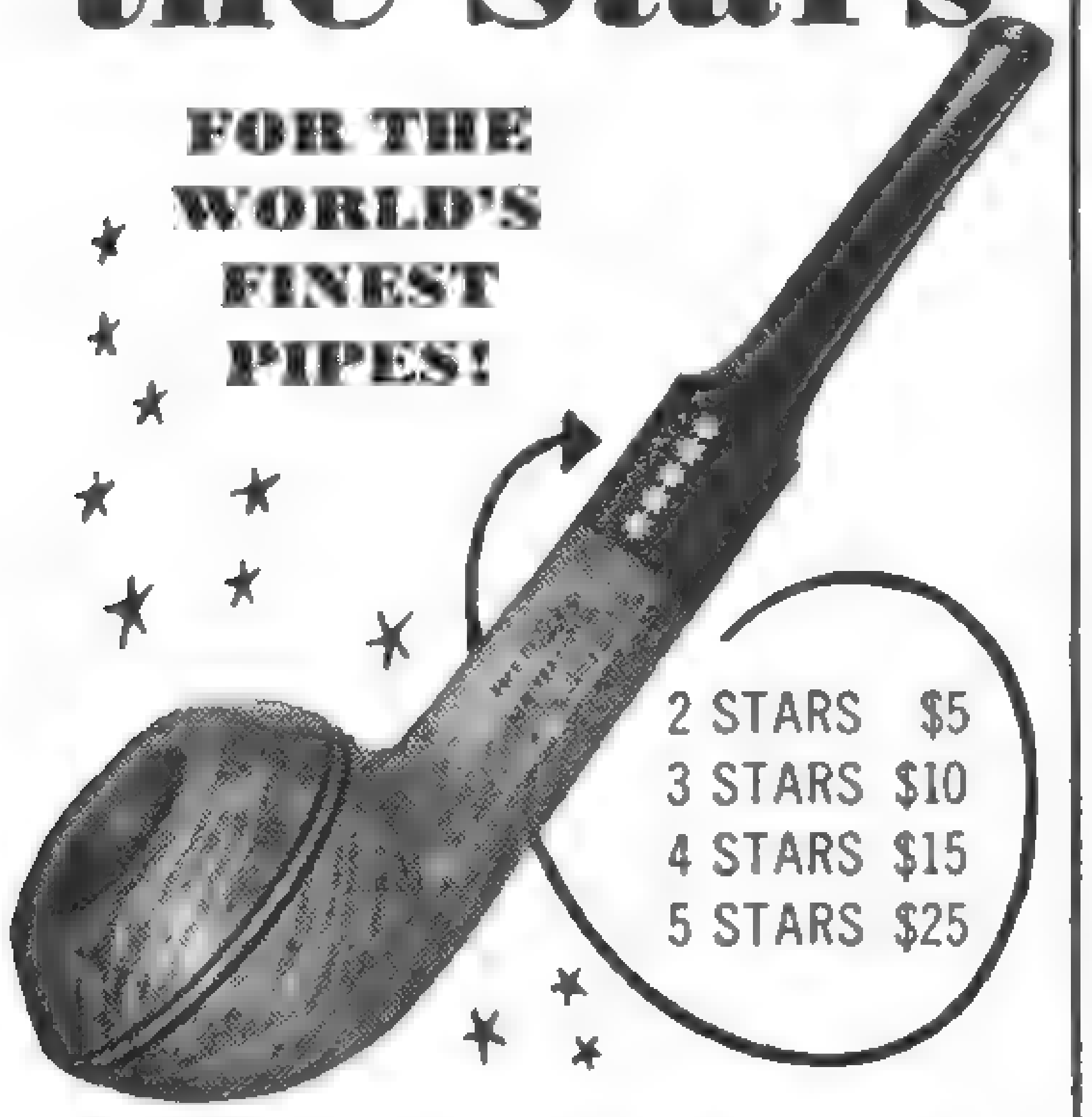

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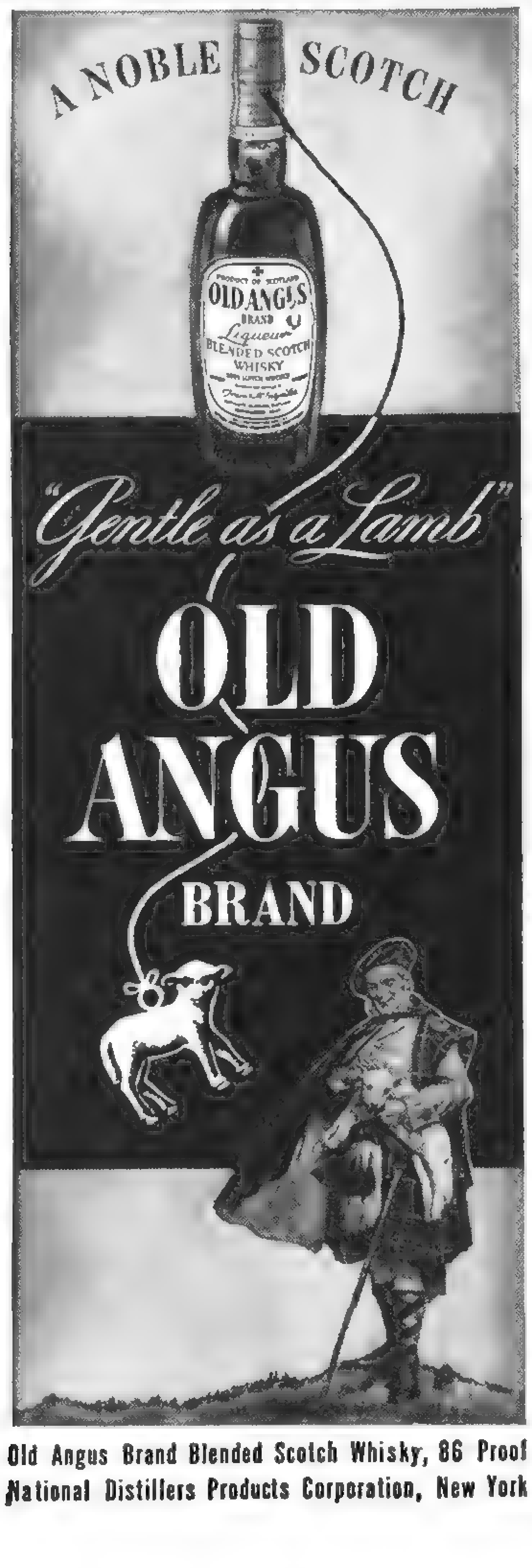

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Painting the Town with Esquire

OUTDOOR LIVING IS FINE STUFF if you can get it, and you can get it (as Maxine Sullivan is fond of reminding people) if you try—even in the environs of crowded Springtime Manhattan. Within forty minutes to a couple of hours fast motoring, for instance, the exploratory gourmet can turn up a spate of some of the smartest little inns and bistros in the country, in nearby Westchester, Connecticut and just over the bridges in New Jersey and Long Island. Majority of them are near good fishing, golf and walking terrain and afford comfortable quarters, good wine lists and delectable food after your Spring day in the country.

THE BIRD AND BOTTLE, some seventy minutes fast driving up the Hudson, is not only one of the oldest—but easily the most picturesque — inns in the East. On Route 9 in Garrison Township. Tucked back in the woods, it boasts an almost perfect setting, a real Colonial-style taproom, a delightful old dining room and splendid (and expensive) French and American cooking. An annex is choked with lovely antiques where milady can browse around while you tuck into your Martini (4 Oz.!) and while your squab is done to a turn. *ESQUIREcommended!*

EVEN CLOSER IN and right on par in the culinary department is Emily Shaw's justly celebrated inn at Poundridge, about 55 minutes from upper Manhattan. You'll certainly go for the fine fowl and meat delicacies (including the home-baked ham and rare roast beef), and the really wonderful salad combinations. Good cellar, too, with a wide range of fine domestic wines, some excellent Chilean Rhine wines and a dwindling, but acceptable stock of French Bordeaux and brandies. Plenty of atmosphere and authoritative cocktails and long drinks in the Barrel Room downstairs. Better mark this one a must.

PERHAPS THE BEST food almost anywhere nearby out of town is available at the famous Old Drovers Inn at Dover Plains. Better allow two hours' driving, phone ahead, and remember they're closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays. But, better go, and set your palate for magnificent lobster, mammoth charcoal broiled steaks and big, juicy chops, all accompanied by master salads and washed down (if you wish) with some vintage wines unavailable even in some of Manhattan's better restaurants. Atmosphere is old Colonial, most charming, with fire in the grate on cool Spring evenings. Stop overnight, if you like, (and if you've made reservations) and drive leisurely back into town next morning. A favorite with New York honeymooners looking for something different. Expensive — but, most customers seem to feel, well worth it!

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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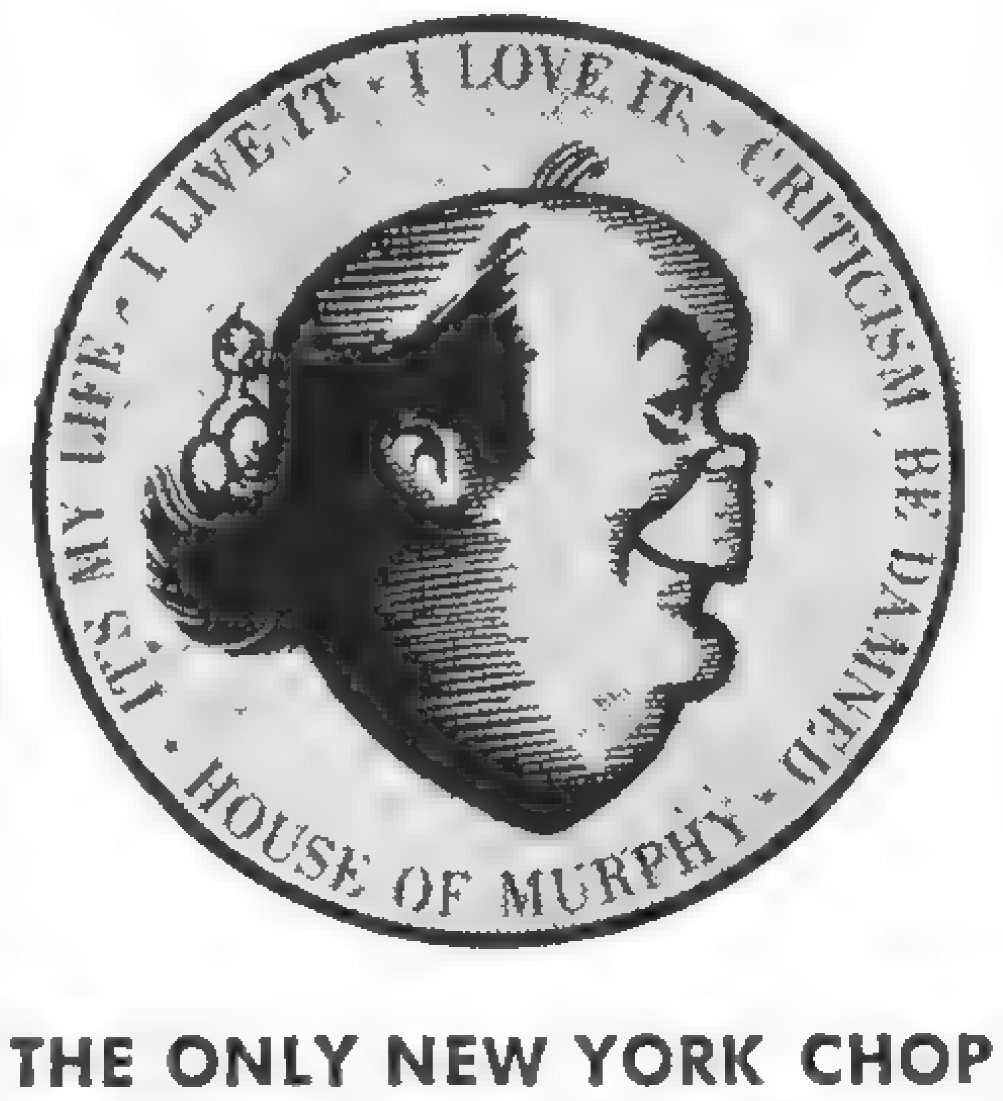
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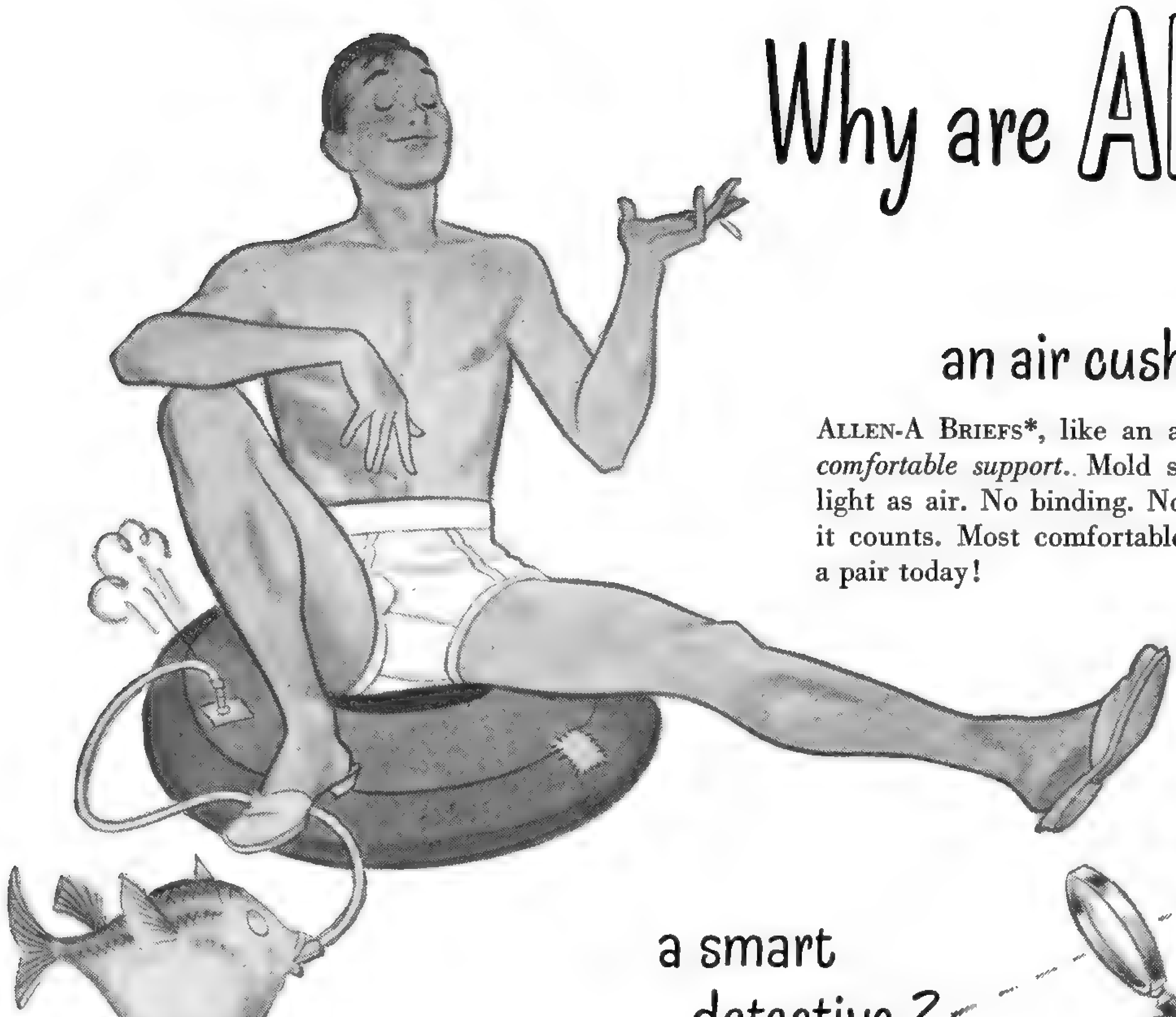

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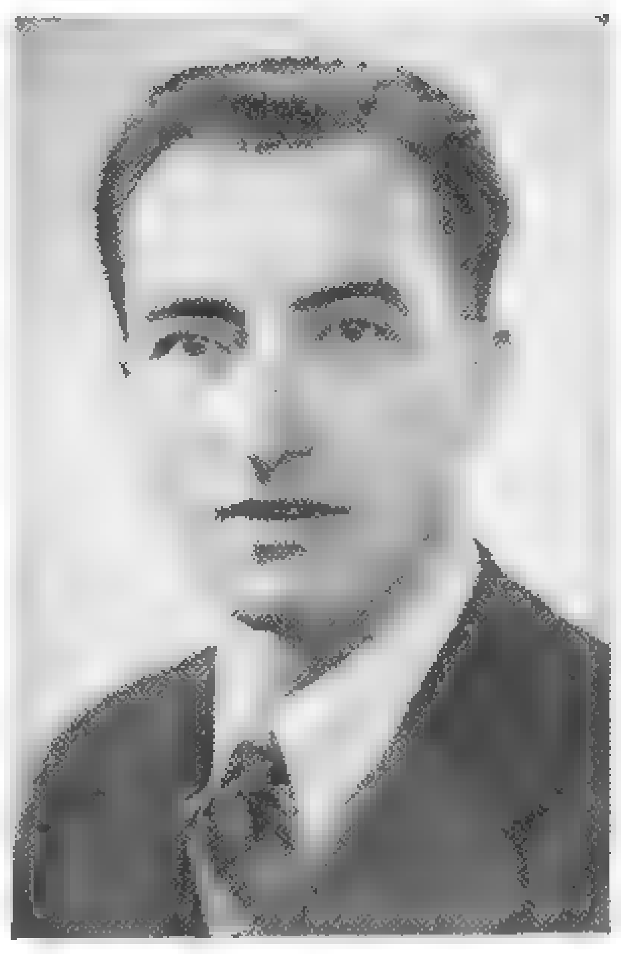
Backstage with Esquire



William Glynne-Jones

WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES is the promising young Welsh writer whose short stories have created an agreeable stir in England. Perhaps by the time you read this his first novel, *Farewell Innocence*, will be available in this country: last fall he received the coveted Rockefeller Foundation Atlantic Award for literature. Born in Llanelly, South Wales, he worked for twenty years as a steel moulder in a foundry. During the war, when he labored seventy to eighty hours weekly, he found time to write, and upon his release on medical grounds he went to London to seek his literary fortune. Already distinguished among writers in British periodicals, his ambition, he says, is to become known on the U. S. market. *The Furnace Is Waiting* (page 60) should give him an excellent start.

JOHN EVANS confesses to a checkered career as butter-and-egg salesman, shipping and hotel clerk and other diverse occupations which you probably wouldn't believe if we named them, including his logical enough progress from machine operator with a wood-products manufacturer to managing editor for a string of pulp magazines. He says: "*If You Have Tears* was written during a Chicago winter. Its California background was occasioned partly as a protest against the climate outside my window and partly because branch banking, integrant to the story, is widespread in that state." He is now working on a sequel to *Halo in Blood* which was published in 1946.

Ward Brown

WARD BROWN is a pseudonym for Warren Brown, who chose this by-line for *Karata in the Morning* because "more than once the sports columnist and Crosby golfing partner has intruded on my smidgen of success." His story, which appears on page 79, marks his fiction debut; a couple of years ago he contributed an article to Esquire entitled *Not Enough Oscars*. A graduate of Northwestern University, he has been an apprentice seaman, editor of a house organ, blueprint clerk and researcher, and he has several novels in work, including a mystery.

Referring to the protagonist of his Derby article, ARTHUR DALEY says: "When I first joined the sports department of the New York *Times*, greatly awed by it all, the most awesome figure in the place was Bryan Field, who impressed me as at least the equal of Richard Harding Davis. When he became racing editor, I took over his job covering track and field, an assignment which was later to send me to the Olympics. Field became one of the best turf writers and broadcasters in the business, and my article, *My Old Myopic Kentucky Home* (see page 53) describes a sample of his work." Bryan Field is now manager of Delaware Park, considered one of the nation's model tracks, and Arthur Daley writes a sports column for the *Times*.

Will F. Jenkins

WILL F. JENKINS actually heard about a mousey benedict who, like the hero of his story, *"Ex" Marks the Sore Spot*, planned to meet his predecessor during the course of a business trip. The author was never able to track down the outcome, and his current fictional piece represents what he thinks should have happened. Jenkins is known as a regular contributor to many magazines (beginning with *The Smart Set* when he was seventeen), and including many books, motion-picture and radio scripts. He lives in "Ardudwy" an old house in Virginia in which Nathaniel Bacon is said to have died in 1676. He proclaims that he has his original wife as well as four daughters.

HERBERT KUBLY is the author of our monthly record review, *The Waxworks*. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin in '37, Kubly became, successively, art critic for the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* and music editor of *Time* Magazine. He wrote the play *Men to the Sea* which was produced in the National Theatre in New York; co-authored with Waldemar Hansen *Inherit the Wind* which is being prepared for London production, and is working on a third play called *Punch and Judy*. Summers he goes to the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire to write, and in all seasons he enjoys shuttling between his Greenwich Village flat and Wisconsin farm, a four-hour plane trip.

Donald Friede

DONALD FRIEDE spent his childhood in the Orient, and in practically every European country—especially Russia. His father had the Ford agency there, and he says: "Since the Ford was the only car which could negotiate the non-existent Russian roads, ours was a pleasant life." After brief, eventful terms at Yale and Princeton, he got into publishing as a shipping clerk for Knopf, and eventually formed the publishing house with Pascal Covici, which was called Covici Friede. Later he says: "I became a story agent in Hollywood; it was exciting work, but wearing, and after I came back from an abortive year in the Army found this had lost some of its zest." So he goes to his Hollywood office twice a month, and the rest of the time sits on a hillside in Hemet, California, with his wife, M. F. K. Fisher, and two little girls—writing. Now well into his second novel, he finds it difficult to complain. In fact he envies himself.

WILLIAM BRENNAN, co-author with ROBERT MUSEL of *The Wreck at the Hesperus*, served with the Marines in the South Pacific as combat correspondent and was formerly on the New York *World-Telegram* staff. Musel has been in London for the past five years, devoting part of that time to war correspondence for the United Press. He's a native New Yorker, thirty-five years old, and described by his agent as one of the strongest men around—having been seen bending a railroad spike in his bare hands. When he gets back to the States he'll be doing some more fiction with Brennan.

Robert E. Reed

ROBERT E. REED whose first published story, *My Dog Is Delinquent*, makes him our Discovery of the Month, writes: "On April 12, 1943, I shuffled away from Boise, Idaho. Five months of reporting for the Idaho *Daily Statesman* and a year and two-thirds of college had equipped me, I was certain, to send armies scurrying across the countryside. Disenchantment came quickly. I became a parachutist serving in the 517th parachute infantry regiment. I trained, embarked for Italy, jumped and fought in southern France, shivered through the Battle of the Bulge, and heard my last shot north of Aachen in February, 1945. I became a staff sergeant. After 31 months in the Army I returned to the Idaho *Daily Statesman* as a reporter and to Boise Junior College as a student. My work as a reporter amounts to a little less than one year. During the Summer of 1946, I battled forest fires as a parachute jumper for the Payette National Forest in Idaho. At present I am studying journalism at the University of Washington."

GORDON COOPER was born in Edinburgh, and gathered *Stories for Harry's Bar* while roaming all over the world, with time out for British service during both world wars. He took the first passenger-carrying plane to Central Africa in 1920; and during his wanderings he engaged in gun-running for Chinese war lords in China, Manchuria and Korea; ranched, gold-mined, tin-mined, directed films, and worked on a dairy farm in the Ukraine. He confesses: "Escapism is my vice and 'everything once,' my motto."

Robert Sage

In the late twenties, ROBERT SAGE, like several thousand other Americans of his generation, moved to Paris. He liked the life there so well that he never got around to returning to the United States, though he still intends to, he says, when he has a chance. During the Occupation the Germans, luckily for him, didn't get around to putting him in a concentration camp and he marked time by reading, writing and listening hopefully to the Allied radio. He has been engaged for some years in magazine and newspaper work and his zest for the French cuisine often sends him into such verbal flights as *Glamour Girl from Bresse*, page 67.

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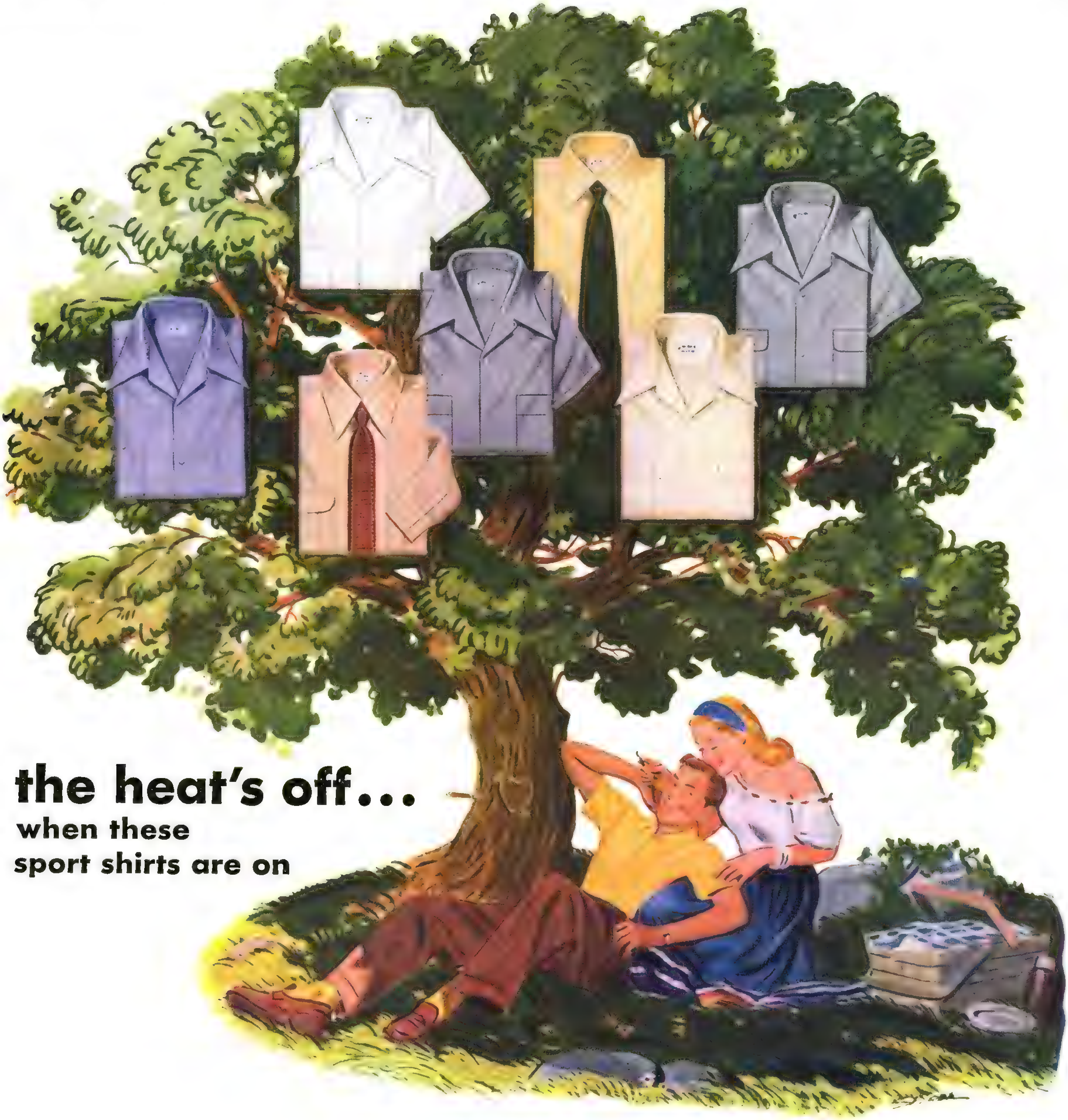

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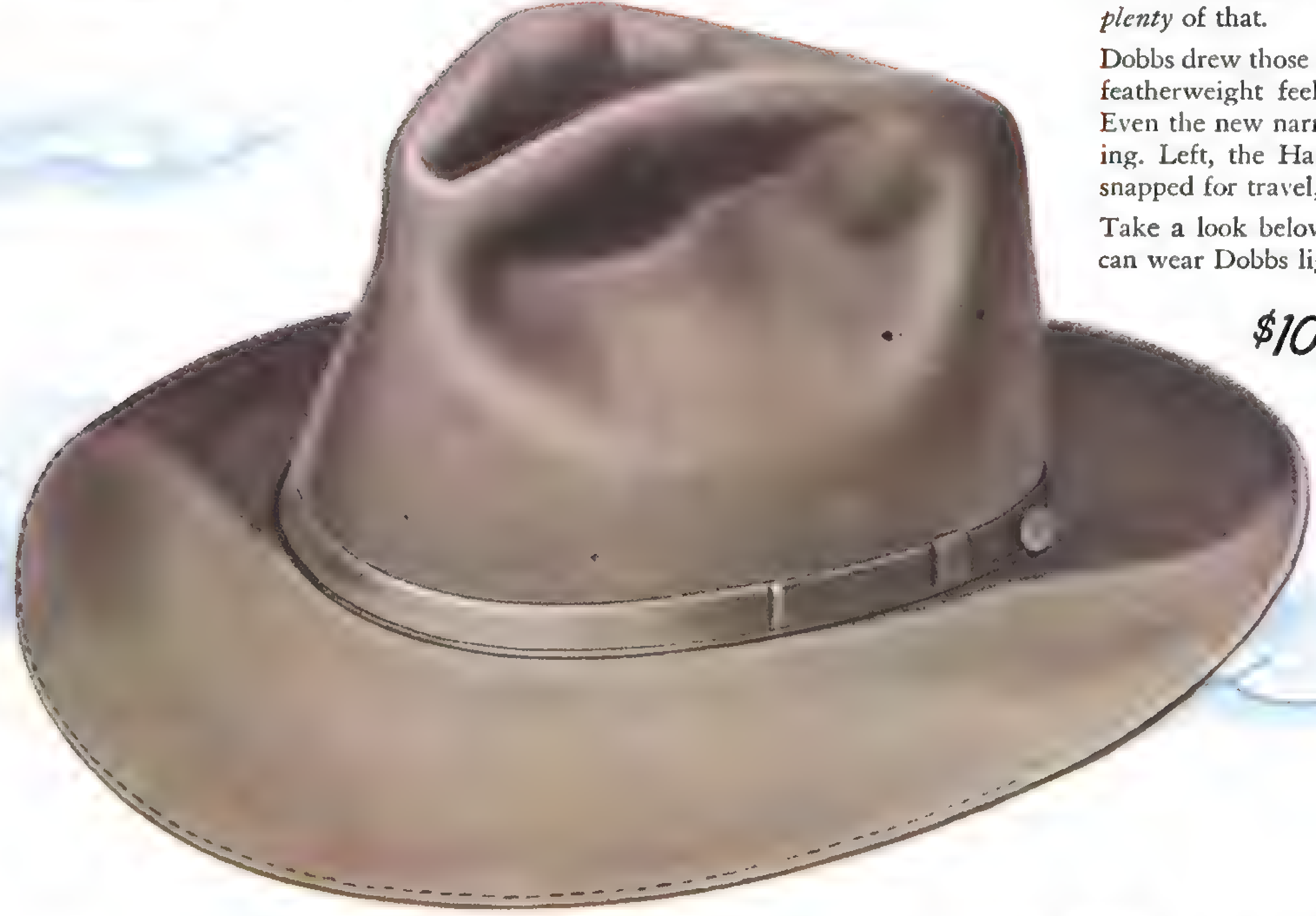

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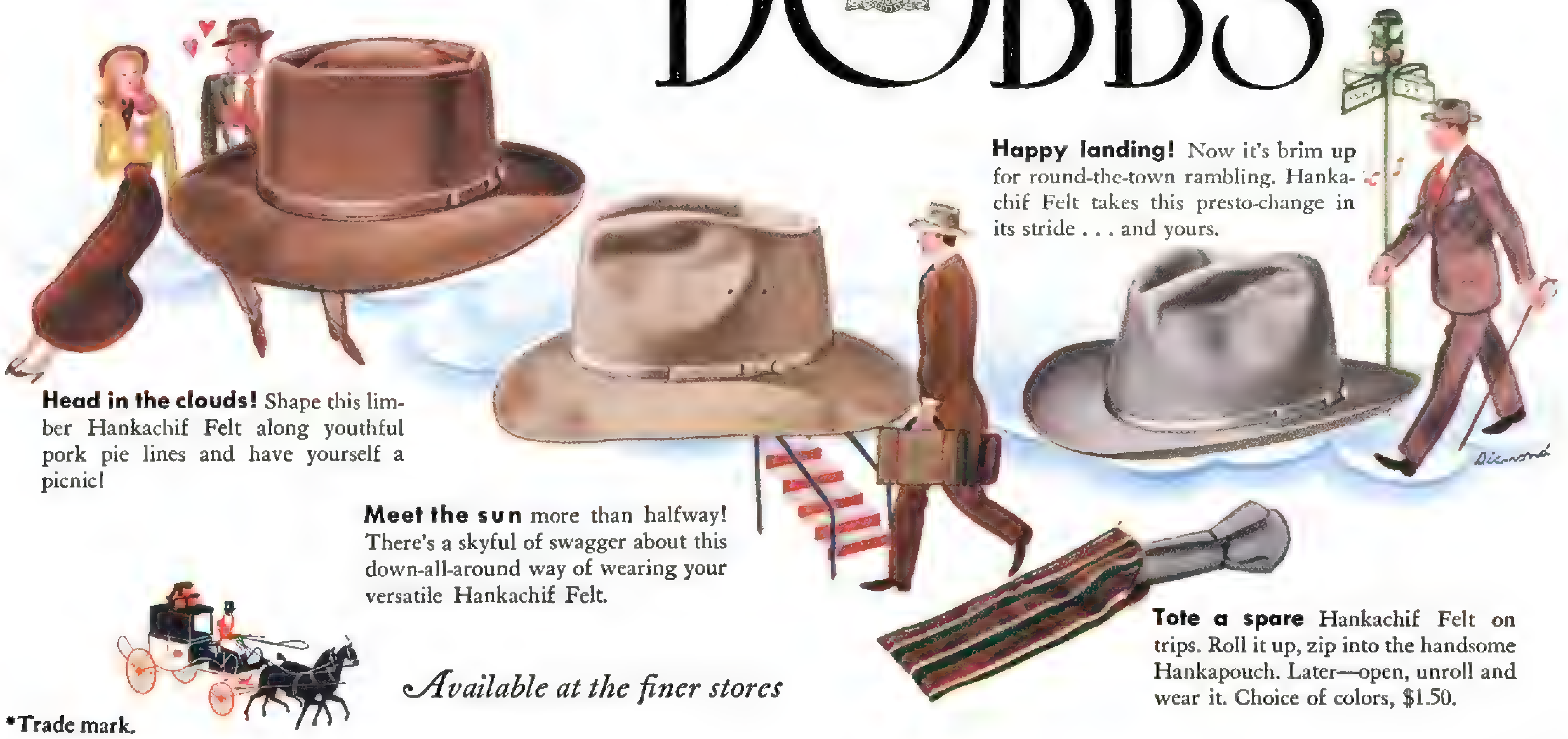

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

When Will the Spirit Revive?

Reflections on things past, like the human spiral, some old Egyptian diggings, Escoffier's rich menus

Comment by

PAUL GALLICO

We are all, if you will forgive the expression, headed for Hell in a handbarrow. If ever the people of the world stood in need of a spiritual revival, it is now. We are, and I know I will be pardoned the understatement, beginning to poison the face of the earth with our miserable presence. We are desperately in need of a breath of fresh air.

I would be tempted to say almost a religious revival, except the record of religion as a deterrent to throat cutting, mass murder and the toxins of human greed is not good, though I must admit that to date no one has come up with anything better. The Moslems and the Hindus have been slitting one another's weasands in the name of their creeds, the Arab and the Jew are fighting ostensibly on an economic plane, but the Arab is speaking of a holy war against the Unbeliever. We have fought two wars with the name of God very close to our lips, and are preparing for a third when the godless and the God-fearing are to have it out in a final shooting match.

That doesn't seem to be the answer.

Much blood has spilled down the corridors of history in the name of religion, and yet one must reflect that it was a bad day for us who infest this planet when cynicism, fatalism and disbelief supplanted faith and the hope of the hereafter. For how is one to reach people, the people, the wicked, selfish, greedy, inhuman, monstrous people that we are except through the fear of Hell, or the promise of Heaven? For it is not countries, or races or nations who are bad, but people—man.

The hand of the Church once lay heavy on mankind. Its doctrines were perverted by men, but looking backwards through the ages one is aware at least of its restraints and, in despair of the present, one wonders if it was not better in the times when men feared God than when they ignored Him.

What is there to offer mankind today in return for love, the desire to do right and live in honor, peace and decency, to care for the wretched and share with the less fortunate, than Heaven-on-earth? How make him aware of the beauties and serenities open to him when his attention is fixed with a kind of dreadful compulsion to create himself a Hell-in-life from which there is no escape except through death?

Who will speak? What will he say? And who will listen to him?

In the most desperate need for the concept of God the world has ever known, no one raised his voice for the humility, goodness and beauty of the spirit but a man in India who had racked his body on the cross of hunger and thirst time and again for the sake of his people, or any people who would listen, until he died a martyr's death.

The brakes are off. Faster and faster the cart of the world slides down the way greased with greed, hatred, ambition, lies, self-seeking and avarice, towards the pit.

It isn't they, it isn't we, or you, or I, or that faceless other who must see the light before the day is upon us when there will no longer be light but only darkness. The voice for which my heavy spirit is yearning must reach us all; the rich, the poor, the civilized, the savage, the educated and the ignorant: it must span oceans and continents, cut across all levels, find and reach the human heart wherever it beats.

For if it is not heard, we are lost.

Something there must be that we love other than ourselves, some goal there must be beyond material enrichment and the lust for power and position. Some rewards there must be on earth founded upon good will, selflessness, grace and the innate dignity of the human spirit.

Since he has walked upright, man has developed and understood the difference between good and evil. His known history is a flaming record of the punishment on earth that is the lot of the evil-doer. By choice man has spread misery over the face of the earth. Deliberately he has turned his back upon the prophets and teachers of the world, or perverted their doctrines to his own end.

Time is running out. The means is at hand wherewith to destroy ourselves. Unless somehow we can share the miracle of the revival of the love of good, throw off the black cloak that shrouds the human spirit and let in the sunlight of honor, humility, decency and courage, that destruction is very close at hand. Morally it is already in full swing. The physical catastrophe will merely seal our fate.

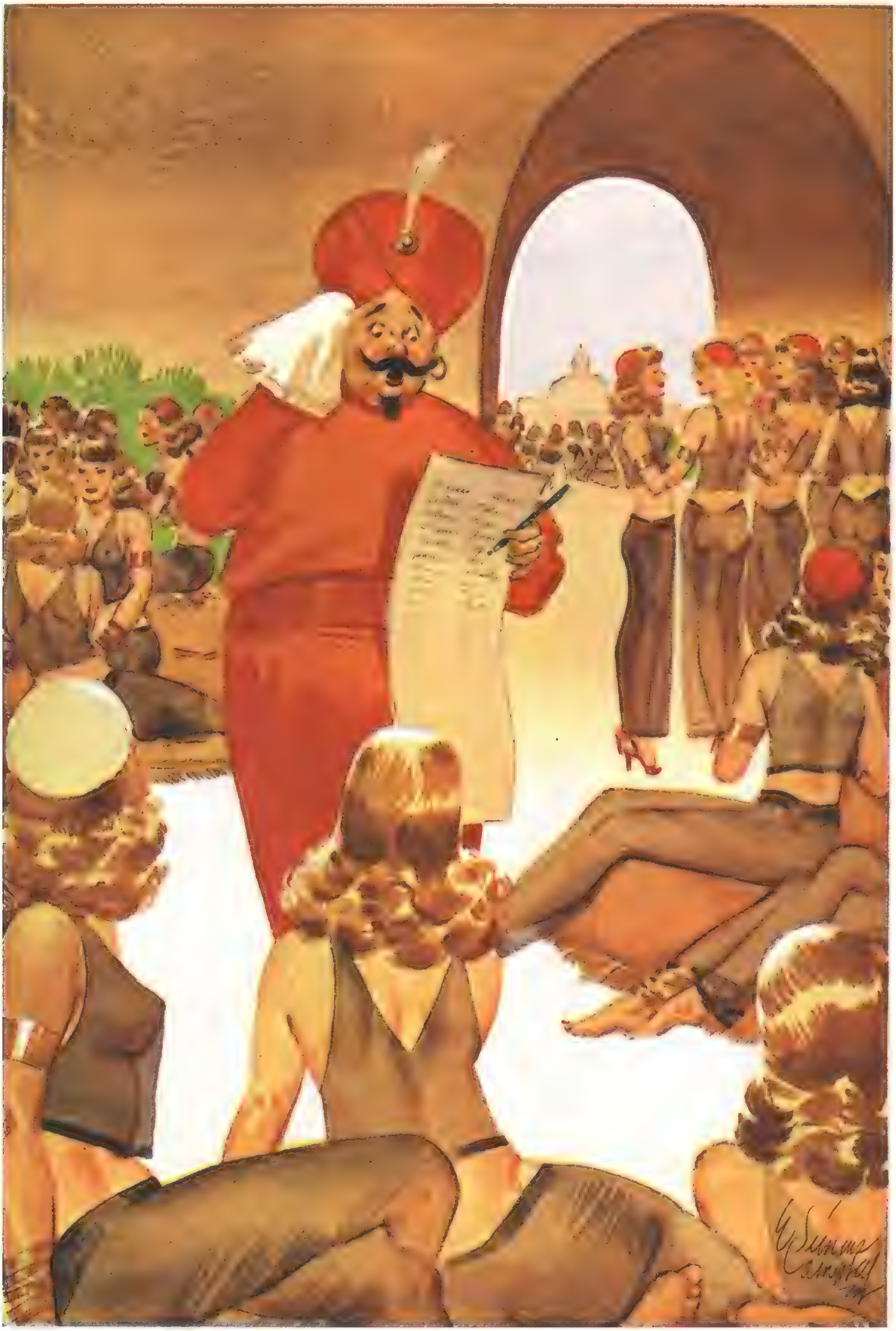
What Would You Do?

The Department of Discontent or What-Would-I-Really-Like-To-Be-Doing-If-I-Didn't-Have-To-Do-What-I-Have-To-Do seems to be working overtime with me these days, and maybe that is a sign of the times when a guy takes stock and says: "Well, just so many more years before that Big Thing goes off, and am I really having fun out of life and doing what I like to do?"

So you box it around and look back into your dreams and the things that have excited or fascinated you, and the oddest things come up. You must have felt the same way from time to time—that you'd like to chuck up the whole business, the job, the way of living, everything and start off by doing something entirely different. I'll tell you mine, and maybe you'd like to sit down and tell me yours. I can't print it, but it's a good feeling sometimes to get it off your chest. It's almost, sometimes, like doing it.

Well, you would never guess this in a million years, but if I followed my inclination and my dreams at the moment, I would hand you all the columns, and the farm in New Jersey and this life-as-it-is-lived business on a handsome gold-embossed silver platter, and hie me to Italy, or Egypt, or Mesopotamia, or Crete, or Palestine, or somewhere where there was an important dig going on, latch myself onto the archaeologist in charge (*Continued on page 114*)

"Haven't you been in long enough, darling?"


E. Simms Campbell

"I'm glad inventory is only once a year"

Theme with Variations

The abandon with which women give themselves to first love is a frightening thing; soft and full, but with an emotional violence. He had seen it before, but . . .

A Story by

MEL HEIMER

FROM the window she looked down at the skaters; then she turned to him and grinned.

"What do I get if I say they look like Currier and Ives?" she asked. "A hit in the head?" He shook his head.

"That's the trouble with all you common people," he said. "You think a writer hates clichés. Hell, they're all right sometimes. How do you tell a girl you love her? You say, 'I love you,' and there isn't any other way. Clichés are all right."

"Say 'I love you,' " she said.

"I love you."

"*That* was enthusiastic. What's the matter—don't you want to keep the franchise?"

"I'm thirsty. How can a guy say he loves you with any sincerity if he loves the idea of a Scotch and soda better?"

She laughed and said the hell with you—she was at the point where she was beginning to talk like him, and she said dame and guy and used the present tense all the time, the way he did from spending his afternoons around the race tracks—and he went out to the little kitchenette to mix drinks. There was a window there, too, and looking out he could see the skaters again. Of course they looked like Currier and Ives; the figures were dim and shifting, with bits of color here and there, and the ice was grey-white, with almost invisible streaks from the cutting of the blades. The park stretched on up to the north, but where it had been brown and green a few hours ago as they walked through, it was dark and shapeless now, with here and there a string of lights or the blinking of auto lamps. There were no stars out.

He had the hot water running over the sticky bottom of the ice-cube tray when she called in.

"Can we go to see *Harvey* Friday night?" she asked. "Can we, hey? Hey, daddy?"

"Don't call me daddy, God damn it," he said, slipping the ice into the glasses. "So you're 22 and I'm 38. That has the elements of tragedy, that sixteen years, you know that, don't you? Why—"

"Yeah," she said. "How about *Harvey*?"

"Everybody in New York has seen *Harvey*," he said. "I saw it twice. I saw Fay, and then last summer I saw James Stewart. Stewart was too young, you know? Why, he was like a kid in a summer stock company, when you think of Fay alongside him."

"Jimmy Stewart's no kid," she called back. "He's in his late thirties. Why I remember him being in the movies when I was in the eighth grade. I wish you'd stop trying to call everyone your own age a kid. Why don't you grow old gracefully? I give you a box of Serutan for your birthday and what do you do? You put it on top of the bookcase and never use it. I'm only thinking of your own good, you know."

The tray jiggled a little as he came back into the room with her. "I ought to pour this over your head," he said.

The way they slipped into the chair by the window was like the fitting-in of a mosaic. She sat on his lap, straight and young and clear in silhouette against the dark night, sipping her highball. Then she put the glass down carefully on the end table, right on the withers of the picture of Snark, in the old copy of *The Thoroughbred Record*, and lay her head against his shoulder. She was a woman, there was no getting away from it. She used Tabu, because, she said, one of her roommates at college left it behind when she eloped two years ago. Its heavy scent seemed to fit her. She was reasonably tall, and high-waisted and she wore her dark hair up, princess style. She could wear black satin and pearls and get away with it, and not look like something you met in a Broadway bar on a rainy night.

She said mmm, as if in sleepy comfort, and moved closer against him, so the dark hair brushed against his lips. "Get your God damned hair out of my mouth," he said. He tightened his arm around her and she just said mmm again.

It never could have been like this, before. He looked down at the skaters, thinning out now, and he could picture the cops telling them come on, now, that's all for tonight, citizens.

That would bring to mind Madeline, naturally; once in a while they had gone skating there, and later they would sit on the rickety benches in the smoky skate house that was so noisy with the clump of blades on wood. Once when Madeline had removed one skate herself, he had had to rescue her from a knot in the other shoe, like Dick Rover being gallant to Dora. The green beret, the pink cheeks, the cigarette held right at the very end of her long, slim fingers. "Dear God, baby," he had said. "How I love you. How very much." She had looked back at him long, and then had patted him on the cheek. Fifty people were in the skate house, raising the dead with their racket, but for a moment there were none—you know? All right, so it was corny. It was the way it was. People can't help the way the talk falls, or the way things are done at those times; the pieces fall into a pattern, and there it is.

Madeline lived over on 63rd Street now. She wasn't married yet, but every time you dropped in at Howie's on the late shift, or if you made your semiannual visit to the Barberry Room, saying for God's sake why don't I come here more often, you ran into her with the same guy, tall, dark, youngish. He looked all right. She must be 29, now.

He leaned around, very carefully so the kid wouldn't be disturbed, and switched on the radio. When it warmed up there was a lot of electric guitar, and finally it evolved into a torch singer giving out with *Baby, I Don't Cry Over You*. She stirred. "She sings awful lowdown," she muttered, her left arm creeping up around his neck.

"That's a sin?" he demanded.

"Now you sound like Milton Berle," she said. She was awfully sleepy. "You know how he's always saying, 'There's more?' "

Dear God—this *was* old home week. It was Callie who used to go to the Carnival with him; they thought it was rococo and ridiculous, but they must have gone at least ten times that winter Berle was knocking himself out, doing the unforgettable routine with the Ben Yost singers. He had met Milton a couple of times, and every time he and Callie turned up at ringside Berle made some crack, as he did with friends, visiting firemen and newspapermen. When he said his line about "Don't you people ever inhale?" he *(Continued in center of page 152)*

"That's just my secretary keeping my diary"

MARIO ZAMPARELLI

With Eyes Wide Open

For a smart guy, he might have looked around before he closed his big eyes for the kiss

A Story by WILLIAM FRANCIS

THE L. A. manager wasn't glad to see me and he didn't try to hide it. "We're doing everything," he said.

"I believe you," I told him. "I'm here because the Old Man sent me. I didn't ask for it."

"I know you didn't, Duke." He stuttered a bit trying to say what he meant because he wasn't sure how I felt about the boss. "It's just that it makes me look, well, incompetent."

"I don't know anything about it," I said. "He wired me at New Orleans, told me to get up here and help if I could. What's it all about?"

"I'll give you a rundown and then you can have the reports I've sent the Main Office. We've covered every angle; I don't just know what there is that you can do."

I didn't say anything: every time the Old Man pushed me into a case I got the same reception and I didn't blame the local managers for it.

"It's simple, open and shut," he went on. "James Carton was head of the pay-roll department at Benton, Hurley Corporation. He'd worked there twenty-two years, the last ten of it as department head. Every two weeks he took the pay-roll check to the bank, drew the money, always on a Friday morning, brought it back to his office and then, with three assistants, he put each employee's share into his pay-roll envelope. Friday night the dough was locked in his office safe and Saturday, at eleven-thirty, he handed it out. A week ago Friday he followed the same routine, drew the dough, sixty-four thousand clams, and spent the day fixing the envelopes. Saturday morning when the safe was opened the dough was gone. So was James Carton. We're working for Security Bond and they want him found before he can get rid of all the loot."

"You're sure he got it?"

"Positive. Fixing the envelopes was a big job and on the days he did it he worked late; later than the rest of the people, anyway. This Friday he took the case with the envelopes home with him. Two of the watchmen gave us that."

"What about his help?"

"Three women. They worked late, too, but left before he did, which was usual because he stuck around to put the stuff away and lock the safe. He carried the case full of pay envelopes out without trying to conceal it, rode a bus to within a block of his house. His wife didn't see the case so he must have left it on the porch when he went in. His wife says he had his usual drink before dinner, just one, ate and they went to bed about ten. She's a sound sleeper and they have twin beds. The next morning he wasn't there when she woke up, but she didn't think anything about it. He never woke her; he'd make a cup of coffee and leave for the office without disturbing her. The first she heard about it was when the office called after the safe had been opened and that wasn't until eleven in the a.m."

"What about him?" I asked.

"Nothing. He's never had anything in his record and he's handled bigger pay rolls than this. Here's his picture."

It was printed on a handbill offering a thousand-dollar reward for information leading to his arrest and conviction. A full-face view; there wasn't anything special about him; small eyes, thinning hair, high forehead, small ears, tight thin lips, and a slightly pointed chin. He wore a neatly trimmed mustache. His age was forty-one, he was five-feet-nine-inches tall, weighed one hundred and fifty-eight pounds.

"What about the wife?"

"If she's in on it she's playing it quiet. My impression is that he'd find it easy to leave her out. She's big and bossy."

"And his help?"

"Mrs. Evans is thirty, horse-faced and after the job; Mary Lewis is blonde, twenty-four and plans to quit as soon as her boy friend gets another raise and can marry her; and the third one, Clara Fell, is redheaded, wears glasses, and braids her hair. She left on her vacation right after she finished work the Friday in question and didn't hear about it till the following Tuesday. We thought there was a connection, but she came in and we dropped that idea."

"Why did you drop it?"

"Well, at first, with both of them gone we thought there might be something in it, even though she was away on her vacation. We gave it out that she was wanted for questioning and she came right in. Seems she was at a mountain cabin up near Lake Arrowhead and hadn't seen the paper until that Tuesday morning. As soon as she did she drove right down. As a matter of fact she phoned first."

"Anything else I ought to know?" I asked.

"We can't find another woman angle, we can't tie him up with anyone else and we don't know why he picked this particular pay roll when there were bigger ones before."

"How long before?"

"There was one for eighty-six thousand-odd about ten months ago. We can't trace him at all from the time he went to bed that Friday night. One of his neighbors says she heard a car drive up to his place about one-thirty Saturday morning. She didn't think much of it, there was no talk or anything. She was in bed and didn't get up and take a look. That's everything."

"What about the cops?"

"You know cops on a deal like this. 'He can't pull the curtain down, nobody can, and he'll turn up and then we'll get him.' They're waiting. We've checked every exit out without a trace. So we're waiting too."

"Yeah," I said. I stood up. "I want everything you've got, everything on him since he first bawled, everything on the wife, and the three women he worked with, everything on what you've checked. Send it to my hotel. I'll be seeing you."

I went back to my hotel and wired the Old Man, telling him I'd arrived and had seen Healy, the L. A. manager. When the stuff arrived from the office I went over it.

James Carton was as clean as a peeled banana. No women, no booze, no gambling or expensive tastes. He'd lived a routine; office, home, bed; movies twice a week, Thursday night at his "club." He seldom drove his car and it was sitting in the garage when he left. The trail led clearly from the office that Friday to his home and the case with the dough had been right with him, out of the business building, onto the bus, off the bus and right to his own front door. It hadn't gone inside—not if the wife was telling the truth.

She seemed to be burned up.

"I hope they get him," she said before I got a foot in the door. "I want to help."

She wanted to, but she couldn't. She didn't know anything, hadn't heard anything and didn't add much to what I knew.

"He didn't have that money with him when he came into the house," she said. "Of course, I didn't hear him come up the steps but I came out of the kitchen as soon as I heard him open the front door."

"Was it dark?" I asked.

"Outside? Yes, it was after eight and that was the same time he usually got home on pay-roll nights. He wasn't excited and he wasn't any different than ever."

I was ready to leave. I stood up. "What was the club he went to Thursday nights?"

"Oh, that. He called it a club but it was just a few men he bowled with."

"Where?"

"The big place on Sunset. At first I used to go with him, but I didn't enjoy it."

"How long ago was it; that you went with him, I mean?"

"Why, over a year, at least."

I left then. The bowling alley on Sunset was on my way, so I stopped in. It was worth it. James Carton used to bowl there every Thursday night, but for five or six months he hadn't shown up. I relayed the information to the L. A. office and Healy put two men to work trying to find out where James spent Thursday nights.

From there I went to the offices of Benton, Hurley Corporation and talked to the three women James had worked with. Mrs. Evans looked down her long nose and told me she'd expected it.

"You can't trust any man," she said.

The blonde, Mary Lewis, blushed when I asked her about her boy friend. "He took me to dinner and a late show," she said. "We got home about midnight."

"What time did he leave?"

"About . . . about two."

The red-haired Clara Fell was something else again. Like Healy said, she wore glasses and braided her hair; besides, she had freckles and didn't use cosmetics. The long-legged, high-busted beauty of her body wasn't completely hidden by the shapeless clothes she wore. She had cool green eyes, a straight classic nose and a firm, determined chin. And her voice was low and suggestive. She didn't appear especially attractive, but underneath the getup she had everything needed to knock a roving male eye for a cocked hat. At first I couldn't figure why she was hiding it.

"You left for Arrowhead as soon as you got through here that Friday?" I asked.

"That's right."

"How did you get there?"

"I drove my own car."

"Alone?"

"Of course."

"Where is this cabin?"

"Well, it's near Lake Arrowhead; but it's about four miles from the village."

"Neighbors?" I asked.

"No one close."

"And you were alone?"

"I . . . I was alone."

"I see. Do you have to go through the village to get to the cabin?"

"No, it's on a side road before you get to the village. Why are you so interested?"

"Curious. Did you rent the place?"

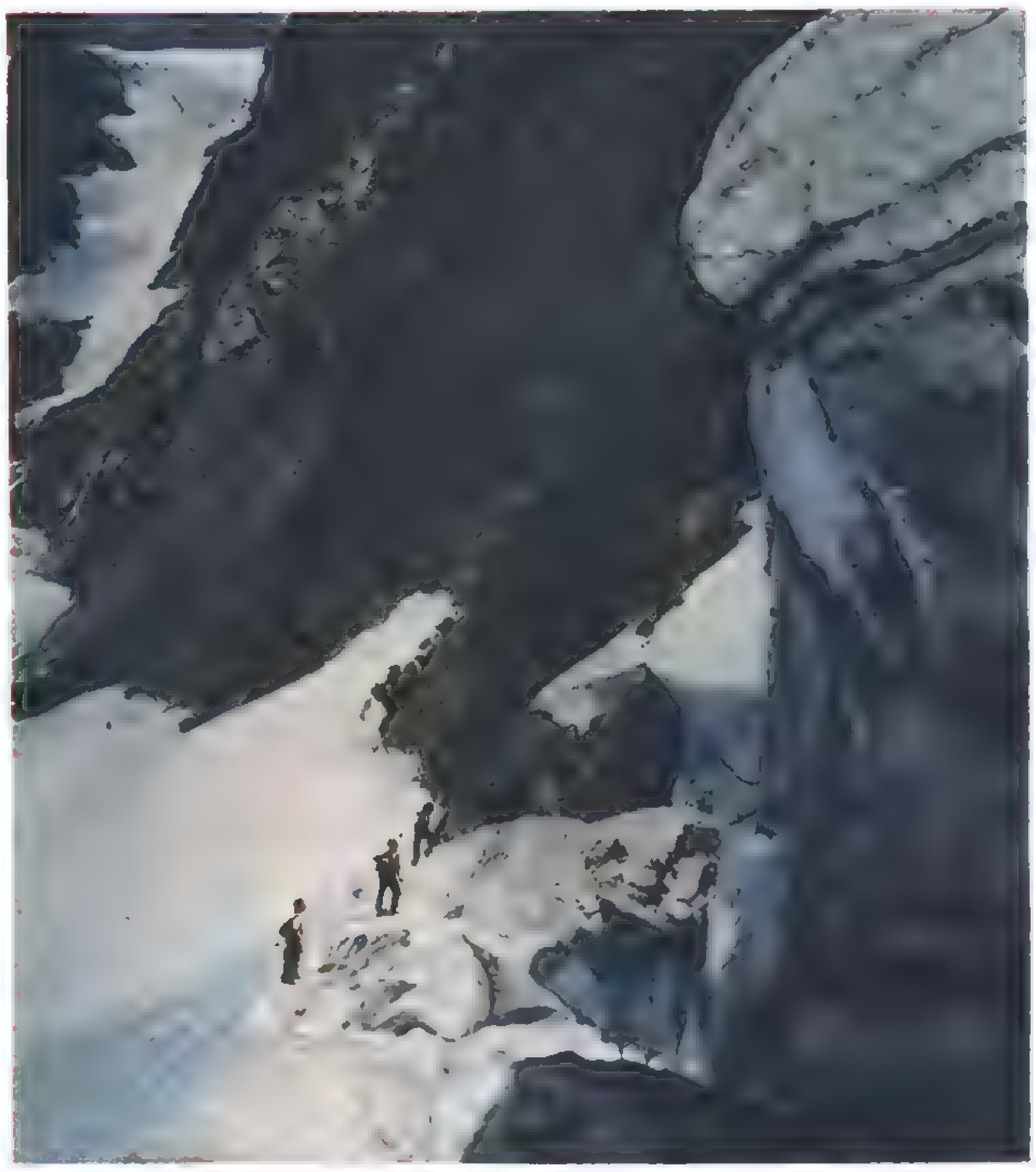
"It belongs to a friend of mine . . . Could I speak to you without the audience?"

"Sure. After work?"

"Yes, I'll meet you at five-thirty. The Grill; it's right down the street, half a block."

That gave me an hour to kill and I did it talking to the big *(Continued on page 143)*

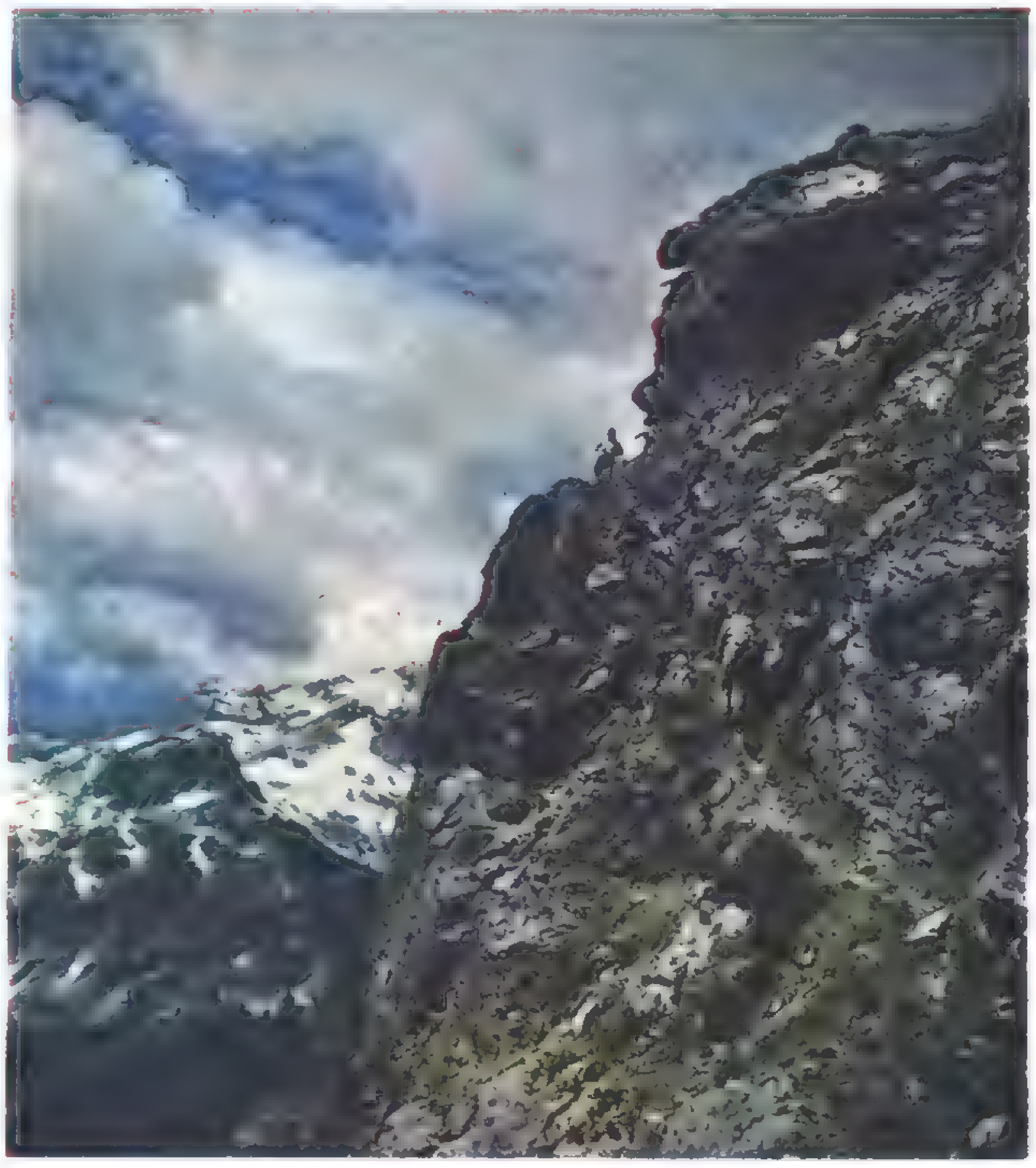
It's just about as easy to take chances at home these days as it used to be to take the family out on the Sunday picnic. 9038-foot Mt. Shuksan in the State of Washington is the newest playground of the high climbers.



Moving slowly up the steep, rocky, precipitous mountainside, these amateur Alpiners from Seattle are faced with a giant bergschrund which, in plain language, is nothing more than half a glacier meeting the folk halfway.

Alps: American Plan

Stay-at-homes now find tough, tricky native ranges hurl a challenge to match that of the formidable Swiss climbs



Depending on where you're sitting, this is a mighty picturesque scene, it says here. A sheer ledge known as "Fat Man's Misery" looks down into what is sometimes known as sheer beauty: at other times, oblivion.

Building your own stairway to the stars is common practice when you are sliding on thick ice. All this sort of work requires is steady nerves, a lot of energy, an ice ax, hemp rope and a small thing known as guts.

KODACHROMES BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

This Prize-Fight Racket

A Sports Article by
JIMMY CANNON

There's been a lot of loose talk among the smart-money boys draping the crepe around Joe Louis and the championship. Jimmy Cannon, who was there straight down the line, ties a few strings around the talk, wraps it up and hands it right back to the wise guys. While doing that, he takes a look at the fight game as he's seen it

THE fight racket is the swill barrel of sports. It is a suburb of the underworld and the money handlers of this foul game are often despicable scoundrels who will do anything that brings in a buck. There is a similarity between some managers of fighters and those gentlemen who supervise the working schedules of prostitutes. They both profit from another's agony and the one with the talent who does the work is frequently shortchanged. Getting caught is the only violation of ethics recognized by many in either of these branches of the amusement business. But a big difference is a guy can go to jail for arranging the appointments of a streetwalker while a pug's guardian is licensed by the state to practice a calling which is legitimate in the opinion of the law. But if what happens in a ring occurs in a saloon it is a crime and those connected with it can be booked for assault. It seldom happens due to the souvenirs customarily given away free of charge to policemen who attend brawls in taverns. The double sawbuck is the customary memento presented to patrolmen present at such functions, although many bar and grill owners insist a fin has been added to this since all this talk about inflation.

I do not agree with those philosophers of the muscle who claim prize fighting is a healthy form of exercise which strengthens young bodies and creates character in the hearts of the innocent participants. It is a filthy enterprise and if you stay in it long enough your mind will become a concert hall where Chinese music never stops playing. Old fighters who do not go insane are considered fortunate and those who leave the ring with breakfast money are exceptional. Smart ex-fighters are those who do not have to check into the almshouse when they are through and have managed to remain sane enough to do a night watchman's job. It is a wonderful pastime and if I had a son who wanted to be a prize fighter I would beg him to go into a nice respectable business such as safeblowing or purse-grabbing.

The law permits a manager to cut a third out of his fighter's purses for himself. It is an immense clip when you compare it to the ten per cent a theatrical agent takes out of an actor's salary. I have yet to hear a ham admit there was an agent who earned his end of the deal. But it is seldom that a fighter is able to escape with two-thirds of the money he bleeds for as the fifty per-cent slice is the grab most managers demand. Very few of them operate alone because they give away pieces of their guys in exchange for mysterious favors which the fighter never appreciates. The manager usually deals in politicians, gangsters and, in some instances, sports writers. Matchmakers in most clubs are offended and believe they have been swindled if a manager does not kick back to them a gift of cash. Promoters dig in for their share of fighters they start out and many a time the fellow who takes the lickings finishes up with the smallest chunk after the money has been assorted and dispensed.

The code of fair play which rules most games is not apparent in the boxing racket. The bribing of referees and judges happens as often as a certain type of manager can get to them. It is not considered wrong to scream for justice and accuse honest officials of being crooks when your man has lost on the square. The reputations of honest officials are often damaged by managers even when they give a true verdict against a fighter. Most managers who do not holler consider themselves to be slackers and the shrieking of lies is supposed to signify love of your fighter. Seconds figure ways to evade the rules. Many instruct young fighters how to jab with the thumbs as a blind opponent is not considered to be as formidable as one who has ordinary vision. Low blows are valid in the minds of such handlers as long as a fighter is not penalized for them. Dirty fighters are those who do not draw large money.

It is only natural that the public is suspicious of fights and the journalists are forever searching for evidence of larceny. But in all the time that Joe Louis has been fighting I have never heard one of his contests denounced as a frame-up although many of them have appeared strange due to the curious deportment of his opponents. In the days of his greatness Louis inspired his straight men with a fear which caused them to fall in clammy ecstasy as soon as the first punch grazed their chins. It was an authentic happiness and they were eager to get out of his way before his cobblestone fists damaged them beyond reconstruction. Many of them resigned with joyous cowardice after being slapped a cuff which would not disturb the senses of a high-school girl. They ran from him in disgraceful retreats after panic looted them of their dignity. Some of them sweated in the dressing room as though they imagined he would use a baseball bat on them instead of his fists. There were some who began to lose weight the day they signed the contract and there were others who never pretended they were engaged as prize fighters and acted as though they were clowns employed to make the audience laugh at their shameful tactics to avoid being struck. Great fortunes were bet on the results of these fights. But it is a tribute to Louis that the public always believed he was an honest man in a league of burglars and rewarded him with a faith which is amazing in this cynical age of the breaking atom. As Louis comes to the end of his term as heavyweight champion we must consider what happened in his last fight with Jersey Joe Walcott in order to appreciate the purity of this great athlete. It was first made as an exhibition match. So mediocre was Walcott's history as a heavyweight that the promoters believed the public (*Continued on page 125*)

"Enjoying Mother's Day, Ma?"

Unspoken

KODACHROME BY MANUEL DE AUGUSTIN

Death Comes for the Pilot

Suspense is the keynote of this story from the time the doctor arrives in Washington to testify at the crash hearing right up to the final tragic climax

A Story by

ROBERT L. HARTZELL

When Dr. Brown arrived at the headquarters of the Civil Aeronautics Board, in Washington, the hearing had already begun. A secretary showed him to the assembly room and indicated a seat at the far end of a row of tables, around which were seated eighteen or twenty people.

Mr. Cyprian K. Stevenson, at the opposite end of the table, was speaking: "We have at the head of our agenda the investigation of the crash of Flight 490 at Cincinnati, Ohio, the tenth of this month. I trust we won't have to reconstruct the tragedy since you all know that Flight 490, piloted by Waldo Clarence Shannon, bound from Logan, Kentucky, to Cincinnati, Ohio, failed to make the instrument approach at its destination, crashed and killed Shannon and his emergency passenger. Another passenger was thrown clear of the wreckage and is miraculously alive. I have asked him to be present at this hearing and I hope he will be able to shed some light on our problem. However, allow me first to call upon Howard Cartwright, president of National Charter Air Lines. Mr. Cartwright, can you give us something of the background of Waldo Clarence Shannon?"

The young executive began to speak. "Mr. Shannon—Bud, we called him—was with Trans-Continental Airways for two years before he was drafted for Army service in the China-Burma-India theater. He flew cargo over the Hump for nearly two years. I was in China during the war and heard of his exploits. He had nearly five thousand flying hours to his credit and was discharged from the Army as a lieutenant-colonel. We were proud to have him in our company."

"Your company, Mr. Cartwright," asked Mr. Stevenson, "is engaged in tramp operations, is it not?"

Cartwright reddened. "We offer a charter service. Our main office is at St. Louis, but we have agencies in twenty-four cities, open twenty-four hours a day."

"Why did Waldo Shannon go to work for you when he could have returned to his high position with T.C.A., an established firm?"

"I needed good pilots, Mr. Stevenson, to secure my place in the air. I went to Bud Shannon and offered him a share in the company if he would fly for us."

"Are you satisfied that you got a good pilot in Shannon?"

"Absolutely satisfied."

"I am not considering his personality, Mr. Cartwright. Was he cool on instruments; could he work under pressure?"

The young man paused, glancing at the sheaf of papers before him. "Any pilot who has flown in the Orient as much as Bud Shannon had and did so without loss or damage is a good pilot. Your own investigators have his record. No instrument procedure was too difficult for him."

"Do you know anything of his moral habits?" Stevenson inquired.

"Bud was temperate when on duty and never known to drink in the twenty-four hours before a flight. He smoked about a dozen cigarettes a day, mostly after meals or with a cup of coffee. On the whole, he was moderate—an ideal pilot."

Stevenson turned to a man across the table from Cartwright.

"Mr. Hackett," he said, and waited for attention, "you are the Chief Pilot for Trans-Continental Airways, are you not?"

Frank BEAVEN

"They're winding up the Pearl Harbor investigation"

"I am," the other man quickly replied.

"Did you hold that position when Shannon was employed by T.C.A.?"

"I did," was the short reply.

"You knew Mr. Shannon?"

"Very well."

"What was your opinion of his abilities as a pilot, Mr. Hackett?"

Hackett, a ruddy-faced man whose eyes were perpetually squinted from having stared at far horizons, smiled ruefully. "Well, some folks would say Bud Shannon was a little wild, but I always felt he was the most reliable man we had."

"Did he at any time give you cause for concern over his performance as a pilot?"

"No," Hackett answered. "He was cool on instruments, courteous with passengers, and prompt as a push button."

"Was Shannon married?"

"Yes, but it didn't last. His wife divorced him after a year."

"Did you ever learn why?"

Hackett smiled whimsically. "No particular reason that I ever knew. She was jealous I guess; jealous of his job. Pilots are seldom home."

"Do you think his social activities had any bearing upon his duties as a pilot?"

"No—not Bud Shannon. After his divorce he was off women for the most and could take them or leave them alone."

Satisfied that Shannon had been the ideal pilot, Stevenson asked Cartwright to relate the incidents leading up to the final fatal flight.

The young air-lines official quickly and calmly explained that the National Charter Air Lines agent had received a long-distance telephone call from Andrew Miller at Logan, Kentucky, at 8:30 p.m., urgently pleading that a plane be sent to Logan immediately.

"And now," interrupted Stevenson, "Dr. Brown of Logan, Kentucky, will explain the nature of that emergency call."

Timidly the doctor rose to his feet and cleared his throat. "Andy Miller's daughter, Sarah Jane, was pregnant and about due, but it looked like she'd need a Caesarian. Andy was planning to drive her up to Cincinnati and put her in a hospital in a couple days when all of a sudden her appendix burst, and she had to get to a hospital right away. We don't have one at Logan, and, as the crow flies, it ain't much further to Cincinnati than it is to Louisville."

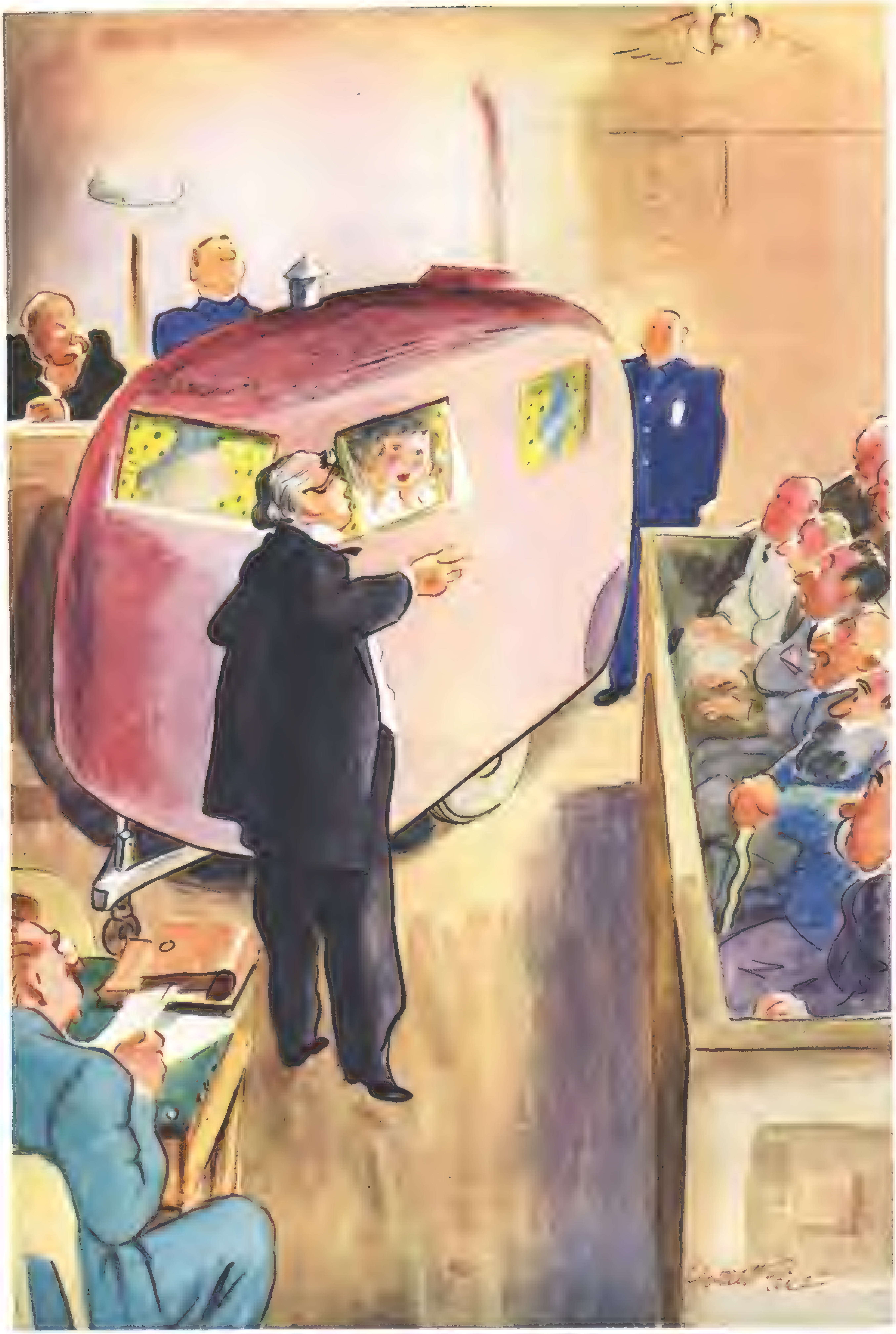
"Thank you, Doctor," said Stevenson. "Sarah Jane Miller's pregnancy was complicated by a ruptured appendix."

Dr. Brown had remained on his feet. "Now about this pilot you all were talking about," he continued, but Stevenson interrupted.

"We shall call on you again a little later, Doctor. Now, Mr. Cartwright, will you continue?"

"When our agent received the call, he told Mr. Miller that he would check to see if such a request could be complied with, but apparently the call had originated from a pay station because the call had been cut off. The agent had wanted to advise Mr. Miller that the weather

(*Continued on page 146*)



"Now, Mrs. Armstead, show the jury how you used to sit night after night at the window, waiting for your husband to come home"

A Streetcar Named Tennessee

T. Williams, the guy who set them on their ear this season on Broadway, doesn't turn out to be quite as expected, but the funny part is that you don't mind it

An Article by

SIDNEY CARROLL

He always disappoints the interviewers. They expect to find him gaunt, and difficult, and languid—at least as languid as the name "Tennessee." Instead they find a well-fed little guy with a thick mustache and a thick cowlick, who does a lot of laughing at his own jokes and answers questions before they're asked. He doesn't behave anything like a poet-playwright. His one concession to the poetic tradition is that he smokes cigarettes out of a long black holder.

Each interviewer gets a different story as to how he got his name. They all know he started life as Thomas Lanier Williams. They all know he dropped the first four syllables because they made him sound like a fugitive from a little magazine. But whence the "Tennessee"—especially since he was born in Mississippi? Williams likes to give every interviewer a different story—it's one of his little jokes. The plain fact of the matter seems to be that "Tennessee" is a nickname he got a long time ago because of his southern accent—and he keeps it because he likes it.

His accent used to be much thicker than it is now. Ten years in and out of New York have taken most of the antebellum out of it. But Laurette Taylor used to tell the story of the time she was rehearsing in *The Glass Menagerie*. Williams timidly interrupted her at one point. "Youah ayaccent's too thick, Miz' Tayluh," he said. "My accent?" she replied. "But I'm trying to imitate yours." "*Mah* ayaccent," said Tennessee Williams, "but Ah don't hayev any ayaccent!"

He became a writer by selling a horror story to a pulp magazine. He's been writing plays since he was fifteen. All told, he's written a couple of dozen one-acters and full-length plays. He always has, he admits, "at least two in his typewriter." You can trace the bare outline of his life in his plays. The mother in *The Glass Menagerie* is partly his mother, the sister partly his sister. His father was a shoe salesman—he has written a play about a shoe salesman. He has lived in New Orleans—his new play is about New Orleans. Much of his youth in the South was spent in the company of southern spinsters—he has written several times about the frustrations of southern spinsters. He was once an elevator boy in a hotel that catered to Mid-Victorian ladies. One of his plays is about just such a lady in just such a hotel—and one of the characters in it is an elevator boy. There is a school of young southern writers who gravitate around certain favorite facts of life: New Orleans, cripples, perversion, insanity, rape, and oh— ! the beauty of it all. Of this school Williams is the most important, and by far the most successful. He is thirty-four years old.

His first professionally produced full-length play, *Battle of Angels*, in which three old maids try to seduce an innocent youth, was shouted off the boards in Boston. His second, *The Glass Menagerie*, ran for two years on Broadway and won the New York Drama Critics prize. His third, *You Touched Me*, was a quick flop. The critics waited warily for his fourth, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, to judge once and for all whether he was a phenomenon or a flash-in-the-pan. The morning after *Streetcar* opened the critics shouted till their throats were hoarse. When they weren't busy comparing Williams to O'Neill and Chekov, they were wondering whether O'Neill and Chekov could be compared to him. *Streetcar* is netting him $2000 a week, and if you call up for seats now, you may be able to get two in the balcony for *next* leap year.

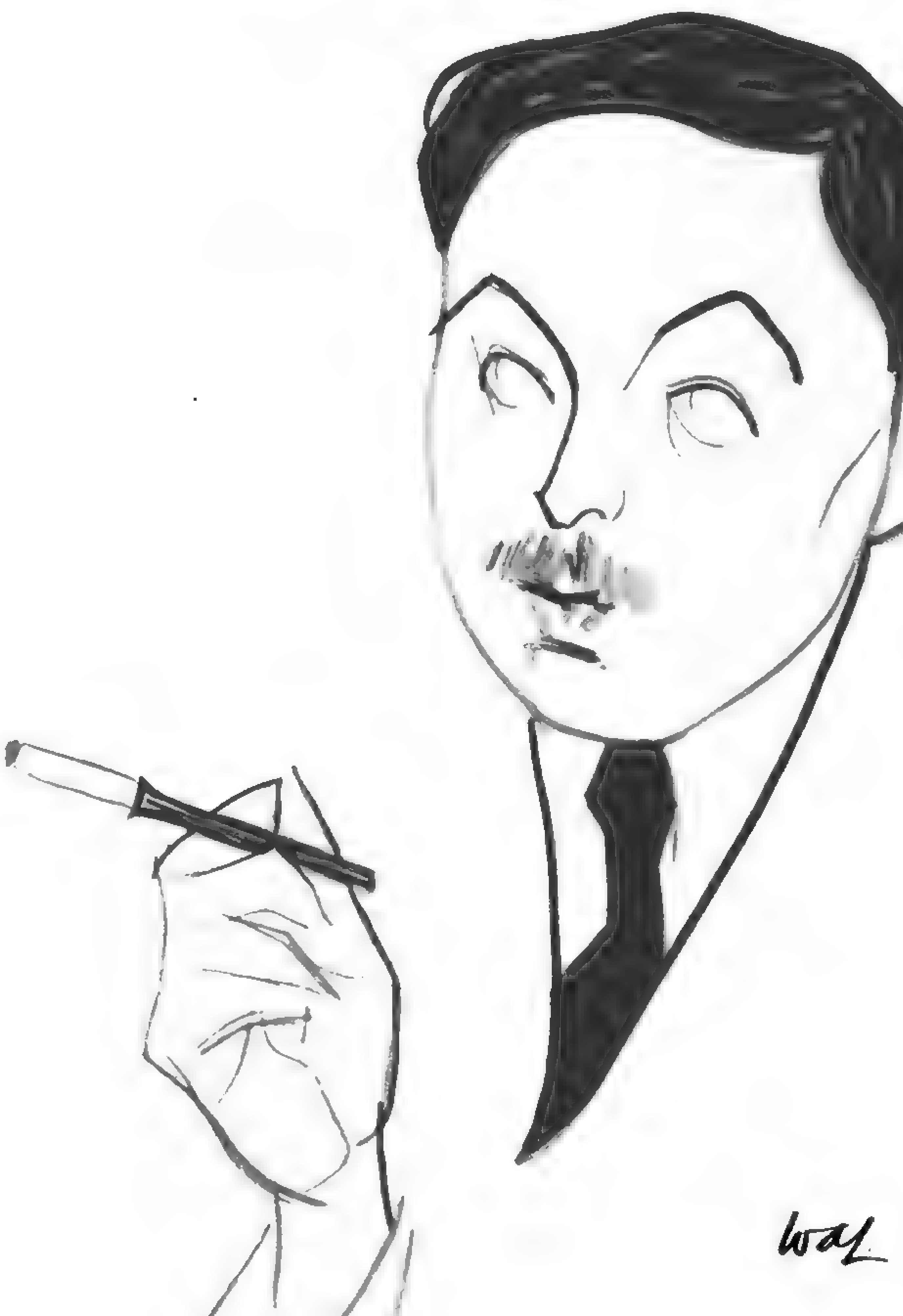
He is the only young playwright of high promise to come along since the boys were comparing Clifford Odets to Chekov, and that goes a long time back. Broadway, desperately in need of new blood, is hoping he won't desert, as Odets did, for the lure of western gold. Chances are he won't. In the first place, he has already served time in Hollywood, when he was a nameless young punk who only got $250 a week—and he didn't like it. In the second place, he's busy. He's got a couple of plays in his typewriter. #

Editor's Note: And here's the epilogue by Mr. Williams.

"About my name, a popular conversation piece with interviewers. In my youth I published a good deal of lyric poetry which was a bad imitation of Edna Millay. Later, I realized this poetry wasn't much good and felt I had compromised my name so I changed it to Tennessee, the justification being that the Williamses had fought the Indians for Tennessee and I had already discovered that the life of a writer was going to be something similar to the defense of a stockade against a band of savages.

"Correction on your thumbnail description of *Battle of Angels*. Calling it a play about three old maids who try to seduce an innocent youth places Mr. Carroll in the same category as some of the Boston audiences who failed completely to get the point. To be brief about it, there is a seduction, but the lady is married.

"I seriously take issue with Mr. Carroll's facile correlation of my writing with my background and environment. Every painter paints himself, his environment, his emotions and his total experience. If he is a good painter, his works will be fused with an element which removes them from the field of representational photography. That's artistry. Similarly any author who deals with human beings rather than stock types, who probes a little below the surface, does something to the material he uses which transforms it into something larger than life and totally different from it. To say that the mother in *The Glass Menagerie* is partly my mother, and the sister, partly my sister, is as startling a discovery as the fact that the human body bears a strong resemblance to the Atlantic Ocean because a large percentage of it is composed of water. Not only I, but my mother and sister object." #



CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

CANOEISTS' LUNCHEON

by

PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR
1841-1919

COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
POTTER PALMER COLLECTION

THE bourgeois as Bohemian is as good a subtitle as any for Renoir's famous painting and a good enough description of the artist himself. For the delights of the table and the goblet, the sun, out-of-doors, the flowering female as well as the flowering fauna are all grist, of a particularly lyric though at the same time mundane character, to the mill of one of the last of the impressionist painters. As in all of his work Renoir strives here for the atmosphere of a moment, the mood of a particular hour of day in a world that was, even as he painted, fast giving way to brasher forms and harder colors. Note here the relaxed figures, the suggestive rather than insistent delineation of forms, the natural manner in which the figures converge to focus attention upon the boats on the river which the opening in the trellis further enunciates. The story is all there, of course, the morning on the water and afternoon pleasures in the offing. The flesh and the pleasures of the flesh, convivial, unhurried, speak here, as in almost everything Renoir did, of a man who had made his peace with the world and never tired of singing its pleasures. He was one of the looser impressionists who was never trapped by their experiments into painting to satisfy a theory.

Material Witness

by Ben-Hur Baz

ben-hur baz

The Man in the Blizzard

Every step was a struggle against the howling wind and deep-drifted snow: he had lost his way, he was painfully cold, and his muscles cried out for rest

A Story by

ROBERT SWITZER

The coyote must have been dying. It lay on the road and the snow, drifting before the wind, had turned it white. So neither the man nor the horse saw it until the pile of snow suddenly came to life. The horse twisted to one side, the cutter lurched half off the road, and the man in the cutter was thrown out into the soft, deep snow of the ditch. The horse bolted for home, pulling the still-upright cutter.

The man climbed out of the ditch and stood in the road, stamping the snow from his legs and brushing it from his body, thinking: Old Swansen is going to get a kick out of this, the old son of a gun.

He had left Old Swansen's, about two-and-a-half miles back, and was on his way home. Home would be around three miles from here so he might just as well walk there as back to Old Swansen's.

He started down the road. It was getting colder. It had been 15 below zero when he left Old Swansen's but it was colder than that now. Three miles was not far, though. He pulled his scarf up over his lower face.

The wind was rising. Where before the snow had slid across the road in spurts and spirals and smoke streamers, it now came solidly, filling in and leveling off. The road ran through a shallow valley that always drifted deep with snow when the wind blew. The cutter tracks vanished and before he had gone three-quarters of a mile the road itself was completely gone, even with and indistinguishable from the fields on either side. The wind kept coming up.

He was in snow to his knees. He was disgusted and pointlessly angry at the floundering heave necessary for each step, but he was not at all frightened. It was still daylight so he could see the telephone poles on his right and with them as a guide home there was no possibility of becoming lost.

But the blizzard struck. Two thousand miles of shrieking wind exploded over North Dakota. The terrific blow of the snow-packed wind tore the breath from his chest and staggered him to one side, bent over and gasping. He turned back to where he had last seen the telephone poles. He could see nothing. He could not even keep his eyes open against the driving snow. He fought for air and self-control. He leaned into the hurricane and fought against suffocation and panic.

He crawled forward straight into the wind. That was where the telephone poles were. He had no hope of being able to follow the poles or even of finding them, but on the other side of the poles was a barbed-wire fence and he could work his way along it. The fence, of course, paralleled the road. It was a sure trail to home.

If he could find it. He crawled for a terrifying long time before he ran his face into the wire. He grabbed wildly at the wire and held on. He wondered what strand of the fence he was holding. Hanging on with one hand, he groped higher for another wire. He touched nothing. So he had hold of the top wire. The rest of the fence was buried in snow. And this one wire was no more than six inches above snow. The snow had been deep to start with and now the valley was flooding fast.

Waist-deep in snow, he hauled himself along the wire, closing his hands carefully so as not to tear his mittens on the barbs. The wind drilled through his clothing and he was getting cold. With a snap—as sharp and quick as a snap of the fingers—the end of his nose was frostbitten. It stung fiercely for a few moments, then burned, then lost all feeling. It must be 25 below, he thought; your nose doesn't usually go before that, although the wind would help.

He was moving very slowly and with great effort. His hands, grasping the wire, were barely above the climbing surface of the snow and soon his hands were buried in snow but still clinging to the wire.

He lost the wire. Holding to a fence post with one hand, he dug desperately in the snow, trying to find the continuing wire. He buried his arm to the shoulder but there was no wire and he knew he had come to either a break in the fence or an open gate.

He tried to cross the break but he never found the fence again. He had been sure that he would not find it so he had hesitated from leaving the solidity of the fence post. But to stay with the post was to freeze to death so he had left it and now he had no guide whatever.

Frank BEAVEN

"Funny thing—this new toothpaste you bought tastes like shaving cream"

Except the wind direction. He suspected that this might be meaningless if the wind was shifting. But he had no way of reckoning wind variations so he had to figure on a constant wind direction.

The wind, as he remembered, was coming from slightly west of north. Home was northwest of here. Therefore he should keep the wind on his right and ahead of him. But the wind at this time was blowing straight from the north so he began to go wrong immediately.

He had the excellent luck to blunder into a big tree. There were few enough trees of any kind in this part of the country and very few this size. After great concentration he decided that between Old Swansen's and home, and north of the road but not far from it, there was only one tree as big as this—the elm about a quarter mile from the road and two miles from home. So, he told himself proudly, he was headed exactly right. He felt a great relief and a great confidence. He was going to come out of this all right. He had come upon the tree from the southeast, he told himself, home was northwest, so all he had to do was continue in the same direction. He moved away from the tree.

He had been right about the location of the tree but wrong on his directions. He had not approached the tree from the southeast; he had come from slightly west of south, and now as he moved away from the tree he was going almost at a right angle from the direction he thought he was going.

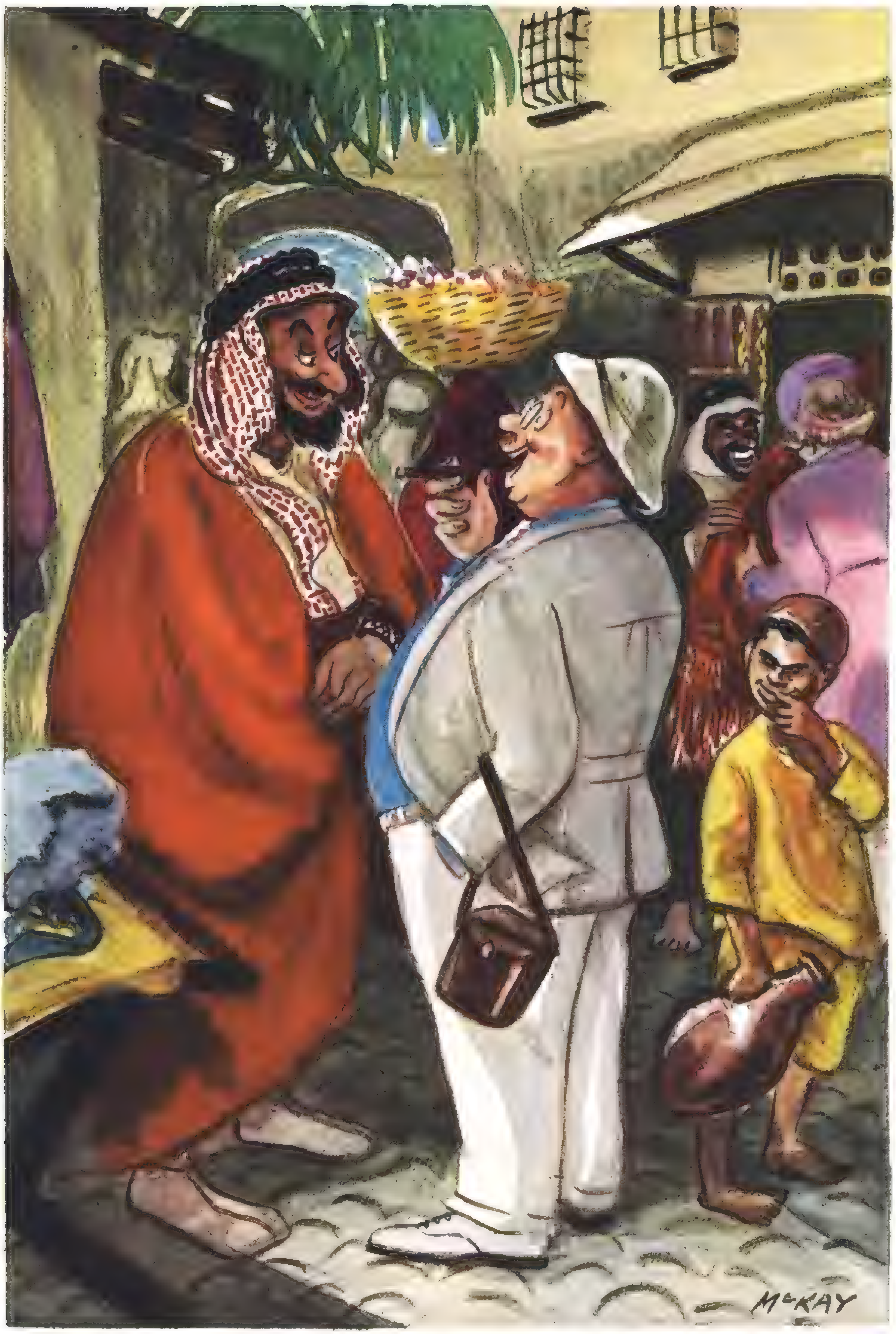
The snow was so deep and he had to crouch so low against the wind that he was moving with his chest almost flat on the surface of the snow. Already his strength was fading. The cold itself used up energy—pushing into the wind was a constant, straining effort—forcing his buried legs through the snow was as exhausting as a wade through hip-deep mud—each breath was a gasping fight against the screaming wind.

Somebody always dies in these blizzards, he could not help thinking, there is always somebody. Aw, hell, he blustered at himself, somebody else, sure.

His teeth ached from the cold as if every nerve were exposed. He ran his tongue over them, trying to warm them, but that only seemed to make them worse. After a while his teeth stopped aching.

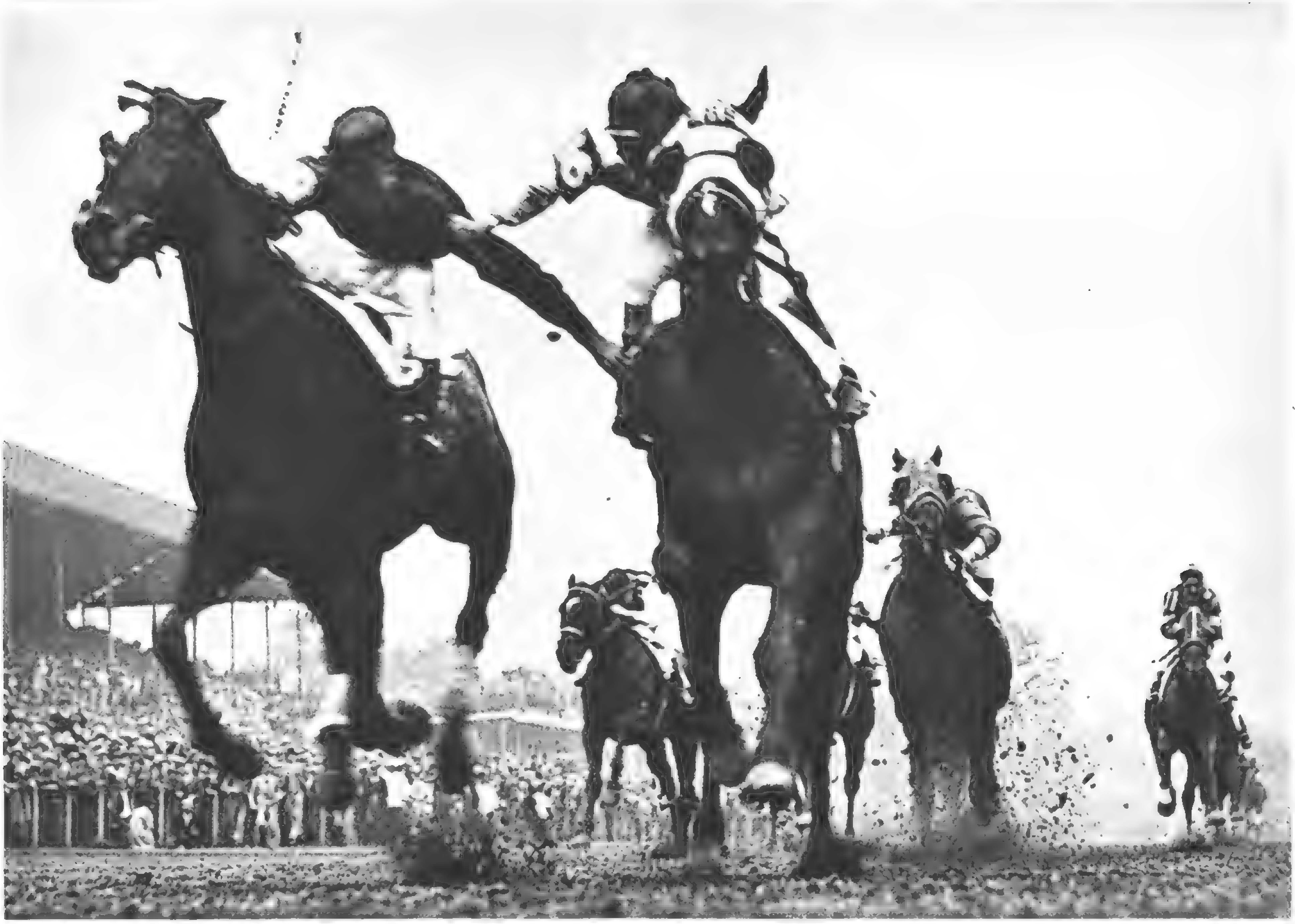
There was no sign of anything. There was nothing but yelling wind and snow.

He pitched down an incline and was instantly covered. He clawed (*Continued on page 142*)



"Really? What part of Texas?"

© Louisville *Courier-Journal*



This sensational news photo of the stretch run in the 1933 Kentucky Derby was snapped by a photographer sneaking on track right in the path of thundering thoroughbreds. Camera and radio reporter were only witnesses of brawl between jockies Herb Fisher on Head Play (left) and Don Meade on Broker's Tip.

My Old Myopic Kentucky Home

A Sports Article by ARTHUR DALEY

It is deemed highly improper for one jockey to whip out his bowie knife in the Kentucky Derby homestretch and thoughtfully carve his initials on another jock's epidermis. If that ever were to happen, the stewards would frown disapprovingly and exclaim in shocked tones, "Naughty, naughty!"

As far as neutral observers have been able to figure out, there are two sure offenses meriting disqualification in the classic Run for the Roses. One is for a rider to assassinate the Governor of Kentucky at the sixteenth pole and the other is for him to draw a bead on Colonel Matt Winn at the finish line.

Frequently the Derby is the roughest riding race of the year. But never was it rougher or the fouling more flagrant than in 1933 when it became a wrestling match on horseback. However, the only person in the entire cast of characters to be disqualified was an innocent bystander, Bryan Field, then a sports writer who doubled in brass as a radio broadcaster. He became persona non grata and was invited *not* to broadcast the classic the following year.

In a way this is as much the story of the sharp-eyed and observant Field as it is of the two villains in the piece, Jockey Don Meade and Jockey Herb Fisher. There were 40,000 witnesses in the sprawling Churchill Downs stand that day and Field was the only one to notice the fouling tactics, the only one to call it. The stewards missed it. The other newspapermen missed it. The other broadcasters missed it.

A great sports yarn is the mystery of why a reporter was the only one of 40,000 fans to see the sensational incident at the '33 Derby which almost caused the only disqualification in Kentucky Derby history

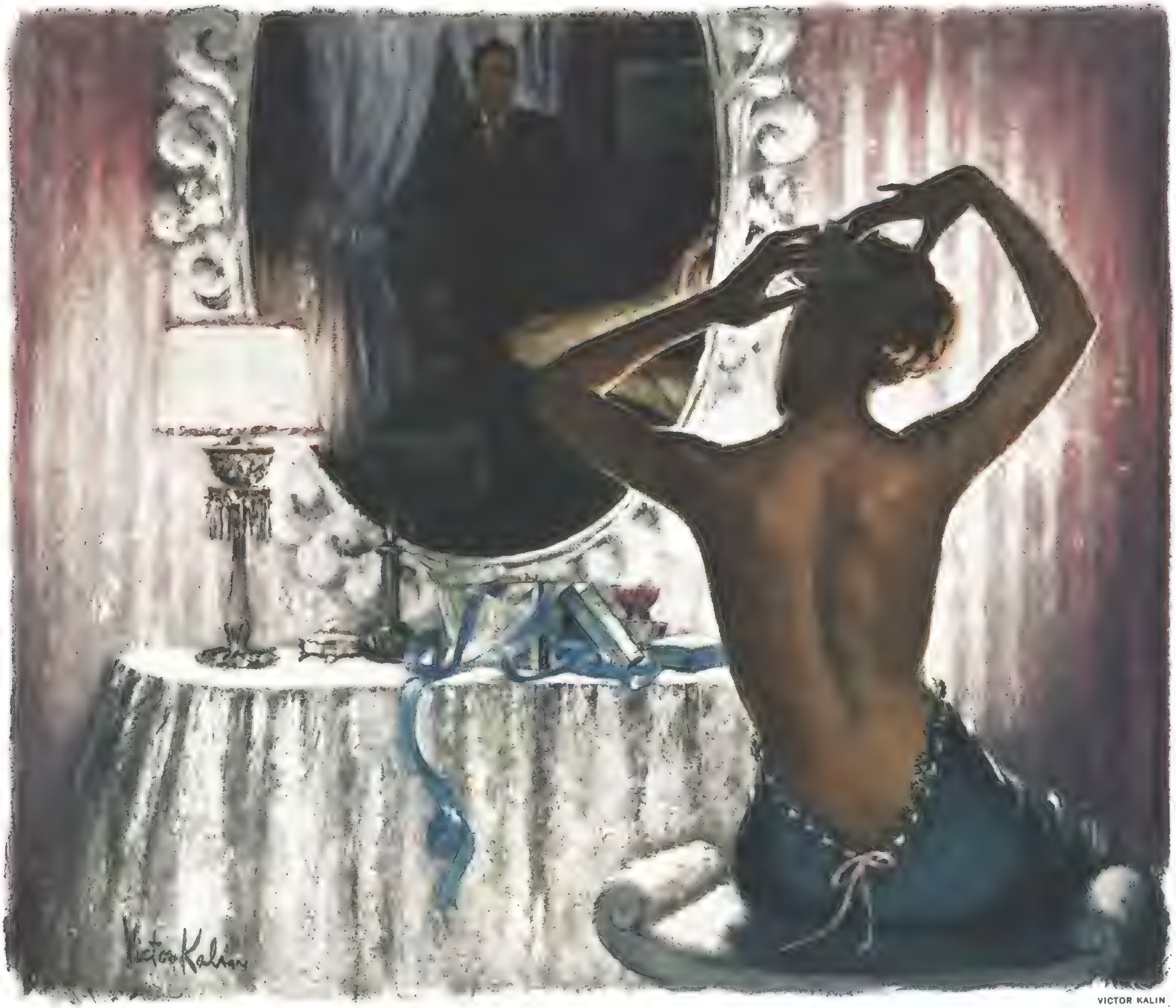
Yet even he might have been hooted down and the true facts never brought to light had it not been for the enterprising (and lucky) photographer who "bootlegged" a picture of the finish. That one was the convincer.

But suppose we start, more or less, at the beginning. And we have to start with Field, now vice-president and general manager of Delaware Park. However, he was just a thirty-year-old stripling back in 1933, the youngest and least experienced of the racing experts, as well as the newest of the radio broadcasters. Those are serious imposts for a sport which requires as much technical knowledge as the hoss game demands.

His one compensating factor, though, was that he was an excellent reporter and shrewd observer. Hence even the august New York *Times*, which hates error as the devil hates holy water, did not hesitate to give him its turf assignment. Nor did the fledgling Columbia Broadcasting System hesitate to offer him as a counterattraction to the mighty Graham McNamee of the National Broadcasting Company on the theory that Field's crisp, reportorial style of air-wave presentation might be preferred to the McNamee hoop-la.

There were thirteen starters in the Kentucky Derby that cloudy May afternoon of 1933, and Ladysman was the favorite. The betting gentry also held Mrs. Silas B. Mason's Head Play in considerable regard, while the wagering on Col. E. R. Bradley's Broker's Tip was partly sentimental and partly due to the fact that Bradley had had remarkable success in the Run for the Roses. There could be no

(Continued on page 129)



VICTOR KALIN

And Now Once Again

Besides being pretty and intelligent this "other woman" gave Mr. B. what he wanted most: appreciation

A Story by ROBERT VINCENT

THE minute Mrs. Borthridge entered the room Mr. Borthridge knew this was *it*. He was sitting in the easy chair, his feet stretched over the ottoman, with the evening paper before him. He knew it by the determined swish of her entrance and the electric, ominous silence. He waited while she seated herself on the divan.

There had been many quarrels in the past, but they had been small, not like this would be. Despite the fact he had known this was coming, that small knot in his stomach tightened and his arms and legs felt suddenly limp.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Borthridge abruptly.

Mr. Borthridge's throat contracted. "Who's who?" he blurted.

"You know who," said Mrs. Borthridge. "That clotheshorse you've been running around with. The one my friends have taken such delight in describing for me. The one I saw you having lunch with today at the Colony Club."

Here we go, thought Mr. Borthridge, and you *should* be ready. You've planned everything you hope to say. You even catalogued your notes as you do when you prepare an after-dinner talk. But watch yourself. No mistakes. Don't get confused and *don't weaken*. Now!

"Her name is Midge Christian. She's a model at Worth's. Worth introduced us . . . some time ago."

"A model?" His wife raised an eyebrow. "What on earth does she model? If you're going in for models why not something late?"

"Very funny," said Mr. Borthridge. When he didn't continue she asked, "Is she married?"

"No."

"I should think you'd get something young and beautiful. Or are you just making me look silly by choosing that plain-looking woman? Is that it?"

"No, and as far as that goes, Midge *is* pretty. Beautiful, I'd say, in her own dignified way. As for her age . . . well, she's younger than I. And I like her mature good sense."

"Oh, the intelligent type! I suppose you discuss the postwar world and the atomic age with that woman?"

"You can sheath your claws, Alice. And please quit referring to her as 'that woman.' Her name is Midge Christian and you may use either her last name or her Christian name . . ." He had spoken forcefully, but now his eyes twinkled suddenly.

His wife grimaced. "All right," she said, "I get it. They're both Christian. On your deathbed you'll be making a play on words. I suppose *she* thinks they're funny?"

"Yes," he said, "she thinks they're funny. And she *can* discuss anything from the atomic bomb to the national debt."

"Am I to believe you spend your evenings over a cup of coffee, discoursing on the finer things of life and its current problems?"

"You could, but you won't. And, what is more to the point, we do it without ending every talk in an argument over how stupid the other person's point of view is. Do I make myself clear?"

"You're not only clear, you're transparent. What the great big mans wants is someone to agree with him. 'Oh, what a broad viewpoint, Mr. Borthridge' . . . or does she call you Borthy? 'You're unquestionably right, Borthy, and you always put things so well.' Or does she flatter you on your business ability? 'How clever of you, Borthy, you're so successful.' *That*, my dear, is the oldest strategy known to woman. What eternally amazes me is that the conceit of man always sops it up."

"What amazes me," replied Mr. Borthridge, "is not that husbands fall for it, but that wives forget that their husbands are the same conceited fools they married. And," he continued, "before you bring up the subject, garnished with cynicism, I'll say that Midge is a homebody. She enjoys a home and she's made one of her little three-room apartment. Among her lesser accomplishments she is quite an interior decorator."

Mrs. Borthridge appraised her husband with a quizzical eye. "You actually sound serious."

"Serious!" blurted Mr. Borthridge. "My God, woman, how can I put it more plainly without sounding like a soap-opera script?"

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Borthridge, "that would be interesting. 'This,' you should say, in a deep throaty voice, 'this is the end. We can go on no longer. I love another and I ask you . . . as any honorable man would . . . release me from our marriage.' That's about what you want, isn't it?"

Careful, thought Mr. Borthridge, careful. Watch your strategy. Aloud he said, "I have no intention of divorcing you."

Mrs. Borthridge looked aghast. "You mean," she said, "you will continue to see this woman and think you can still live with me?" Her eyes flashed. "I'll divorce you. I'll make you pay!" Then her eyes narrowed. "That's what you're after! That's what you would like to have me do, isn't it?"

"I damned well don't care," Mr. Borthridge shouted, "and you may do as you please. If you want a divorce and will be reasonable about a settlement, we can work it out. If you don't we can go on until you *are* reasonable."

"I'll take every penny you have!" cried Mrs. Borthridge. "If you think that woman is going to share everything we've built up together, you're crazy. The best years of my life . . . and now this . . ."

"Relax," said Mr. Borthridge. "In the first place you have no conception of business and you have contributed nothing to that end of it. In the second place you haven't given me or anyone else the best years of your life. You've had them almost exclusively for yourself."

For the first time Mr. Borthridge felt in control of the situation. No longer was he plagued with fears; the churning in his stomach had ceased. He looked at his wife and watched puzzled lines of apprehension ridge her forehead and crease about her eyes. They were large blue eyes and she *was* beautiful.

"Now," he continued firmly, "let's get the record straight. When we were married we had nothing. Right? Since then I think I've done my part in furnishing the wherewithal. That's my job and I've done it. You've never had to worry about money. You've had a home, a car, freedom, security. What have *you* given?"

"I recognize your applied psychology," said Mrs. Borthridge. "You're putting me on the defensive. But I must be a dope or I wouldn't have let us get to this point. How *did* we get here?"

"You know as well as I do," said Mr. Borthridge.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Borthridge. "I mean we've had arguments before and I know some way or other we've grown cross with each other . . . sometimes nasty . . . but I don't know why and I really want to know."

"All right, let's review our married life. Almost six years isn't it? We started out with mutual interests, we had a lot of friends and we enjoyed going places and doing things together. Then . . . and you've never explained why . . . you started growing critical of everything I did and everyone we knew. You took for granted the nice things I tried to do for you every day, and complained if I overlooked anything. Naturally, there was no pleasure in doing anything nice for you, and I'll admit I stopped doing them. Well, now you're just too damned critical to live with. I actually hate to come home in the evening now . . . I know you're going to complain about someone or something."

"Yes? Well, you've changed too, you know. How long has it been since you carried on a pleasant conversation?"

"Carry on a conversation? Every one we have ends in an argument. If we talk about friends, you dissect them. If I mention business you belittle it. Any other subject you manage, somehow, to pick to pieces. We just have nothing in common to talk about."

"When did you ever really try to discuss business with me? The only times we attempted it you snapped me off so short I felt like a nincompoop. The same thing applies to any other subject. Hell's bells, I can hold my end of a conversation if it isn't all one way. Other people don't find me dull. Why do you think I found my own set of friends? For the same reason. They accept me on my own. They don't consider me dumb, and I'm Alice Borthridge . . . not the wife of Warren Borthridge, the boy wonder of the advertising business. The trouble with you is you just can't take criticism."

"Look, I can stand criticism. I just don't want it from my wife. What a husband wants and expects is appreciation, not criticism. We want to boast to someone. We want someone to think we're the greatest guy in the world. That's human nature."

Mr. Borthridge paused with finality and his wife sat quietly looking fixedly ahead of her, as if reviewing her thoughts.

"That's just it," she said finally. "You're a student of human nature and behaviorism and yet you can't recognize it when you see it in your own home. I *do* think you're wonderful—clever and successful. Can't you realize that's the reason I criticize? I don't know what the psychological name for it is, but the very fact that you are usually so damned right about things forces me to build up a defense. And the fact that your friends always remind me what a business genius you are makes me feel like a stepchild. I want friends to accept me for myself."

She put a handkerchief to her eyes now and her voice continued, softly, "Oh, Borthy, why can't we see each other's side? What is this thing we're quarreling over? It's not *that* big. There's nothing we can't correct . . . if we want to . . . really want to . . ."

Mr. Borthridge looked closely at his wife's face beneath the handkerchief. Don't let this quick tack to flattery get you, he told himself. This is the climax. You can't quit now. Keep going.

"No," he said firmly. "You know it won't work. We can't recapture the old comradeship, now. You can't change characters overnight. It just won't work."

His words sounded too trite for belief, thought Mr. Borthridge, but he glanced at Mrs. Borthridge and she was sobbing quietly. Now she turned to him with tear-stained eyes.

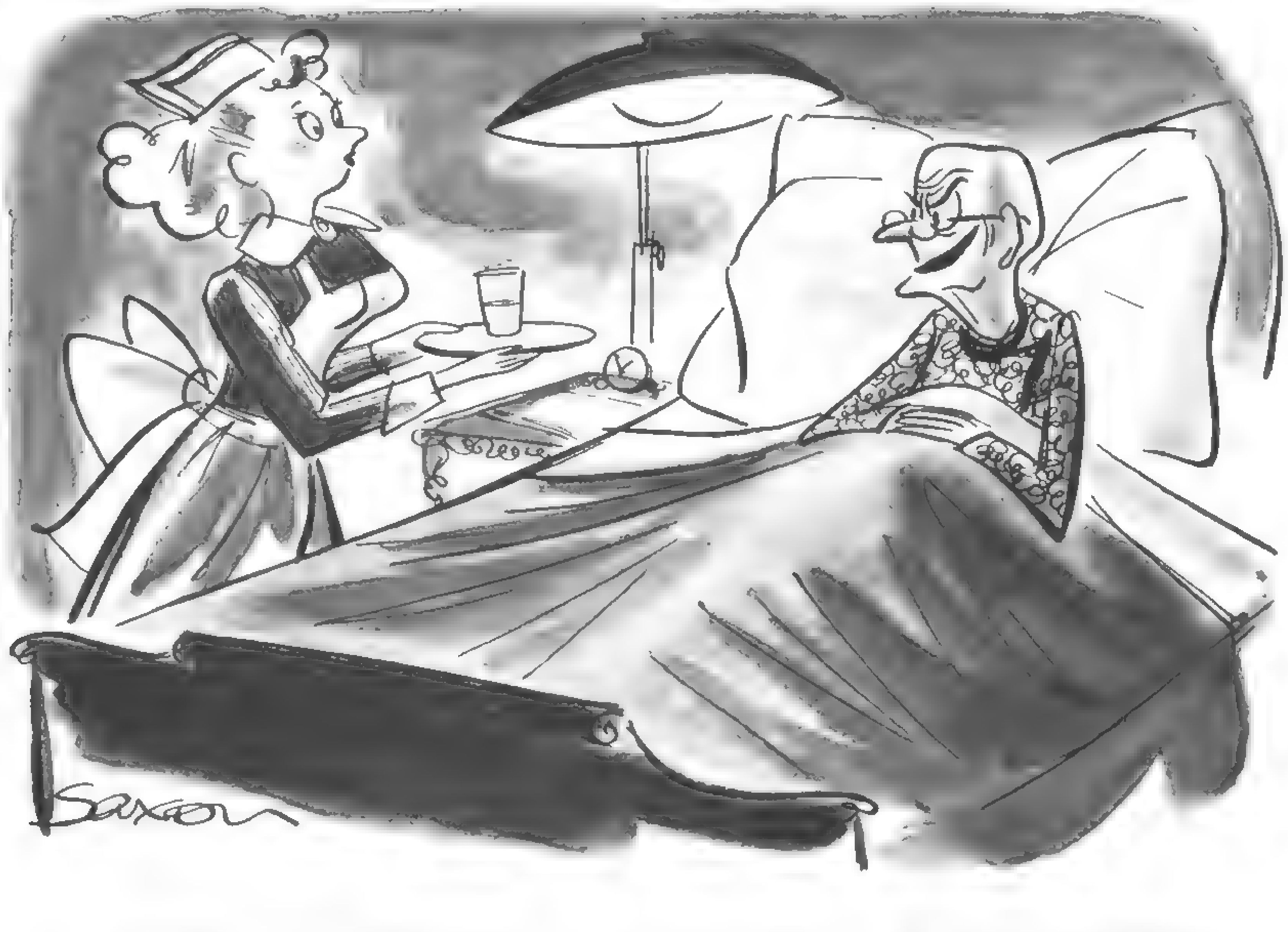
"I'll take one more chance on contradicting you, dear," she said. "We *can* start over again. We have what we used to have and what both of us really want. I can change my attitude and I *will* change it. You'll see. Let's forget the past . . and this . . . this Midge. She can't possibly mean more to you than I do. Not in such a short time. It can't be. Let's try a fresh start. Shall we?"

Mr. Borthridge paced across the room, his right hand kneading his chin in a nervous gesture. This *is* brutal, he thought, but if you weaken now you've lost a battle that has been surely won.

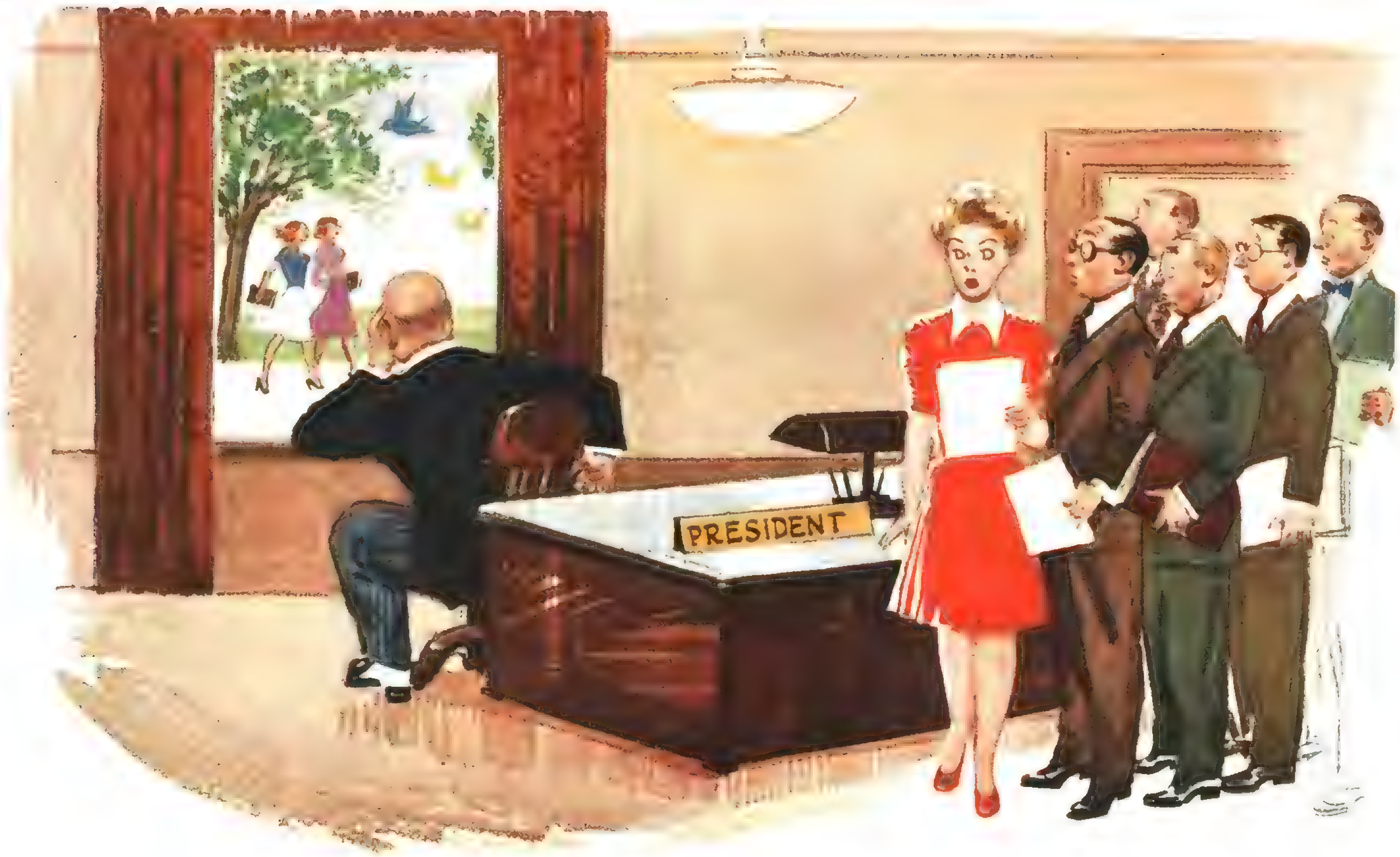
"I don't know," he said. "Maybe you're right but I don't see how it can possibly work out. Then there's Midge to consider. I can't just . . . well, just like that. Let me think it out. I'll go for a walk. I think better when walking. I'll be back later."

He took off his

(Continued on page 151)



"Hello, beautiful—how would you like to be in my will?"

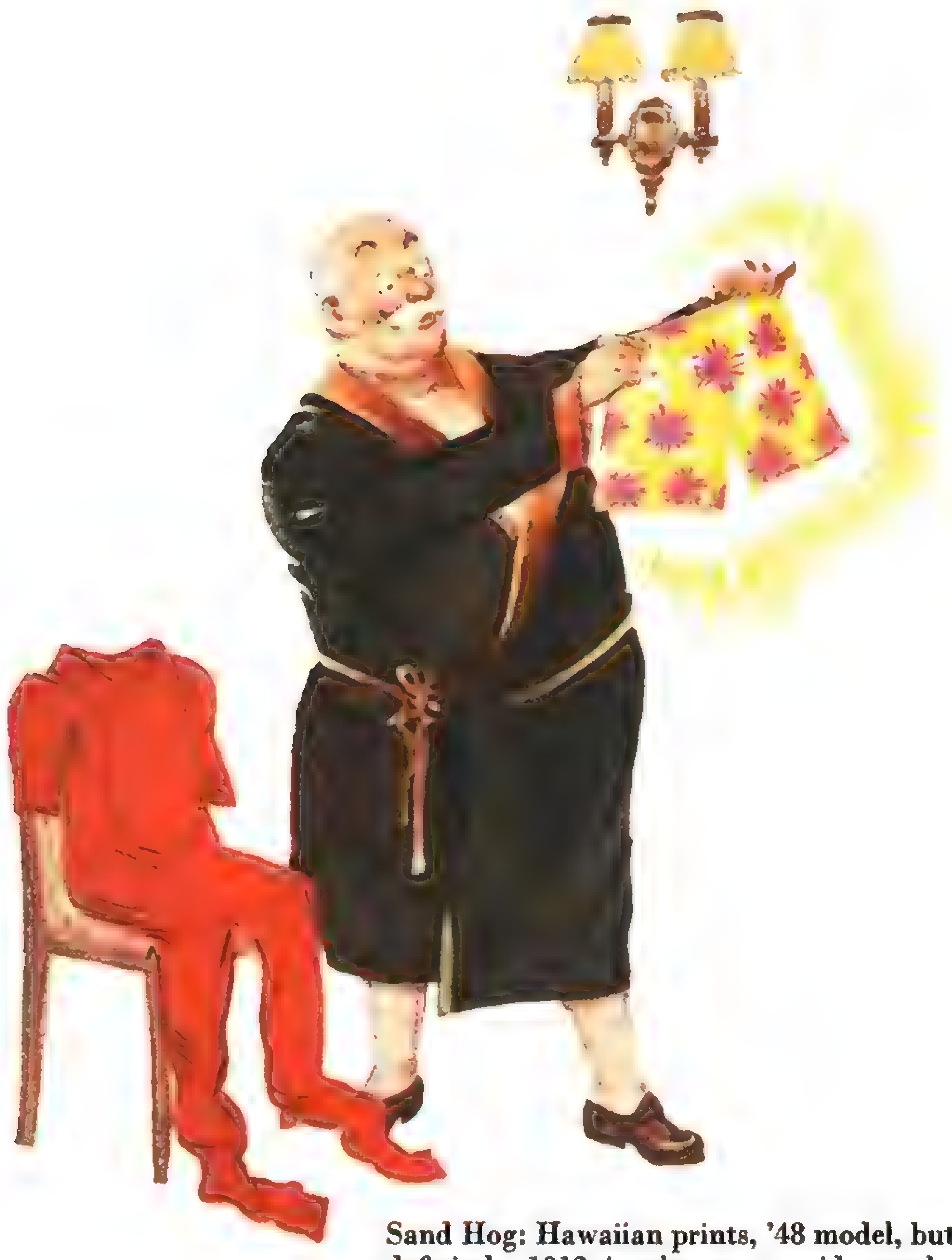


". . . A Young Man's Fancy": first sign of spring and not a "new look" by any means

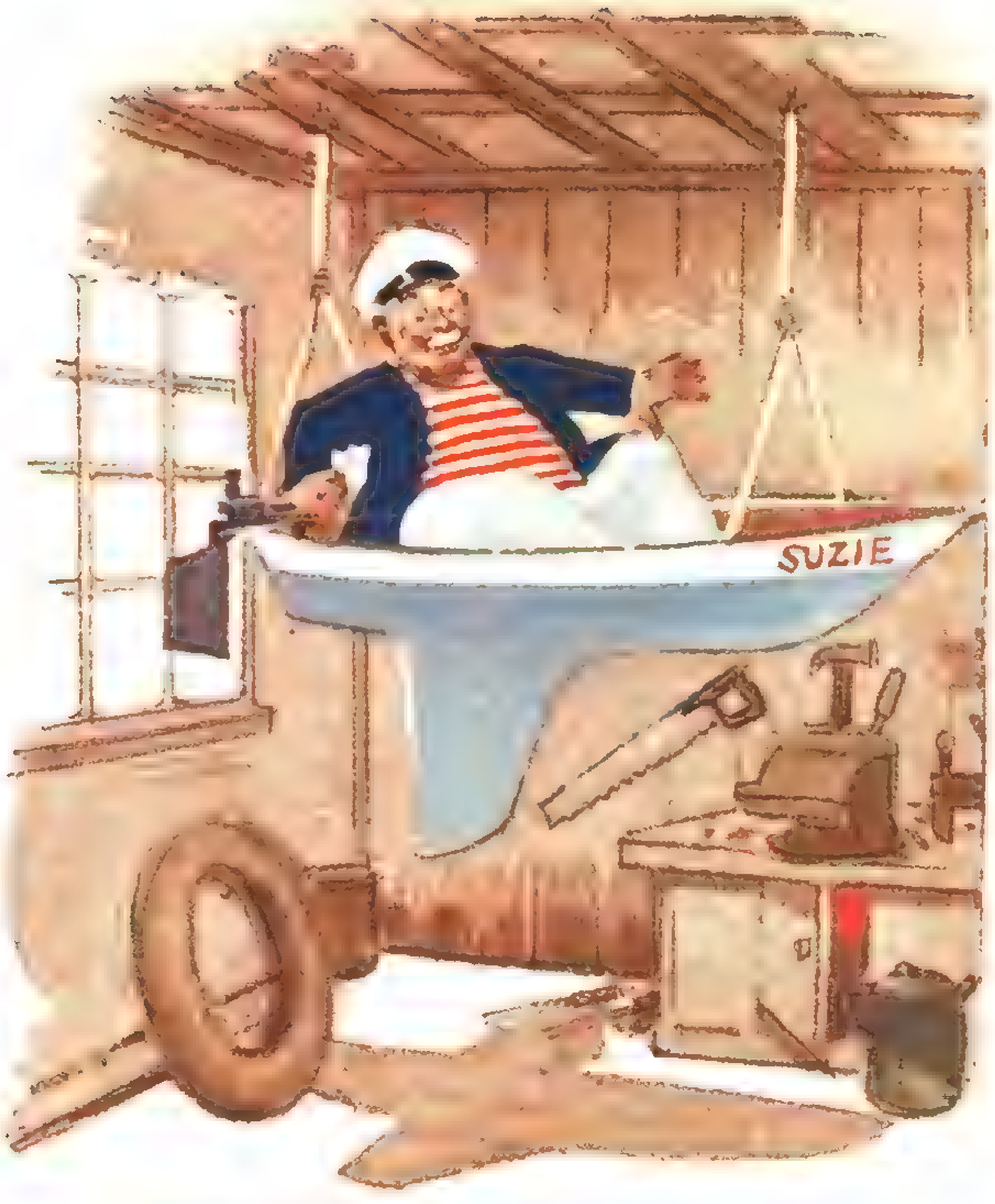
Spring Fever

It happens even before you can scrape the snow off the bottom of those twenty-eight-pound boots you've been wearing all winter long. Your head droops suddenly, your eyes begin to wander and your feet float up to the desk in front of you. Spring is here! Your mind, as the saying goes, is turning to what a woman has been thinking about all year round. And that, in anybody's cup of Gin and Bitters, is not a bad thing at all.

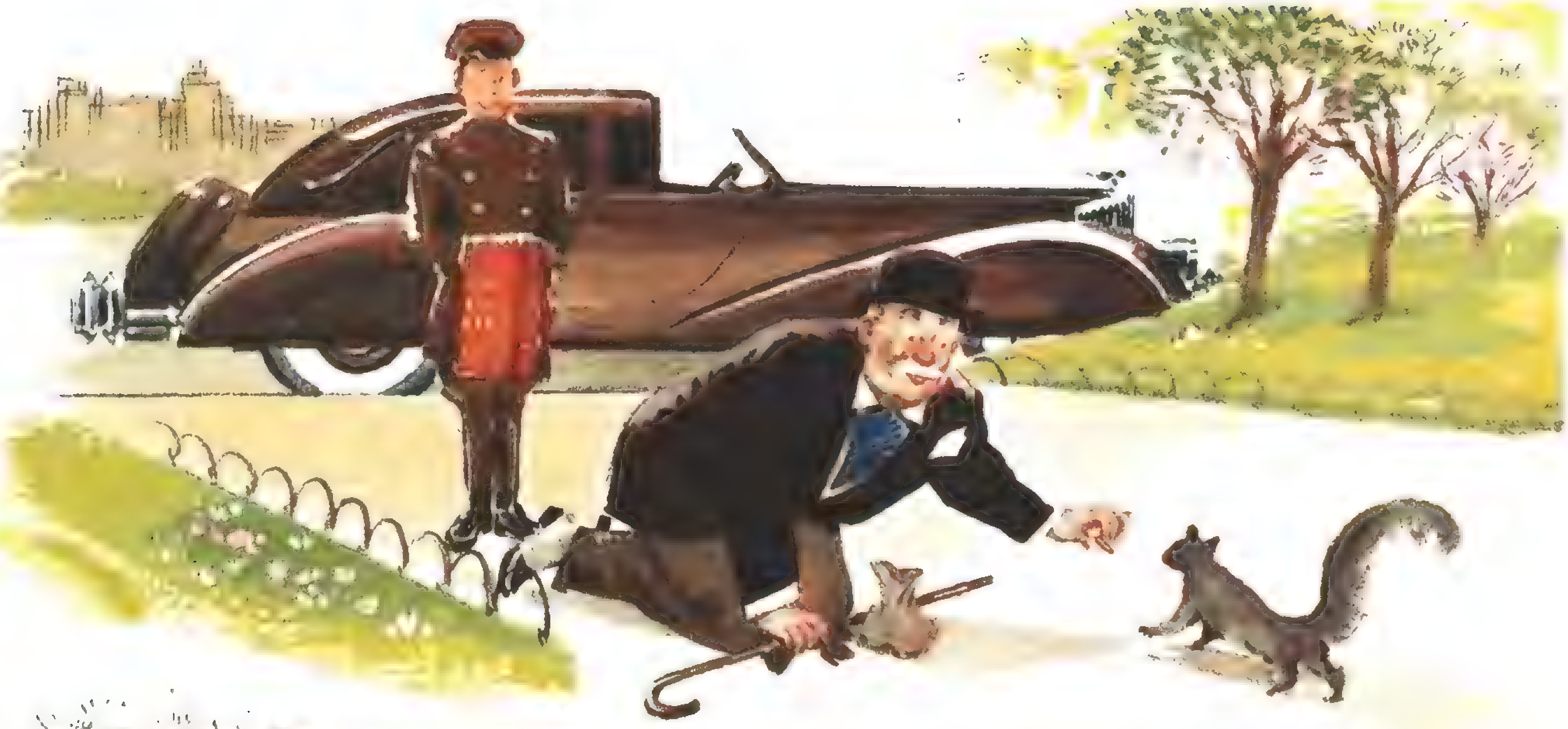
DRAWINGS BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



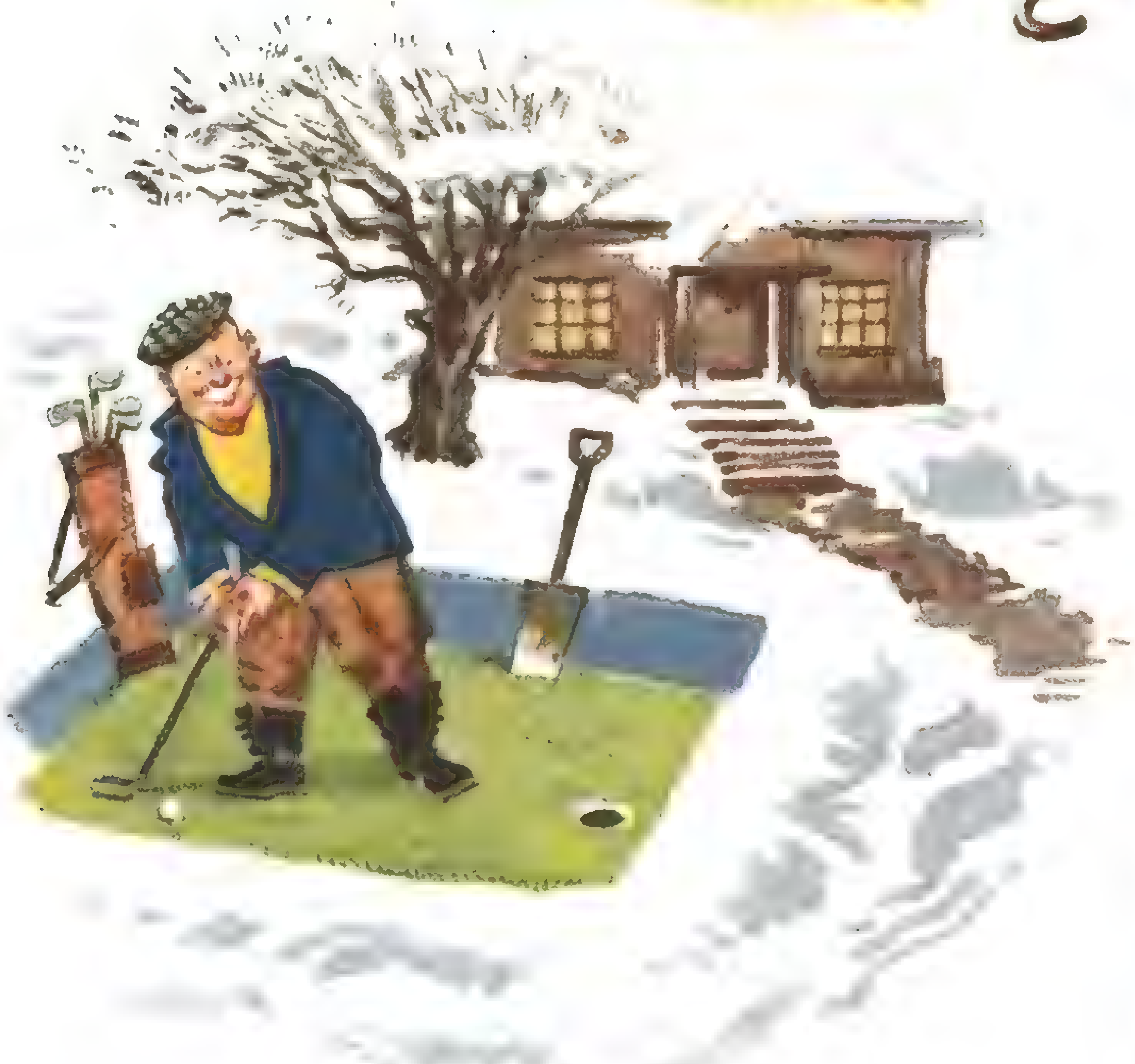
Sand Hog: Hawaiian prints, '48 model, but definitely 1912 in the water, side stroke



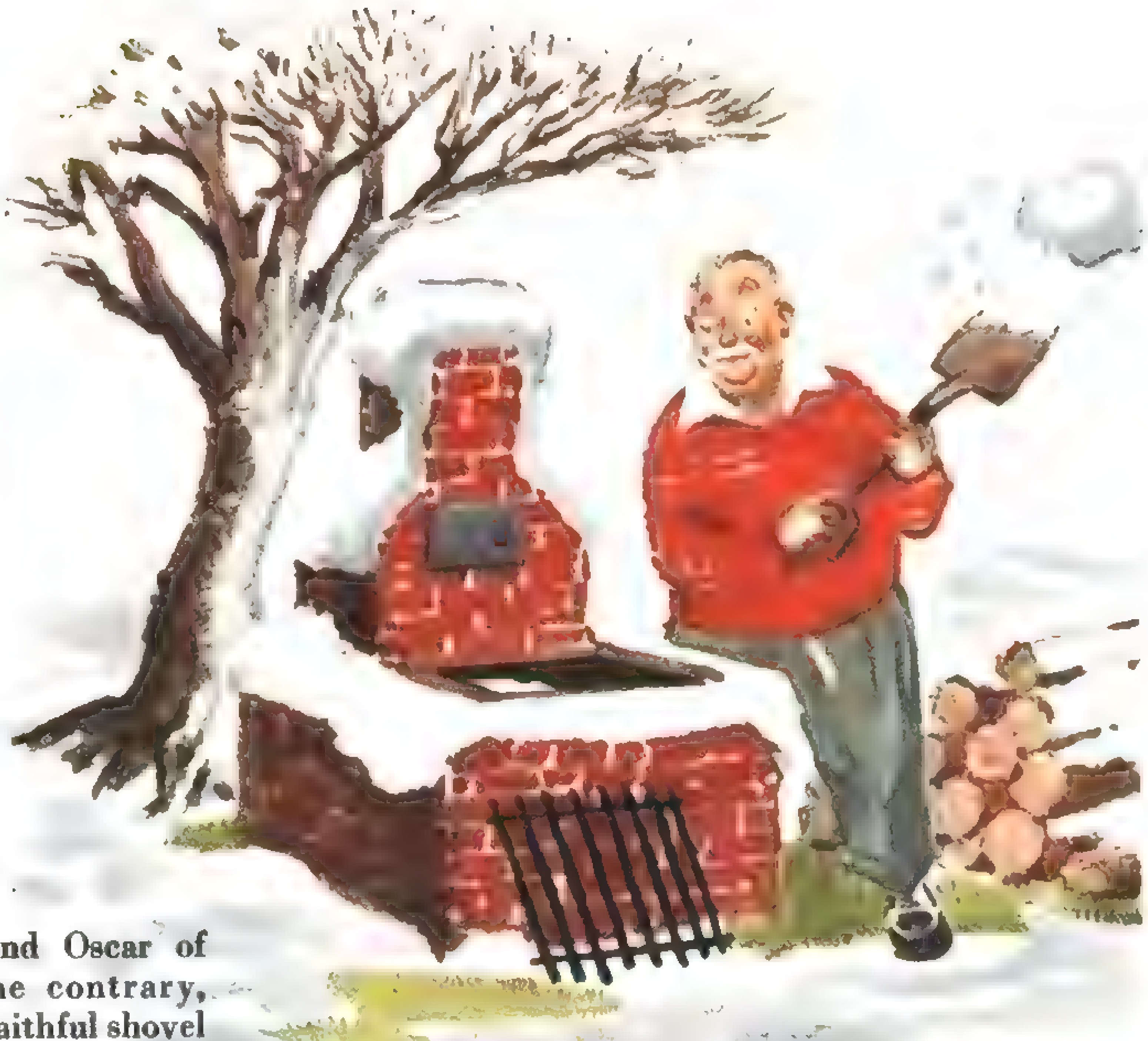
Sea Dog: can't wait for the lash of the helm, to say nothing of elbowing the Yacht Club bar



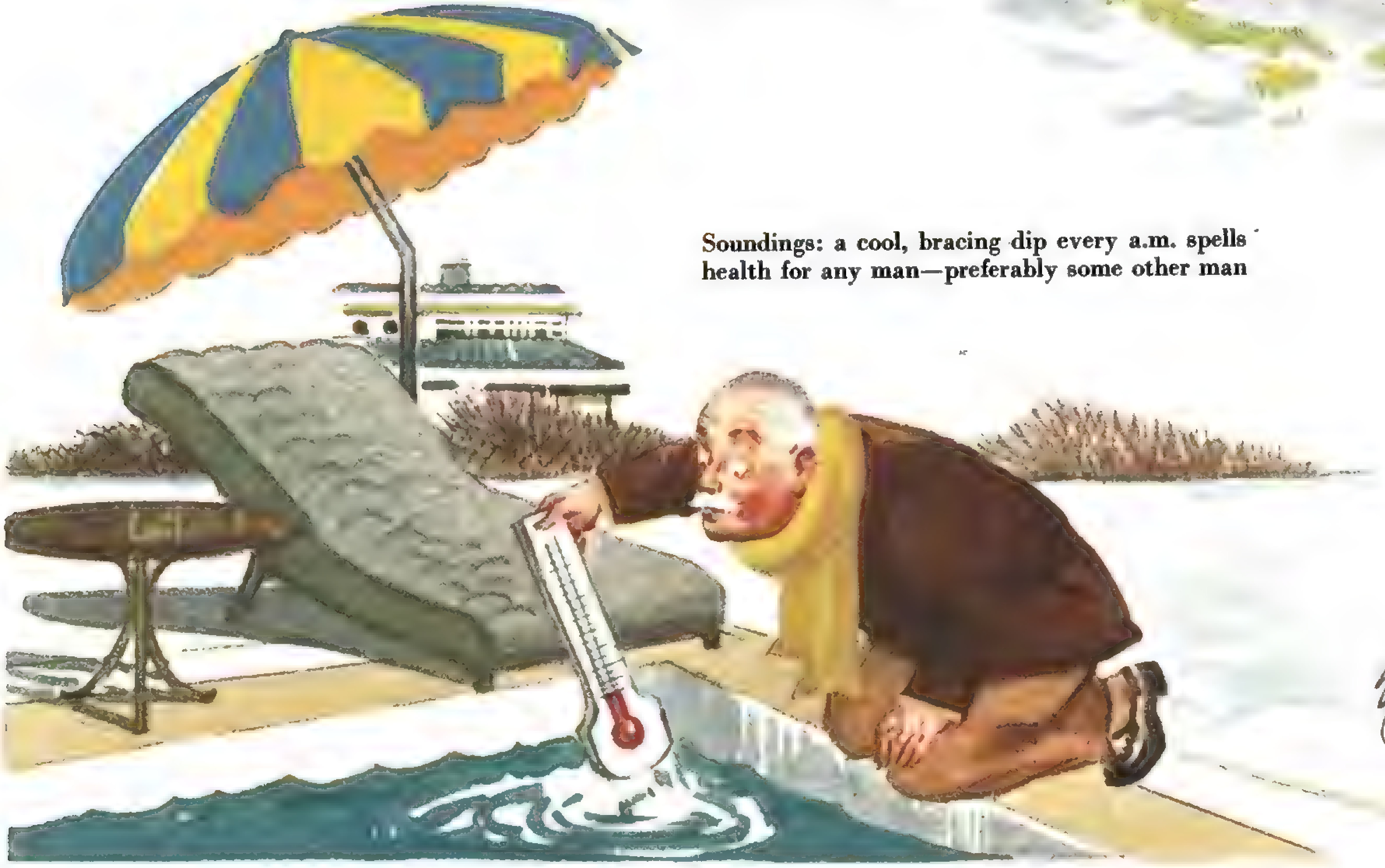
Nuts: one touch of nature makes every man kin, but the chauffeur had better watch his step



First Divot: hair-trigger accuracy at three feet, but who ever got that close to a hole?



Chef: Cookbooks and Oscar of the Waldorf to the contrary, Utensil No. 1 is the faithful shovel



Soundings: a cool, bracing dip every a.m. spells health for any man—preferably some other man

Floperoo Mécanique, 1927

An Article by

DONALD FRIEDE

One of the most bizarre episodes of the Wonderful Twenties was the presentation of a musical masterpiece which required, among other things, eleven grand pianos and one fire siren. The author of this article, who sponsored the strange event, is finally able to tell calmly his trials, which culminated in one of the most hilarious incidents of that era

IT WAS Lewis Galantiere who suggested it. There had been a party at my apartment . . . this was in December of 1926 . . . and during the evening Aaron Copland had played the *Sonata Sauvage* excerpt from the George Antheil supplement to *This Quarter*, the avant-garde magazine which Ernest Walsh was publishing in Milan.

"Why don't you bring Antheil over here?" Galantiere asked. "There must be thousands of people who want to hear his *Ballet Mécanique*. I'll wager you could fill even Carnegie Hall!"

"I'd like to hear it myself," I said. "Do you know where we could reach him?"

"He's probably in Paris now. Anyhow, Sylvia Beach will know where to reach him. Why not cable him, in care of her bookshop?"

It didn't bother either of us that I knew nothing about putting on a concert, and indeed little about music. I was a publisher, of the firm of Boni and Liveright, and as a publisher I had sponsored art exhibits and produced plays. Why not, therefore, a concert? We cabled Antheil on the spot, offering expenses for himself and his wife if they would come to America for a concert in April. Any profits were to go to him. I wanted only the fun and the glory.

Three days later his reply came from Budapest, where the cable had finally caught up with him. He accepted my proposition and was ready to leave as soon as transportation was forthcoming. And so began the saga of the American première of the *Ballet Mécanique*. From the very beginning it was fantastic.

Getting Carnegie Hall was a simple matter. Within twenty-four hours I had booked it for Sunday night, April 10th. It is a publishing axiom that the best day on which to break a story is Monday, when the papers are hard put for news; thus I chose the night before. It was probably my only intelligent move.

With Carnegie booked I arranged steamship accommodations for the Antheils for late February, then set out to plan a publicity campaign. No firm was as adept in publicity as Boni and Liveright, and I would simply apply its methods to a different medium. However, I recognized that I needed someone to act as liaison between myself and the music critics. For this purpose I engaged Dorle Jarmel.

The next problem was to plan the program and engage the necessary musicians. William Murray, later the husband of Ilka Chase and a top radio agent, was at that time the New York head of the Baldwin Piano Company. I turned to him for help. I knew that the *Ballet Mécanique* was scored for an incredible collection of instruments, and the base was a battery of ten regular grand pianos and a mechanical grand. Bill solved that problem immediately. And the Welte-Mignon people agreed to supply a player piano incorporating any changes that might have to be made to accommodate the special rolls Antheil was mailing me.

With the concert more than three months away, I decided I needed a rest to prepare myself for the hard work to come. I booked passage on the *Reliance* for a two weeks' West Indies cruise. I have often wondered what the radio operator thought of the strange messages which went back and forth. They must have confirmed any feeling he had that Americans were crazy.

I came back to New York to find that Dorle Jarmel had things well in hand. Since this was to be a benefit concert, with all the profits going to Antheil, we decided to sell the lower-tier boxes for $110, scaling the house down from there to 75¢ for the balcony seats, so that the Greenwich Village *aficionados* would get a chance to hear the concert too.

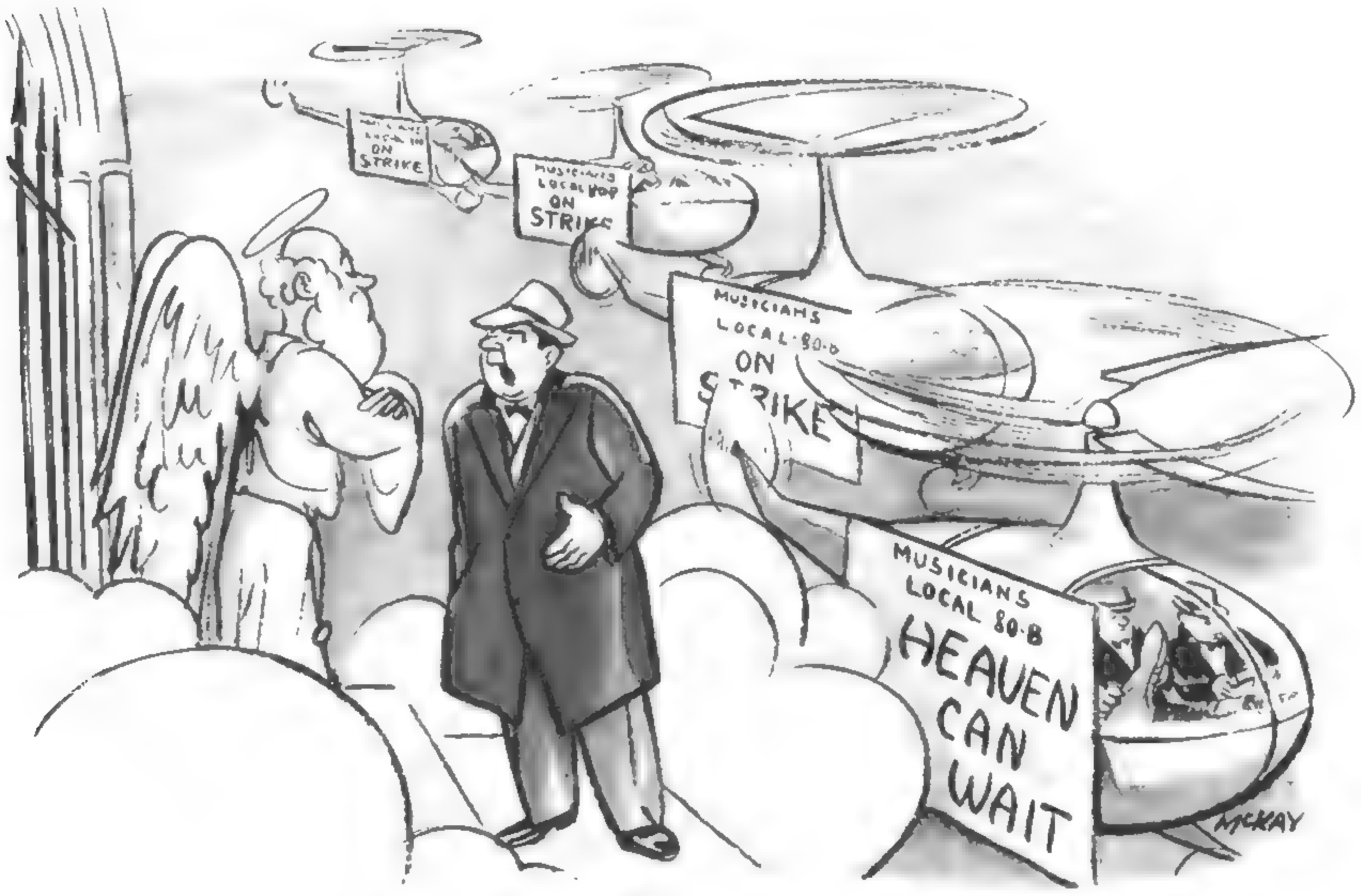
By now I was receiving a constant stream of letters from Antheil, listing the musical assistance he would require, copies of the various scores, photographs and publicity matter. His friends were also writing voluminous letters filled with suggestions. I could count on at least one letter from Ezra Pound in each transatlantic mail. They were of no practical use to us.

It was finally decided that there would be four numbers in the concert: a string-quartet for the opening number, a sonata for violin, piano, and drum, with Antheil playing both piano and drum, and a jazz symphony, for which we would require a twenty-three-piece orchestra. After the intermission would come the *pièce de résistance*, the *Ballet Mécanique* itself. In addition to the ten pianos, and ten pianists to play them, and a mechanical piano which would be played by Antheil, the *Ballet* required six xylophones, two bass drums, and a variety of mechanical effects, including electrical bells, a wind machine and, for the final climactic moment, a fire siren.

We got the Musical Art Quartet, a leading group of the period, without difficulty. It was agreed that their first violin, Sascha Jacobsen, would also play the violin part in the sonata. We got Eugene Goossens to conduct the *Ballet Mécanique*. We hired six xylophonists and two bass drummers, and persuaded ten very fine pianists, Aaron Copland among them, to play.

Now we had the problem of assembling a large orchestra for the jazz symphony. It was written in one movement, lasting fifteen minutes, and scored for three saxophones, an oboe, three trumpets, three trombones, a tuba, two banjos, three pianos, four violins, two violas, a cello, and a contrabass.

Ford Maddox Ford wrote a publicity article for *Vanity Fair*, and Lewis Galantiere did one for the Sunday New York *World*. Man Ray and Bernice Abbott photographs of Antheil were made available to papers and magazines, and Miguel Covarrubias and William Cotton (*Continued on page 133*)


ON STRIKE
MUSICIANS LOCAL 802 ON STRIKE
MUSICIANS LOCAL 80-8 ON STRIKE
MUSICIANS LOCAL 80-8 HEAVEN CAN WAIT
McKAY

"If Mr. Petrillo says Gabriel needs two more horn players, then Gabriel needs two more horn players"

ONE-TWO PUNCH

Bob Ryan

Photograph by Reves-Biro

Robert Ryan graduated from Dartmouth in 1932 with a top scholastic rating, an incredible record of no defeats in four years of intercollegiate competition boxing, and one of the most murderous lefts ever cocked by a Chicago guy. Leaving his BA on the dresser top, Bob became a bodyguard to a mobster, cowboy, seaman, miner. After appearing on the stage with Luise Rainer and Tallulah Bankhead, he made many pictures, but with RKO's *Crossfire* Bob carried his knockout punch to the box office. Ryan, a big guy who doesn't like people who kick little guys around, asked for his part in *Crossfire* after he had met Richard Brooks, author of the original, when both were in the Marines. He co-stars next in *Berlin Express*. Sorry, girls, he's married.

The Furnace Was Waiting

The heavy-castings' pit of a steel foundry is no place to take chances as the giant furnace ladle tips fifty tons of white-hot flaming metal into moulding spindles

A Story by

WM. GLYNNE-JONES

Squint, the foreman moulder, stood with arms folded on the wooden planks covering the heavy-castings' pit. He peered at the men as they bustled around in the casting bay, getting the moulds ready.

"Get a bloody move on," he rasped. "It's up-ladle at three. You've got ten minutes left. Hey, you—Owen, and Ritchie!" he called. "Close that spindle." He pointed to a mould, its top and bottom half contained in two steel boxes approximately seven feet long by three wide and three deep. "Make sure the joints match," he muttered. "We don't want any more complaints from the main office."

The young moulder named Owen eyed the foreman quizzically.

"You don't intend casting that spindle, do you?"

Squint frowned. "What d'you mean? What's wrong with it?"

"Have a decko at this." Owen drew a finger over a deep crack in the box. "This moulding box isn't safe."

"You can't tell me what to bloody well do!" Squint shouted. "That spindle's to be cast today, so get it closed... Ritchie Bevan!"

Ritchie, sandy-haired, with a candid face, looked at the foreman. "Yep?"

"Close that mould. The furnace's waiting."

"I tell you this box isn't safe," Owen insisted. "Ritchie and I won't be responsible if anything happens. So to hell with you!"

The foreman looked wildly around. "Evan! Bill!"

Evan-Small-Coal and Bill Taylor hurried across.

"Yes, Mr. Brewer?"

"Get that spindle ready. I want it for the afternoon's cast."

The two moulders jumped promptly to obey his orders, and Squint spun around to face Owen once more. "You'll answer for this, both of you." He raised his hand threateningly.

Ritchie sprang forward and gripped him by the sleeve. "Shove that mitt back in your pocket, Brewer. It's lucky for you we're in the foundry, else I'd ha' stretched you out flatter'n a pancake."

Squint opened his mouth to say something when suddenly a stentorian cry from the furnace landing echoed through the foundry.

"Up-ladle, Da-a-a-i!"

Owen pulled Ritche aside. "Aw, come on. Let's get out of this," he snapped. "I'm fed up to the teeth."

They crossed the heavy-castings' pit and stood near a water bosh. Squint shook his fists at them. "I'll see you'll suffer for this," he shouted. "You know damn well there's not the slightest risk."

He swung around to the two moulders who were closing the spindle mould. "Put a jerk into it, you fellers," he bellowed.

The top half of the mould had been lowered, the joints sealed, and the flanges secured by a row of steel cramps wedged with triangular pieces of scrap iron. The spindle was then raised to an upright position and placed on a bed of dry sand. Two piles of boxes placed on each side of it supported a wooden plank for the teemer to stand upon.

Meanwhile, the furnace had been tapped. The ladle, with its fifty tons of molten steel, swung above the spindle mould. The craneman, Dai Jones, shielded his eyes from the fierce glare as he peered over the edge of his steel cage and waited for his instructions.

The teemer scrambled up the pile of boxes facing the spindle. He sank to his knees on the wooden staging and reached for the nozzle lever.

"Swing her over an inch to furnace, Dai!" Squint called.

The crane's control levers clicked.

"Okay. Let her go!"

The teemer pulled downwards. The white-hot steel rushed in a circular stream from beneath the ladle and dropped into the spindle with a hollow thud. A red tongue of flame shot into the air, and the gurgling, boiling metal rose slowly to the rim of the mould.

Bill Taylor climbed up over the boxes. As the ladle swayed along to the next mould, he tilted a bucketful of powdered blacking onto the bubbling steel and prodded the thick crust with a long iron rod.

He looked across to the water bosh.

"Hey, Ritchie! You keeping an eye on this spindle?"

Ritchie stepped up to him. "It's your job, not mine. You closed it."

"I didn't want the job, did I?" Bill grumbled.

"If Squint asked you to take a running jump into the ladle, you'd do it," Ritchie said. "If anything happens . . ." He held out his hand expressively. "It's not my pigeon."

The cast was over, and the empty ladle was swung back to its bed beneath the furnace landing. Shoulders drooped, head bowed, the perspiring teemer walked to the water bosh where Owen stood. He glanced sideways at the young moulder. "What's eating Brewer?" he asked. "Had a bit of a rumpus with you, didn't he?"

Owen did not reply.

"Okay, if that's how you feel." The teemer shuffled back towards the empty ladle. All at once he wheeled sharply around, his eyes wild with fear. He rushed to the bosh and grasped Owen's shoulder.

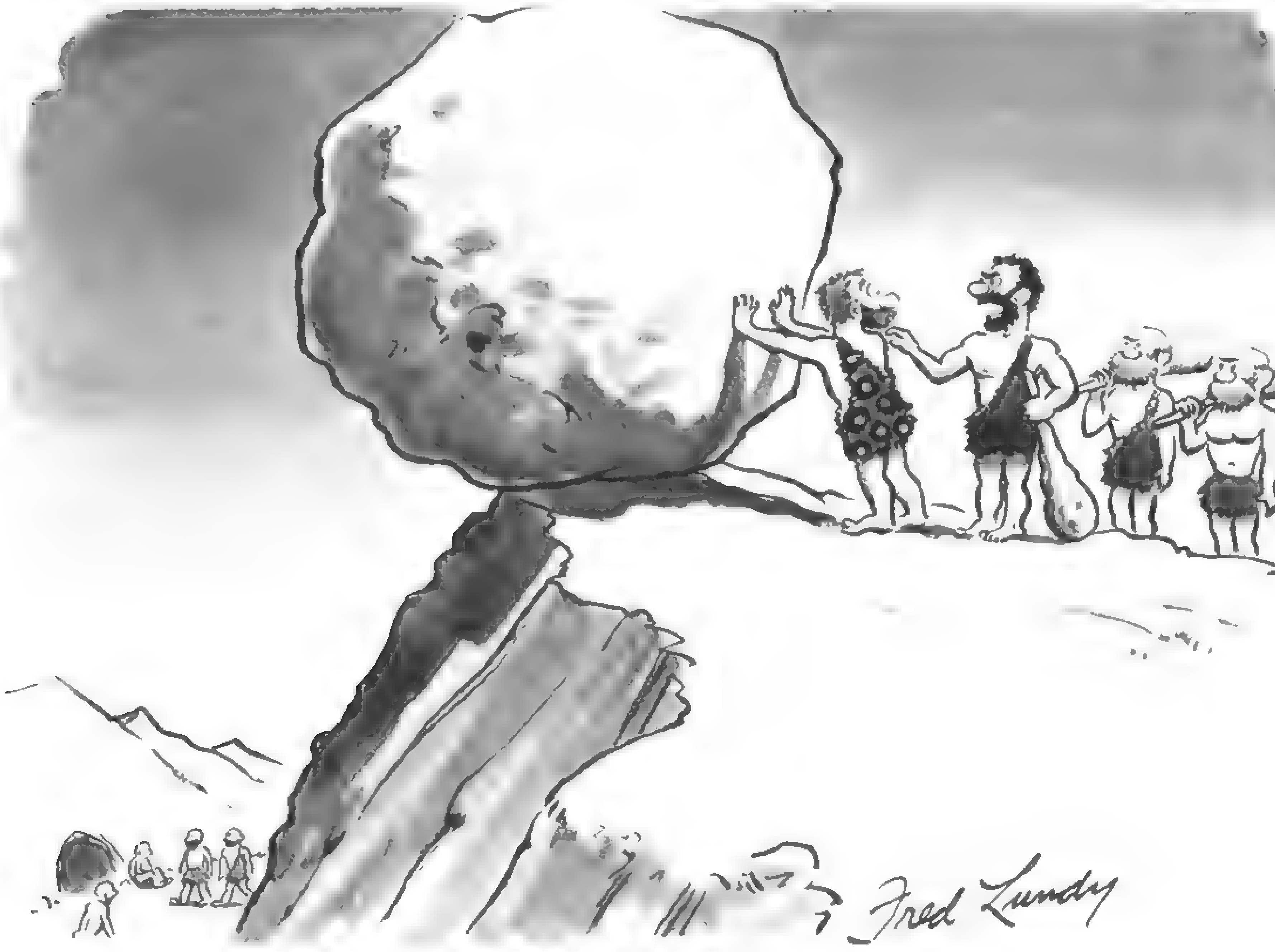
"Look, man . . . the spindle. It's—it's running out! Ritchie's down there . . . trapped, like a bloody rabbit."

A wild, piercing scream cleaved the air. Bill Taylor leaped headlong from the wooden staging. "Help! For God's sake . . . Help!" he shouted frantically. "Give us a hand, quick . . . The spindle's burst!"

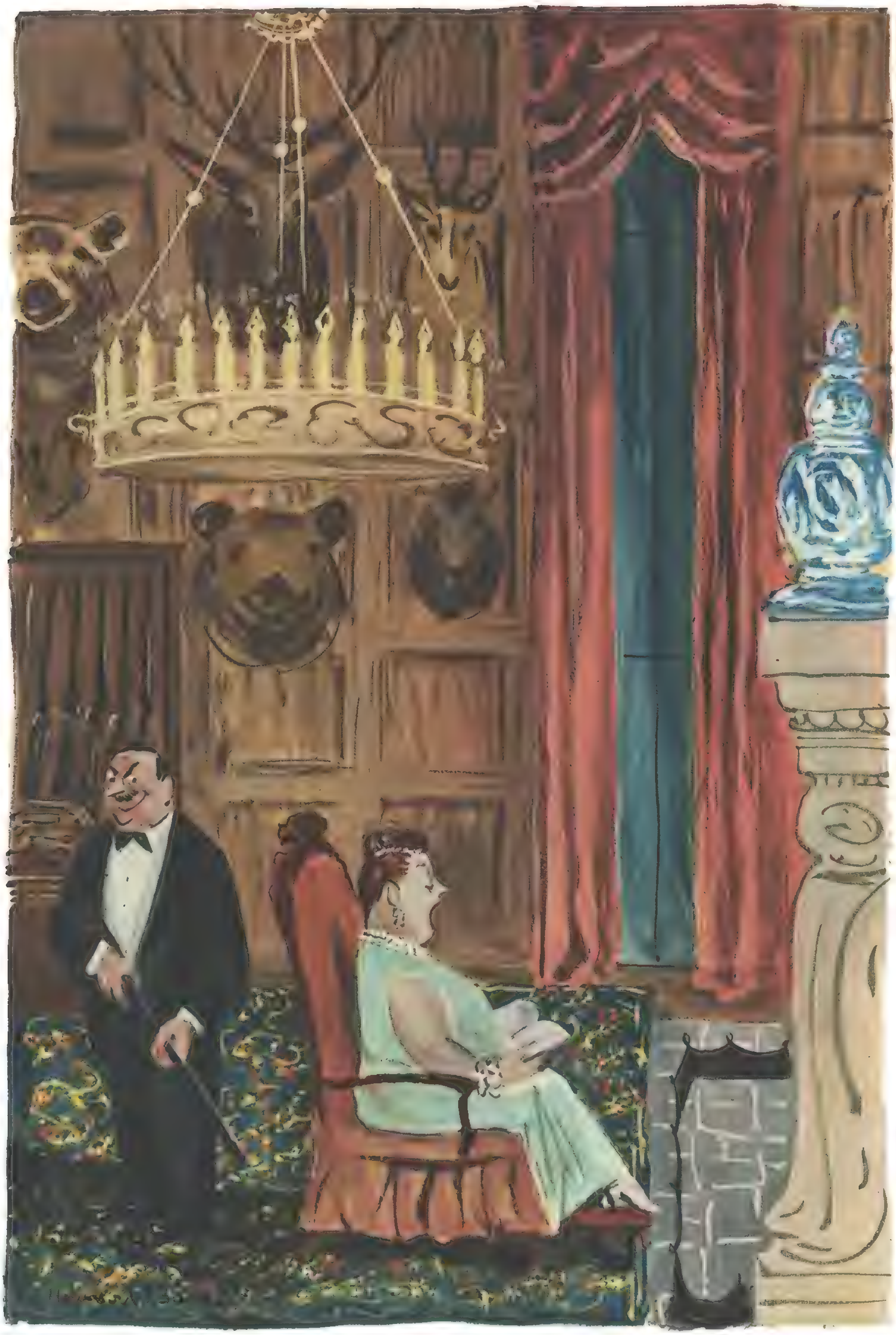
Owen pushed the agitated teemer violently aside and raced over the pit. He stumbled into the casting bay. Suddenly he stopped.

Before him, his eyes dilated with terror, stood Ritchie on one foot, precariously balanced on a single brick near the center of a rapidly filling pool of white-hot metal. Momentarily the foot slipped from the brick, and he screamed.

"Mother! Oh, Jesus Christ! Christ! Christ! Mother! Mother!" Ritchie's agonizing cries shrieked above the thunder of the cranes as they grated to a standstill on the quivering girders. A pungent smell of roasted flesh hung in the fetid air. The yellow flames bit into his hands and face. Paralyzed with fear and pain he (*Continued on page 149*)



"We'd like to have a talk with you about your loyalty to this country"



"Really, Hobart, I wish you had enough brains to think of something we might do to break this dreadful monotony"

Bernstein courts a mood on the keys

. . . attacks with brilliant violence

. . . builds orchestra into a tonal unit.

He has to keep his feet on the ground

. . . but the spirit soars high and wide

. . . while he energetically cues his men.

At times he hums with the orchestra,

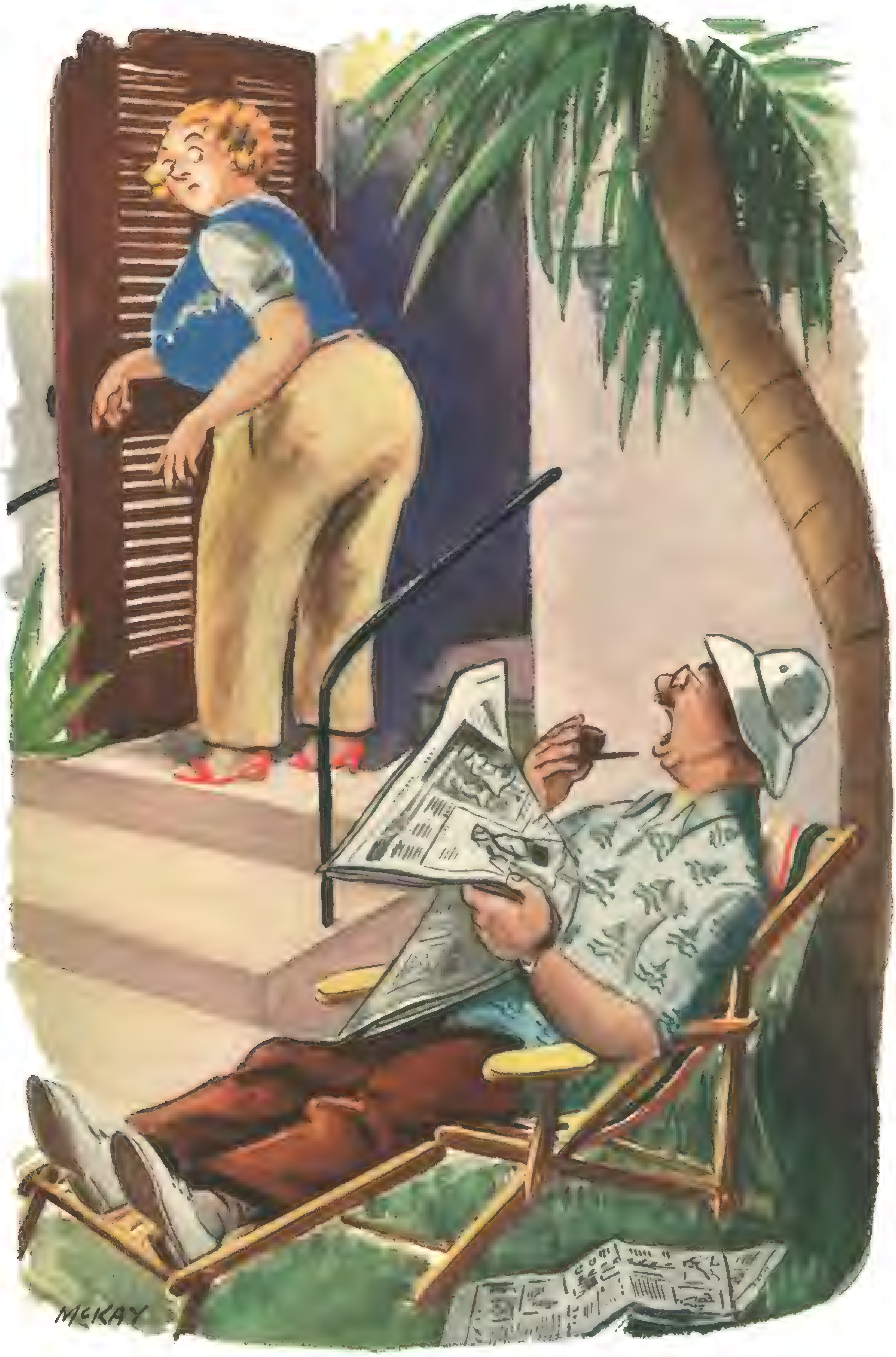
or shushes it like an overexuberant child

. . . finally rejoices as it's in the groove.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

Young Man in Love—With Music

This vehement character is not inciting a mob—he is leading an orchestra. Neither is he engaged in phony acrobatics by which less talented conductors gloss over a lack of musicianship. For this is Leonard Bernstein, 29-year-old American pianist-composer-conductor who at 25 pinch-hit for Bruno Walter as conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra without a rehearsal, and sent critics back 57 years to Toscanini's debut to find a parallel. A Harvard man to his biographer, and "Lennie" to his musicians, Bernstein looks, in his own words, "like a well-built dope fiend." In action he uses his hands and arms with the muscular efficiency of a prize fighter. No baton. But he can wring music from an orchestra that wins approval from sages like Rodzinski and Koussevitzky, as well as a horde of females who think his hair is cute. Bernstein, who can approach Delius and boogie-woogie with the same feeling skill, is shown conducting a rehearsal as if his life were at stake. Maybe it is, for Lennie has a permanent love affair with music, and such a muse is to be won only by a man who gives her everything. And Bernstein has plenty.



"Why don't you acquire the new look?"

"Ex" Marks the Sore Spot

When first and second husbands meet, can the third be far behind? Horace had a great deal more than a wife in common with his much flaunted "masterful" predecessor

A Story by

WILL F. JENKINS

HORACE WAYNE arrived in Detroit with a bitter secret in his breast. Even Emma, his wife, did not suspect it. The secret was that Horace had made an appointment to lunch with Emma's first husband in Detroit on Wednesday, and he was scared to death. He'd written to Marvin originally out of a morbid wish to see the glamorous brute whose memory—more especially when Horace was in disgrace—roused Emma to tearful bewailing. But the letter granting the appointment bothered him.

"*Dear sir,*" said the reply from Marvin (First-Husband) Bruce; "*I shall be happy to meet you at Jones' Chop House at 12:30 on Wednesday. I shall wear a carnation in my buttonhole and will have a table reserved for two. After a light lunch we can adjourn elsewhere for further discussion if you wish.*"

Horace found a note of ominous levity in that letter. Surely, Marvin was contemptuously amused at the thought of meeting Emma's second husband. He might divert himself merely by devouring half-raw steaks at lunch, and raucous laughter when he contemplated Horace. On the other hand, he might suggest visiting a gymnasium so that he and Horace could vent their primeval emotions upon each other.

Horace's emotions, however, were not primeval. He'd started the business, so he would not back down—but he consulted a detective agency. Early on Wednesday morning he interviewed a stalwart operative.

"You know the setup?" he asked.

"Yeah," said the operative.

"My wife's name is Emma," said Horace. "She was married to this Marvin guy for three years. Then she found him philandering with a blonde and gave him the gate. But she still carries a torch for him," continued Horace bitterly, "and I'm hung up in the smoke. Marvin, you see, never took any nonsense from cab drivers, he had perfect manners, and made a hell of a lot more money than I do. Until the blonde came along Marvin never forgot Emma's birthday, her wedding anniversary, or the day she consented to be his. Marvin was a large and beautiful brute and she swooned over him. I don't make her swoon. You see?"

"Yeah," said the operative. "You want me to paste him a few."

"Perish the thought," said Horace. "But if he wants to paste *me* a few, you might encourage the idea."

Then he went into the further necessary details. He told the operative about their apartment, his income, Emma's family, her tastes in food, and her good works. Then he said gloomily; "That's enough to put it over. I'll be looking on. I was a fool to start this . . ."

"Yeah," said the operative. "But don't worry. I got it."

Horace felt acute shame. But he was a scant five-feet-four and Emma's marital reminiscences constantly referred to Marvin's splendid physique. Horace was in that depressed psychological state which comes of accepting, however unwillingly, one's wife's expressed opinion of oneself.

Arriving early at Jones' Chop House, he bribed a waiter lavishly to find out which table was reserved for Mr. Bruce, and to give him a place just two tables away. He fidgeted in his chair, which was at a sort of chummy two-person setup against a column.

A brisk voice said breezily in his ear: "Look here, old man! If you're not waiting for someone you'll do me a great favor to let me sit with you!"

Horace looked up numbly. The stranger was also a scant five-feet-four, but he was all that Horace would like to be. Where Horace wore garments of conservative pattern and dignified cut, this other man wore vivid tweeds, cut negligently for sport. Where Horace wore a subdued toothbrush mustache, the other wore a jauntily waxed and pointed creation. And where Horace's whole manner was browbeaten and harassed, that of his vis-à-vis was brisk to the point of exuberance, and he had that swaggering roll to his eyes which in happier days Horace had sometimes cherished in himself.

"Oh, sit down by all means," said Horace. "I'm lunching alone."

He watched with increasing envy as his new companion beckoned to a waiter with a lordly air, and jestingly but imperiously gave his lunch order. Horace himself tended to cringe before waiters.

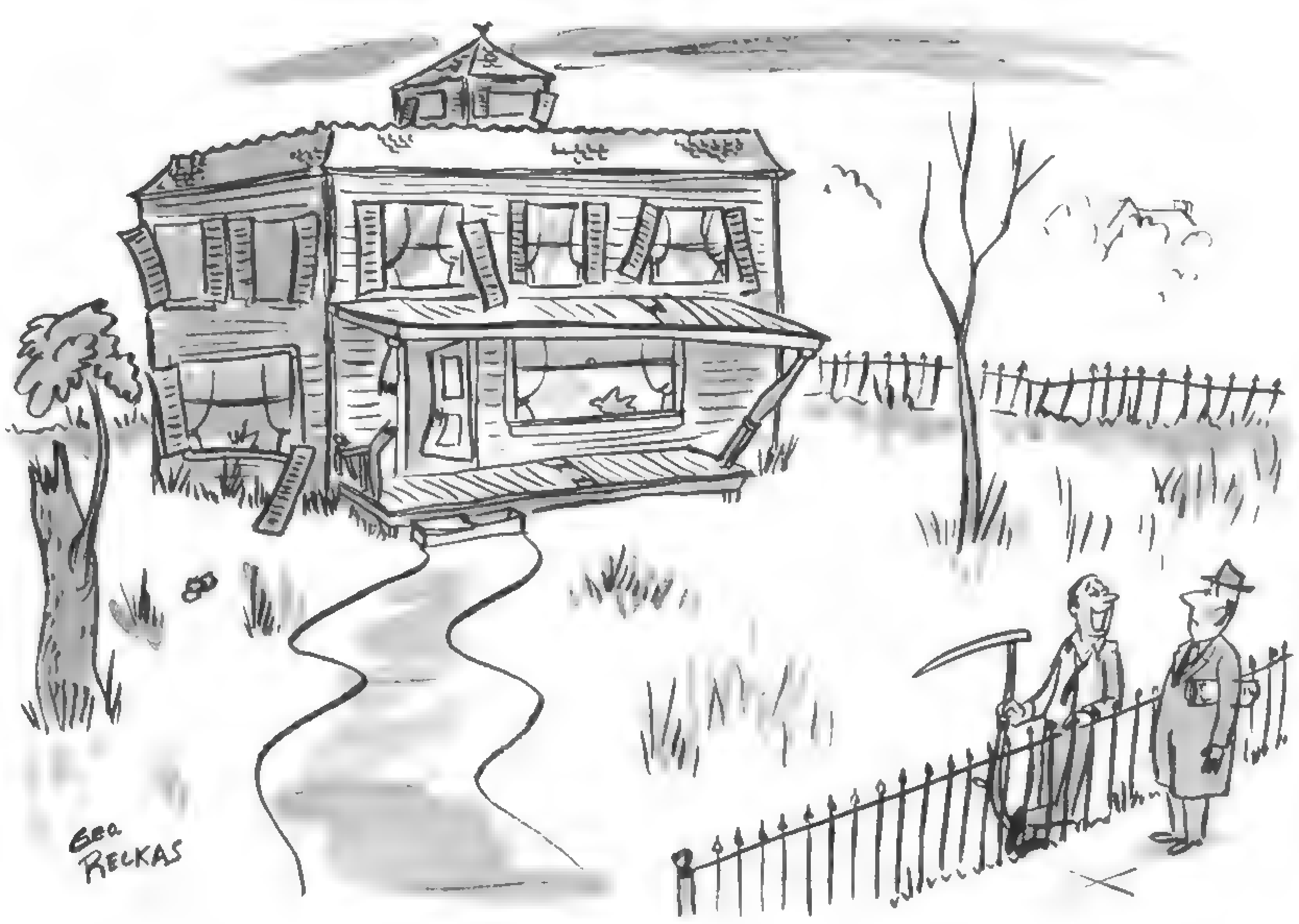
Then there was a stirring, two tables away. Two tall men, athletic in build and prosperous in appearance, sat down and faced each other politely. Horace dismissed one instantly. He was the detective-agency operative hired for the occasion. But the other had a carnation in his buttonhole and would therefore be Marvin (First-Husband) Bruce. And him Horace despised instantly. He was large, handsome and beefy, with the calm—not to say dumb—expression of the sort of man women go for. He would be the kind to flatten cabmen with one blow, to remember anniversaries, and probably to dry dishes. Horace hoped that he could feel bound to take a few pokes at his successor in Emma's affections—the said successor being the private detective who knew he would be paid for poking back. Horace ground his teeth. Then he heard a somehow panting, "Migawd!"

He jerked his head back to his own table. His companion, the jaunty, tweeded individual, stared where the two brawny men had just seated themselves. He seemed to be struggling to repress unholy mirth. He slammed down his hand on the tablecloth and looked at Horace with beaming eyes.

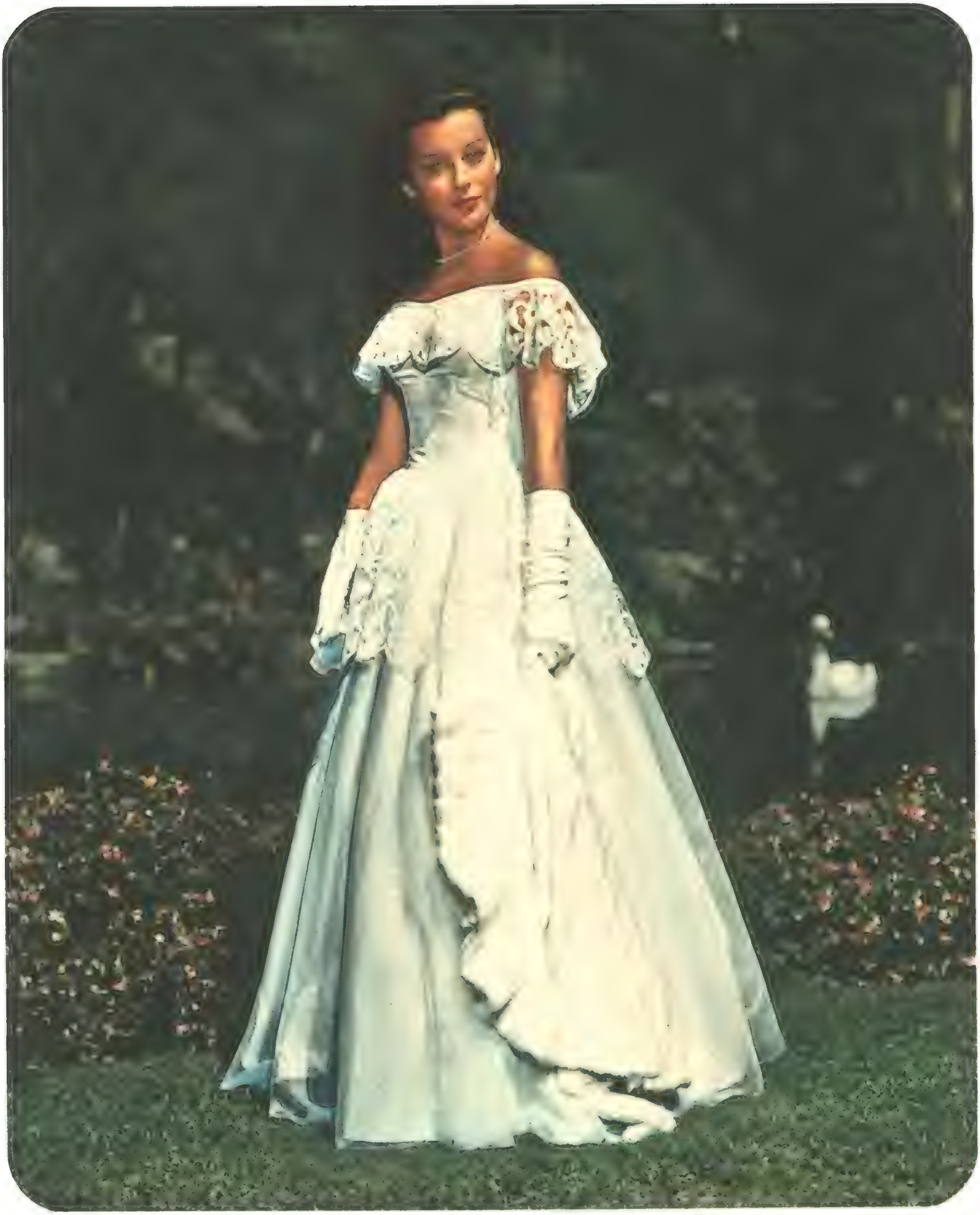
"Look!" he said joyously. "This is too good to keep! Oh, it's too good! She's got one!"

Horace blinked at him.

"My first wife," said the self-confident man happily, "has a second husband. There he is! He's her ideal! Before she married me she was crazy about a football player in college. He threw her over in a moment of sanity, and she married me at a time when I was not mentally at my best. But all the time she was married to me she talked about the guy she could have married! How big and masterful he was! How thoughtful and tender! How taxi drivers quailed before him." The stranger laughed a soft laugh of purest glee. "Now she's got another one out of the same box! Big and masterful and tender! You can read it in his beautiful vacant face! He wrote me." Then he pointed to the men, bubbling (*Continued on page 136*)



"It isn't much to look at, but then I only paid fifty thousand for it"



RUSSELL OF SPRING

Photograph by Bud Fraker

Gail Russell's new picture for Paramount is *Night Has a Thousand Eyes.* She's sweet and demure, wholesome yet fragile; and Paramount thinks she's as pretty as a man's first date. Though shy and a little frightened of strangers, Miss Russell relaxes when she feels that she's among friends. Before Paramount lured her onto a sound stage with an offer of a screen test, Gail's ambition was to be a commercial artist. She continues to work at her art as a hobby, but is quite willing to accept her fate as a movie star. To prove that she's just like the girls back home, Gail says she dislikes cooking and housework, sometimes goes for weeks without reading a book, and likes actor James Stewart. Ginger Rogers is her favorite actress.

Glamour Girl from Bresse

Stuffed with champagne-soaked truffles and gilded lovingly with wine and cream and new-laid eggs, this succulent queen of pullets is a gourmet's poem

An Article by

ROBERT SAGE

Almost any gourmet, if you catch him in an unguarded moment, will break down and admit that, frills and *chichi* aside, nothing is quite as satisfactory for a steady diet as those two old household stand-bys—a thick, juicy beefsteak and a tender, well-prepared chicken.

When it comes to steaks, the U.S.A. hasn't any lessons to take from anybody. Given a conscientious butcher and someone in the kitchen who knows how to cook, you can have a steak for dinner tonight that will gladden your stomach and soul, and make you a stronger, more tolerant man. And you may be sure that no *bon vivant* paying through the nose for his *filet mignon* or *tournedos sauce Béarnaise* in a swank Paris restaurant is eating any better than you.

With chickens the situation isn't exactly the same. Far be it from me to disparage our domestic varieties, God bless 'em. Noble birds they are, and many a happy hour have I put in gorging myself on their plump and succulent flesh. But the facts can't be blinked: there exists a chicken that is extra, hyper, ultra, super or any upper-bracket prefix you may choose to apply—and this chicken is not American.

It is a chicken beside which most others fade into the blurred anonymity of barnyard fowl, a chicken whose bouquet is as delicate as that of vintage wine, whose flesh is as fine as silk and as white as ivory, whose flavor is something out of this world; a chicken so tender that you have inadvertently swallowed and digested it before you get around to moving your jaws, a chicken that, whether it is alive or dead, is a thing of beauty and a joy to be remembered forever. I am referring to the *poulet*, or more specifically, the *poularde de Bresse*, which is the proudest product of French aviculture and gastronomy.

This feathered aristocrat is unfortunately not one of those things you can pick up at a store on your way from work. Even Parisians who have the necessary cash can't always do that. Before the war more than 10,000,000 were available each year, and quite a lot of them found their way to the United States. Nowadays, what with the scarcity of grain and that sort of thing, production has fallen below 3,000,000, and only a very few of these get out of their native land.

But if your future includes a trip to France, you would do well to get acquainted with the bird, a difficult thing to do, but not impossible if you shop around a bit. Don't make the mistake, however, of believing everything labeled *poularde de Bresse* really is what it claims to be—even if it is wearing an impressive lead bracelet. In the store there is only one foolproof way to identify the chicken, and that is by its legs. If they're blue, it's the genuine article: if they're any other color, it isn't.

At the restaurant, such convenient guides being absent, you have to rely on your judgment. If the menu lists your chicken as hailing from Bresse, if its bones are small and clean as a whistle, if its body is all meat, white, firm, fine-grained, tender and better tasting than you ever dreamed chicken could be, then the chances are that the restaurateur served you just what you asked for.

The method of preparing a pullet from Bresse calls for a chapter all by itself. To subject this bird to such vulgar treatment as roasting, grilling or frying would never occur to a French cook worthy of the name. One of the fancier forms, with a long and honorable record, is called *Poularde de la Bresse truffée et cuite à la vapeur.* It is a stunning dish that involves rubbing the *poularde de Bresse* with lemon, stuffing it cram full with diced black truffles which have been soaked in fine champagne and seasoned with salt and spices, and cooking it by a steaming process. This steaming process consists of placing the chicken in the top section of a tightly covered earthenware casserole, which is like a double boiler. The partition between the bottom section of the casserole, which contains the boiling water, and the top section containing the chicken is perforated so that the steam envelopes the *poularde de Bresse.* During its slow cooking (which takes several hours), esoteric rites are performed over it with such things as beef broth, white wine, a cup of cream and the yolks of a couple of new-laid eggs.

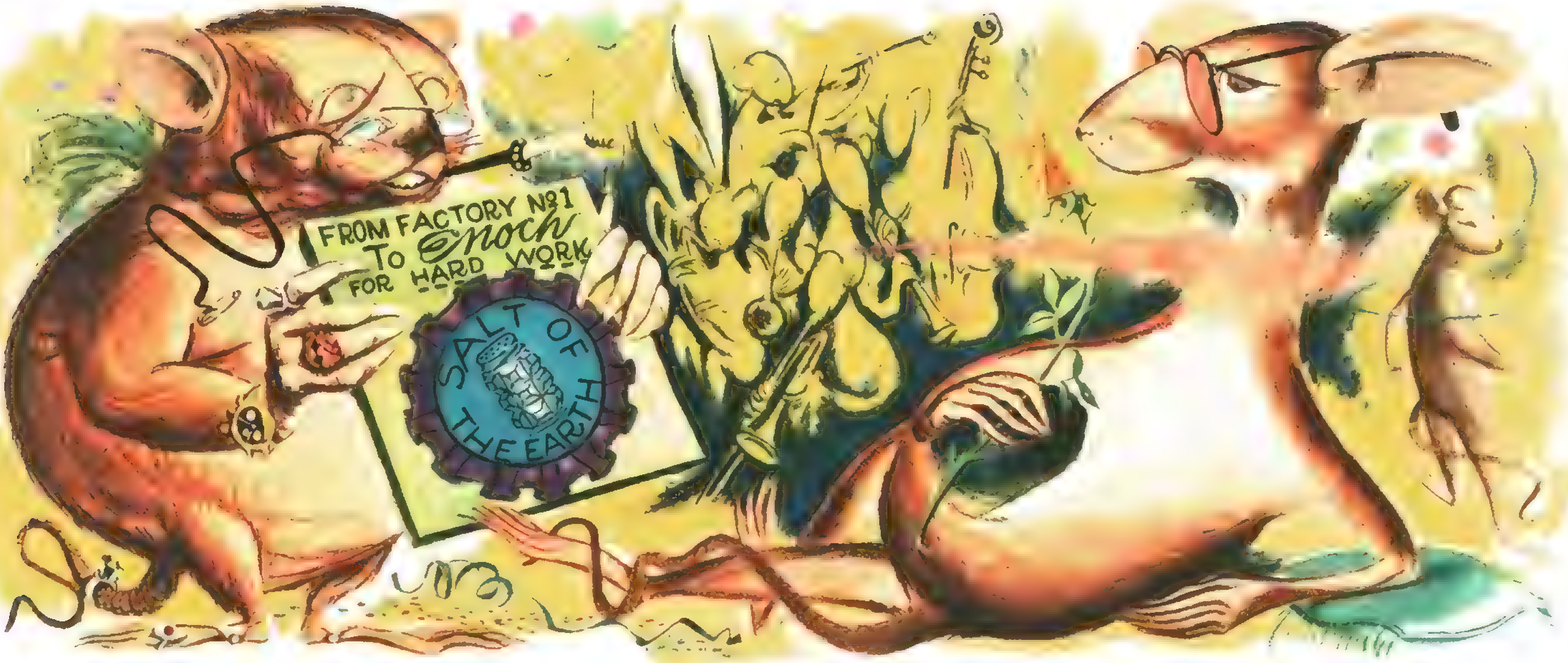
A Bressan fowl prepared according to this mouth-watering formula might strike a layman as coming fairly close to the *nec plus ultra* in eating. The gastronomic purists, however, frown on it. Their reasoning runs something like this: a delicacy in the class of the *poularde de Bresse* should be devoured in all its purity—the addition of foreign matter, however toothsome, can only have the effect of altering, disguising or corrupting the distinctive taste it was given by Nature. Back to the cupboard with your truffles and *fine champagne*, your broth and wine, your lemons and what have you. In the opinion of the dining-room pundits, there is one way and one way alone to prepare the precious *poularde de Bresse*, and that is merely to add *aqua pura* and rock salt, and allow the bird to stew in its own juice.

To obtain the desired result you don't just submerge the pullet in cold water and turn on the gas or electricity. No, indeed. Like a lobster, the chicken is dropped into a pot of water that is already merrily aboil. Its albumen thus coagulates at once, instead of dissolving (as would be the case if you started from scratch with cold water); an elaborate chemical process begins, and the finished product retains all its dainty flavor and savor—its locked-in goodness, as the hucksters used to say.

This sounds all right on paper, but unless the operation has been handled by an expert, the outcome is pretty terrible. In the Bresse country itself, the old wives who have been cooking chicken dinners ever since their pigtail days are less dogmatic. They compromise by getting a soupbone, a hunk of veal and some vegetables under way, then adding the chick and allowing the whole to simmer away for a good hour and a half.

However, if you are just a fellow who likes to eat well and to hell with the theory, the wisest thing to do is to settle for *Poularde de Bresse à* *(Continued in center of page 137)*

Ye Olde
Colonial
Tea Shoppe
sway



The Fable of the Mousey Mouse

Not addressed to kiddies, this disenchanting tale suggests hard work will get you nowhere, that the race is not to the righteous but to the wrong guys

by JOHN HENRY

Once upon a time there was a mouse named Enoch who was not very Bright but extremely Willing. What he lacked in Brains, he tried to compensate for in Energy and Hard Work. A Good Provider and Family Man, he always managed to keep his beautiful wife, Evangeline, in all the necessities and a few luxuries but, because he was a bit Slow, he had to work hard and long to do it. Other mice, smarter and quicker than Enoch, fared much better than he and with less effort, while Enoch plodded wearily along Life's Path, often to Evangeline's disgust because she was a Girl with Ideas.

For a good many years Enoch had worked for Mr. Mickey, manufacturer of prefabricated nests, who, at a special dinner last summer, presented Enoch with a lapel pin in recognition of years of faithful service and called him "The Salt of the Earth." This epithet pleased Enoch, but displeased Evangeline which, more than a thousand words, explains the difference between them.

Three weeks following the testimonial dinner, Enoch was laid off due to shortage of material and, unable to find employment elsewhere in the attic where he lived, he set out into the world to seek his fortune, leaving Evangeline at home until he could send for her. Unfortunately, the demand for Salts of the Earth was at low ebb. The saline characteristic was a glut on the market. But Enoch was a plodder and persevered in his search until, at long last, at a distant location he found another manufacturer of prefabricated nests, by whom he was employed.

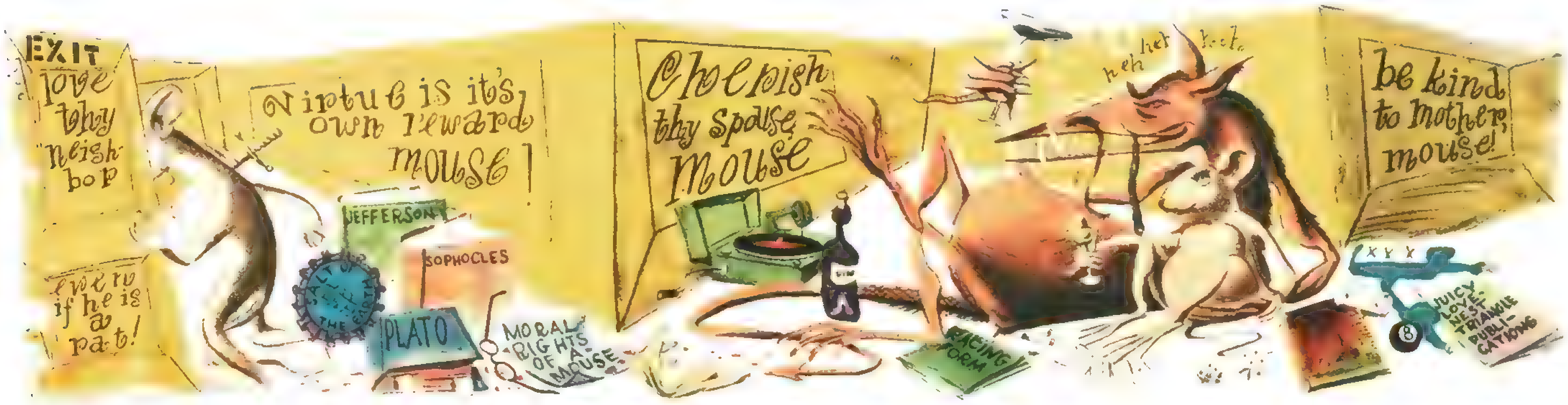
As soon as he could accumulate enough money to move his wife to their new home he returned to his native attic where, to his surprise, he found her in a Very Delicate Condition. Even with his limited knowledge of mathematics, Enoch was not long in working out a ratio between the truth of certain biological periods and the length of his absence, which gave him the wrong answer.

An investigation revealed that a rat by the name of Two-Gun Gonzales was the stinker in the case and Enoch went looking for him with sanguinary intentions. TGG was no trouble to find, principally because he made no effort to hide.

They met, the Mouse and the Rat, just inside Emergency Exit No. 3. Enoch accused. Two-Gun admitted. He did more than admit; he bragged and asked Enoch what he was going to do about it, a question which Enoch found difficult to answer. He thought it over carefully. The difference in size between them convinced Enoch he was going to do nothing physical about it. He considered the legal angle and dismissed it as too embarrassing. He felt he was in the right morally, but there was little satisfaction in just feeling right so Enoch turned away and walked slowly out the exit with the laughter of Two-Gun Gonzales ringing in his ears.

Moral: If you are a mouse, some rat will push you around sooner or later. ⧻

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD SIMPSON



Mme. Tussaud Still Pax Them In

Napoleon posed for Mme. Tussaud in the flesh; in the wax, at the famous London exhibition, he poses the problem for visitors: Who's real? Who's wax?

TORTURE of the BOOKS

Blood spurting from this tortured mouth bears gory testimony to the medieval methods of persuasion—and to the unique art at Mme. Tussaud's

One of the morbidly fascinating exhibits in the waxworks' Chamber of Horrors, The Man in the Iron Cage, *shows Sicilian execution for priests*

Almost as timeless as the plays of Shakespeare (above), the figures at Mme. Tussaud's have magnetized millions since the time of Louis XVI

Stevan Dohanos: Living Canvas

Let other painters flee to the South Seas or to the Subconscious; he finds excitement in our own back yard. In his focus even a prosaic rocker looks good

STEVAN DOHANOS is the man who discovered fire hydrants. You might say that what African sculpture was to the cubists fire hydrants are to Dohanos.

In discussing his work Steve uses the phrase "commonplace objects" a good deal. His fire hydrant, of course, is a commonplace object. So are his telegraph poles, roof tops, clotheslines, store fronts and automobile highways. To him, these things are more eloquent of reality than all the soul searchings of the surrealists, the verbal pyrotechnics of the cubists, the agonizing futilitarianisms of the Existentialists.

Before his days of renown Steve Dohanos checked railroad cars in a small Ohio town. The Middle West did not fill him with anger as it did Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters and the countless others who have fled the prairie, the small-town gossip, the ramshackle, low-pay factory in order to lose themselves in our urban centers. It would be interesting to know how a man could come out of a milieu of commonplace objects loving, instead of loathing, these very objects and this very commonness.

First it must be observed that Dohanos never glorifies the ordinary as, let us say, Benton does. His pictures of people in rockers on small-town porches are never overlaid with a Grecoesque frenzy which, with Benton, awakens echoes of the lurid poster outside the nickelodeon. If Dohanos chooses to envelop himself in the American scene he does so because he respects it. Benton shouts about it from the housetops; Dohanos goes out and takes his place in a rocker on the veranda. He doesn't love the American scene because he sees, under its surface, some apocalyptic promise; he doesn't love the milkmaid for the grand dame she may someday become. He will make simple statements of facts for what they are worth

An Article by

ROBERT U. GODSOE

without grandstand plays. Who's going to tell Dohanos that his dream of commonplace objects is not sublime?

A checker, a Magyar, a fellow who has twice gone down under the bludgeonings of physical illness . . . what is there here that equips a man to speak with such authority about the world of tangible things? Many a guy has come back from a long time under a cloud, as any G.I. can tell you, newly awake to the homely enduring beauties of old slippers, old friends, even the old gal herself. But there must be a greater motivation here, for when a man has the technical equipment to do virtuoso things and yet prefers direct statements concerning simple matters we must find a basic reason.

The reason, of course, is Steve Dohanos himself. He likes being alive. He likes life in the country with his wife and his youngsters, good friends around a barbecue, community activities. He was overwhelmed with emotion one day when he called for the youngsters at Sunday School and sat in the back of the church, which he rarely attends as a communicant, taking in every detail of the scene . . . as an artist, which isn't far from the act of communication.

Picasso discovered, back in the first decade of this century, dubious blessings in African and other primitive sculptures. That the forms of African sculpture spoke to Picasso is testimony enough that the thing found was the thing needed. The sterilities of life in the grip of the mechanisms and determinisms of an industrial era were such that some men became the romantics of a new era, like the Shelleys and Byrons of another day who fell upon Greece and Rome for sustenance. The new romantics, too, must reach into exotic climes for food for the insatiable spirit. Picasso was merely a man who dared to say to the corner grocer: "Now look here, bud, I want pomegranates, keep your spinach."

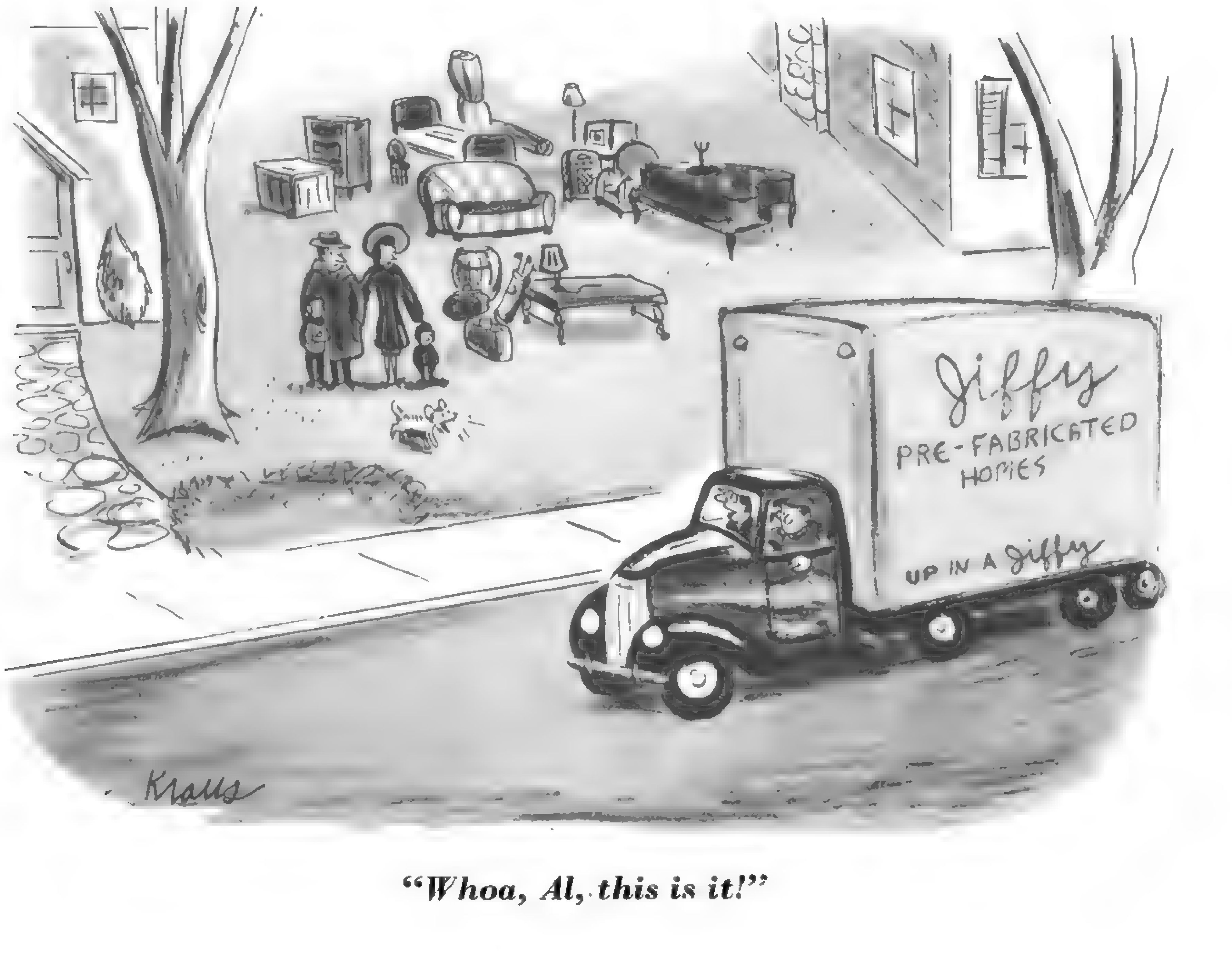
If we are going to allow that Picasso may have his Congo fetiches, his wraith-guitars surrounded by calcified playing cards, his double-headed ladies, we will have no call to argue with a Steve Dohanos who discovers all his magic in a drugstore window, the singing monasticism of a lone telegraph pole by a ribbon of macadamized highway, a barn on a hill, a pigeon cote on a roof top, a line of wash, a still-life composed of a rocker, a pair of spectacles on a veranda. While Gauguin was off painting Tahitian ladies, Renoir had only to ask the cook to come in from the kitchen, you see what I mean, boys? The heart forages where and when the heart must, sometimes no further than the back yard. And what's one man's canned hash is another man's caviar.

Dohanos' heart forages across the American scene. He may find a fire hydrant unlike any he's ever seen on a side street in Oscaloosa. He needs a couple of youngsters as models for a magazine cover; the local school will deliver a busload. Something in one of his canvases is going to take place in front of a bakery. There's a bakery on Main Street in Westport. The local gendarmerie sent a cop out one day to pose for an illustration. Dohanos is lucky—America is at his elbow and America is where this son of Magyars, a spiritual Magyar himself, prefers to forage. Picasso is right; so is Dohanos. And those who would tell a man what is fit for his easel have the souls of commissars.

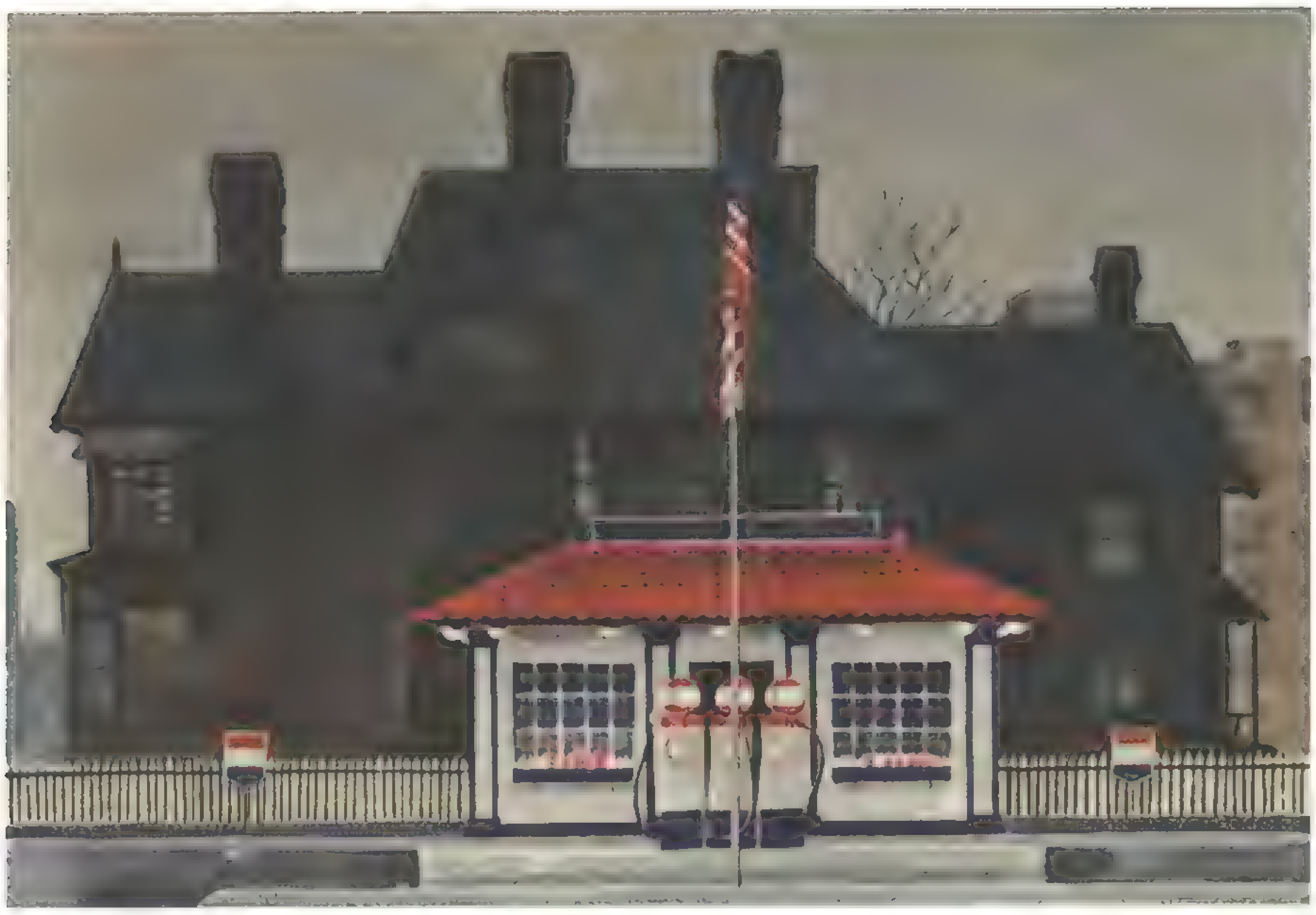
The principal directive in modern art has been the impulse to metaphysics and the occult. That occultism should rise in protest at a time when materialism bestrides the world like behemoth is understandable. But when the pendulum swings back and artists begin affirming the world at the doorstep instead of arrant nebulae floating in the conjectural empyrean, that, too, must be understandable especially to those who have been vociferous in defending the taste for pomegranates.

Dohanos finds here and now not without glamour, glory, magic. The simple activities of simple people dominate his canvas. He works rapidly and on location; he gets it all, the smell, the texture, the mood. And with Sandburg you hear Dohanos say, "The people, yes!"

It's important to remember that a hundred years from now a fire hydrant by Dohanos will be as eloquent of the artist of our day as an African sculpture by Picasso out of Minoa by way of an Etruscan vase. And perhaps a trifle more eloquent of the mores of a people who lived between the Canadian border and the Rio Grande during a given period. Which, it would seem, will have been reason enough for its being. ⧺



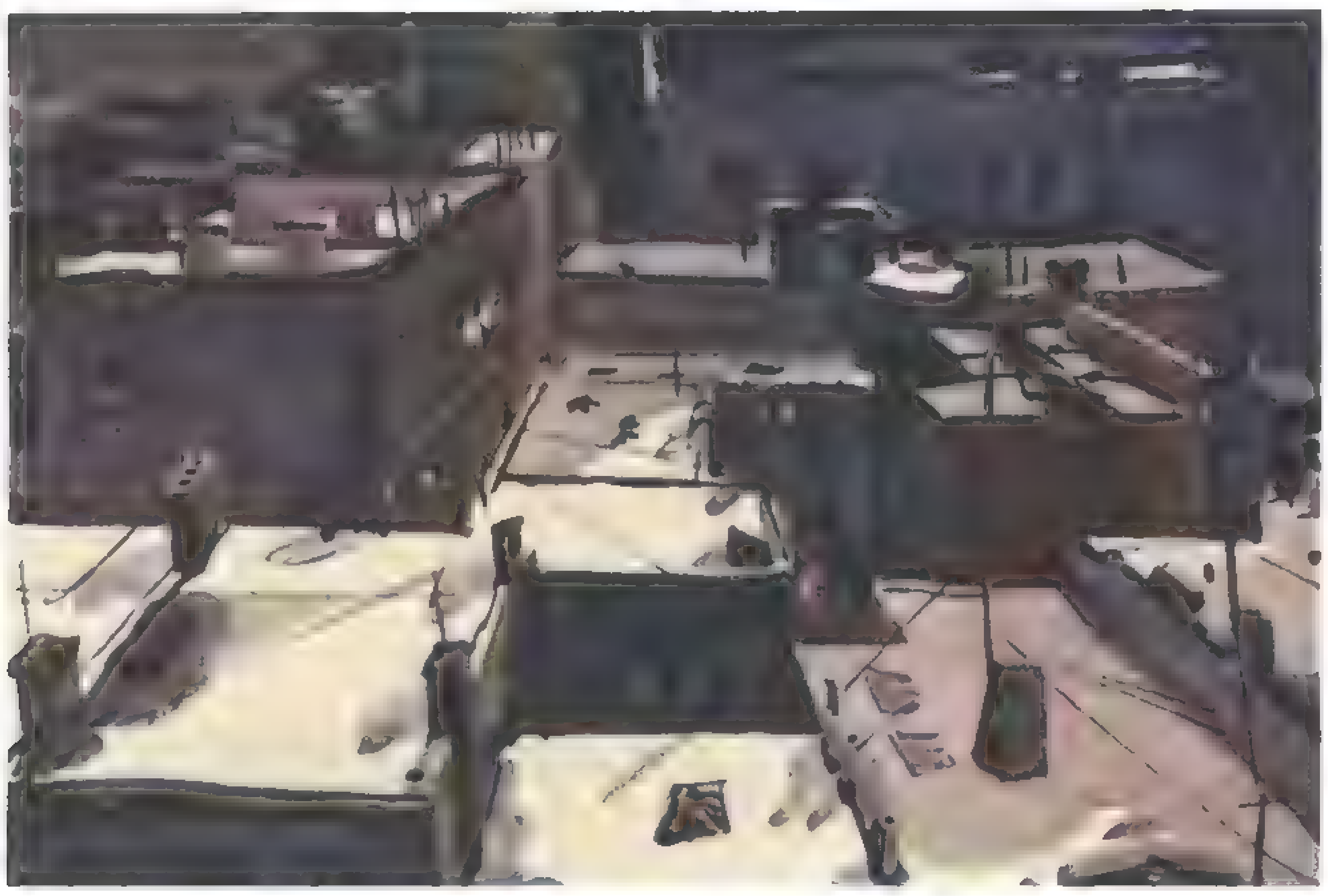
"Whoa, Al, this is it!"



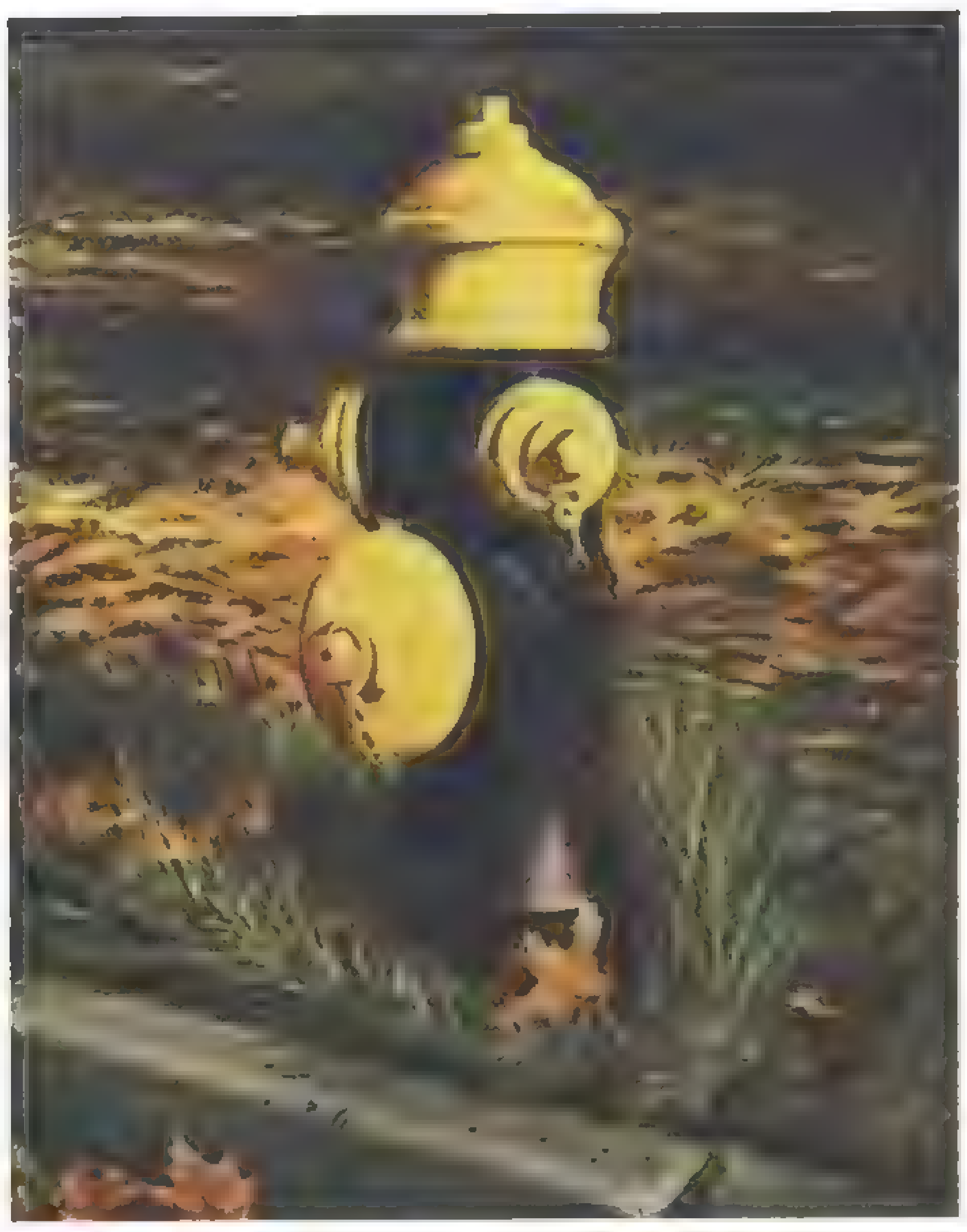
AMERICAN PACE WATER COLOR 21" x 30"

Art Portfolio

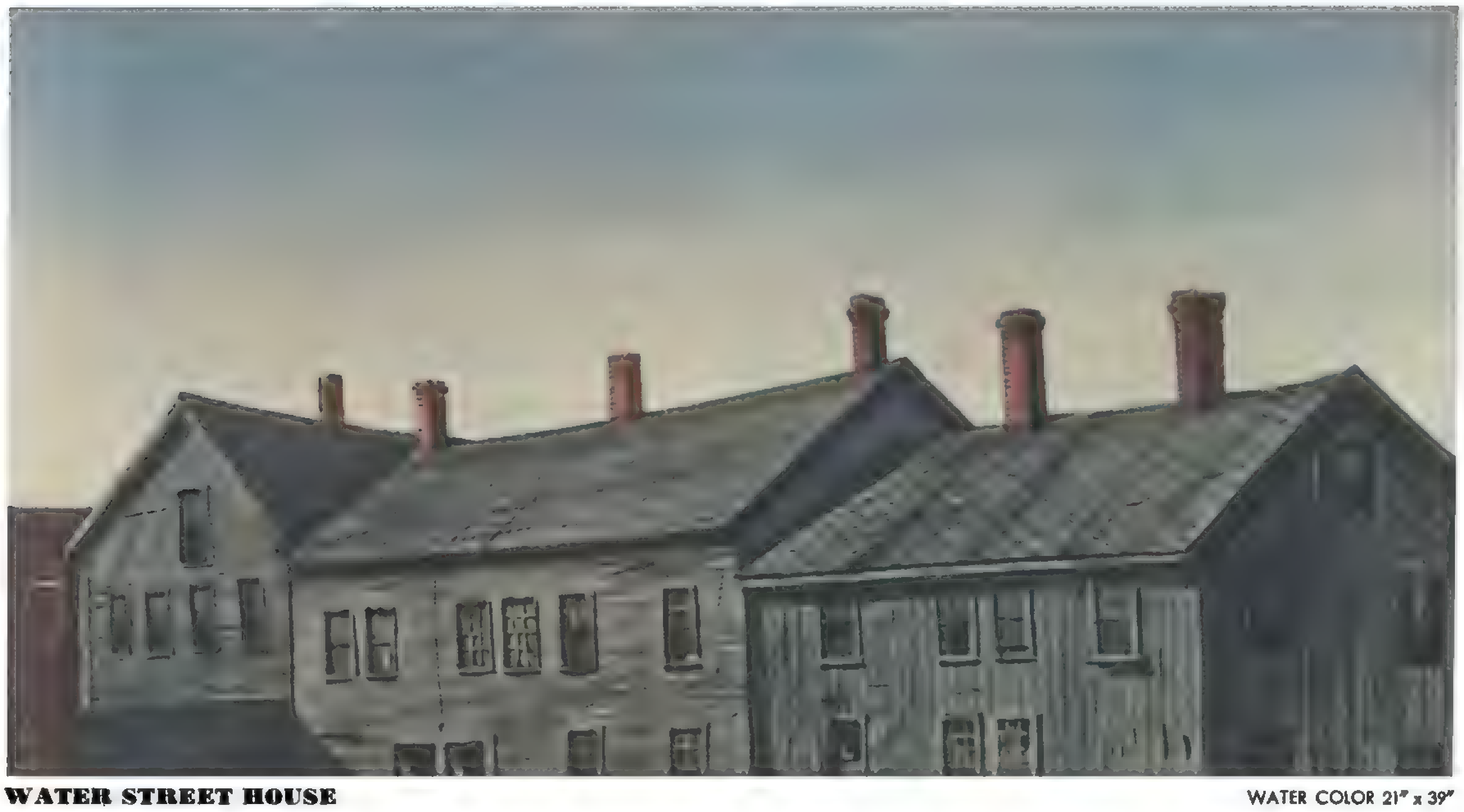
STEVAN DOHANOS



ROOFTOPS WATER COLOR 15" x 22"



FALL PAINT JOB WATER COLOR 28" x 22"



WATER STREET HOUSE WATER COLOR 21" x 39"

The Wreck at the Hesperus

Swimming chorines and kissing seals made quite a show at the club's opening night, even without the impromptu slapstick by Policeman Webfoot McCarthy

A Story by

R. MUSEL & W. BRENNAN

ALL the patrons of the Club Hesperus are advised that reservations for last week's première, interrupted by events beyond the management's control will be honored next Tuesday night when Willy Lilly's Amphibious Extravaganza positively will open . . .

"Hey," said the man with the Florida tan, "what is this 'positively will open,' stuff?"

Alex, chief soda jerk of Blenheim's Broadway All-Nite Drugs & Luncheonette, read the extended tabloid. His mournful, protruding eyes skimmed across the advertisement.

"You haven't heard?" he said at last. As Times Square's amateur chronicler of all things theatrical, Alex realized the value of the dramatic pause.

"In Florida," the man answered, "I heard nothing—except from my bookie and him I'd rather not hear from."

"Well," Alex responded at length, "it's like what the ad says. I'm thinking of devoting a whole chapter in my book to what happened."

The tanned man didn't look up. For years customers of Blenheim's had heard about Alex' book. Titled *And Soda Bed—Confessions of a Counterman,* it had never progressed beyond its naming.

Suddenly the man threw down the newspaper and snorted. "It's gotta be publicity," he muttered. "I go back a long time on this street and Willy Lilly has never yet muffed a chance to steal free space. Remember his first show . . . *The Cowboy and the Indian?* He walked around town in a ten-gallon hat and boots and spurs—he even had a prop arrow stuck in his back."

"But this time it's straight," Alex said.

"On the level?" the man persisted.

Alex firmly decided the issue. "I was there the first opening night—backstage. Lilly takes his afternoon tiffin here and he personally invited me to attend that night."

The Florida commuter scanned his *Racing Form* briefly, folded the sheet and gave himself over to curiosity. "Tell me about it," he said.

Alex glanced at his wrist watch, then through the plate glass out into 44th Street. Suddenly he pointed. "Right on time!" he said. "Look!"

Something massive in blue serge swept by like a four-masted bark.

"That," said Alex impressively, "is Patrolman Webfoot McCarthy."

His customer's jaw dropped like a boardinghouse transom.

"Not Webfoot McCarthy—the famous swimmer? I thought he retired with the rest of them old-time Irish cop athletes."

"You thought wrong," Alex corrected. "But he's the last of them. A few months ago he was still earning medals for saving drowning people—about seventy rescues in thirty years on the water-front beat."

"Didn't he swim the English Channel while holding a cannon ball?" the man broke in.

"Something like that," Alex said shortly. He hated interruptions.

"But what's he doing up here—on a Broadway beat?"

"We blame that on the police commissioner," Alex replied as spokesman for the district. "He got worried about Webfoot's advancing years and there seemed to be no other way of stopping him from diving in after submerged citizens. Around here Webfoot is a displaced person—like a herring in Death Valley. Nobody to rescue except drunks who get caught in the rain and think they're drowning."

"So?"

"So Webfoot is moody and takes out his ill temper on the cream of my customers. He hates show people, too, because none of them look like they can swim a yard. Touts, tin-horns and mashers have been given his personal attention. Many of our mutual friends are cruising around in wheel chairs, or what we call McCarthy station wagons."

"Another cup of coffee," the man quavered.

Alex glanced down the long counter, waved an assistant to watch for new business and went to the steaming urn. He drew two cups.

"I'll soak one up with you," he said significantly.

At this point, Blenheim customers had a choice of settling down to listen or fleeing to a prior engagement.

The man with the tan did not choose to run.

"Filibuster me," he invited.

Alex dabbed a bit of Danish pastry and two fingers into his coffee.

"To begin with," he said, "you would never think that six-feet-six-inches and 290 pounds of Irishman could sire a lovely dish like Nancy McCarthy. Hair as black as ripe olives. Skin like the cream never found in Blenheim's coffee and more curves than National League pitching. Furthermore, I shouldn't be surprised if she kissed only people she actually liked. A very wholesome girl.

"Naturally," Alex went on, "the sight of Webfoot on the hot end of a night stick curdled the ambitions of those whose intentions did not include Mendelssohn's contribution to the Hit Parade.

"Anyway, Willy Lilly spotted Nancy swimming at the Women's Club in the National Championships. When she stepped out of the water and took off her cap, Willy almost swallowed his cigar butt, gurgled with delight and immediately offered her a contract as a show girl.

"He dropped in here and told me about her. Almost six feet tall, he said, and every inch essential and beautiful. Later Willy learned she could sing and decided to build a whole show around her.

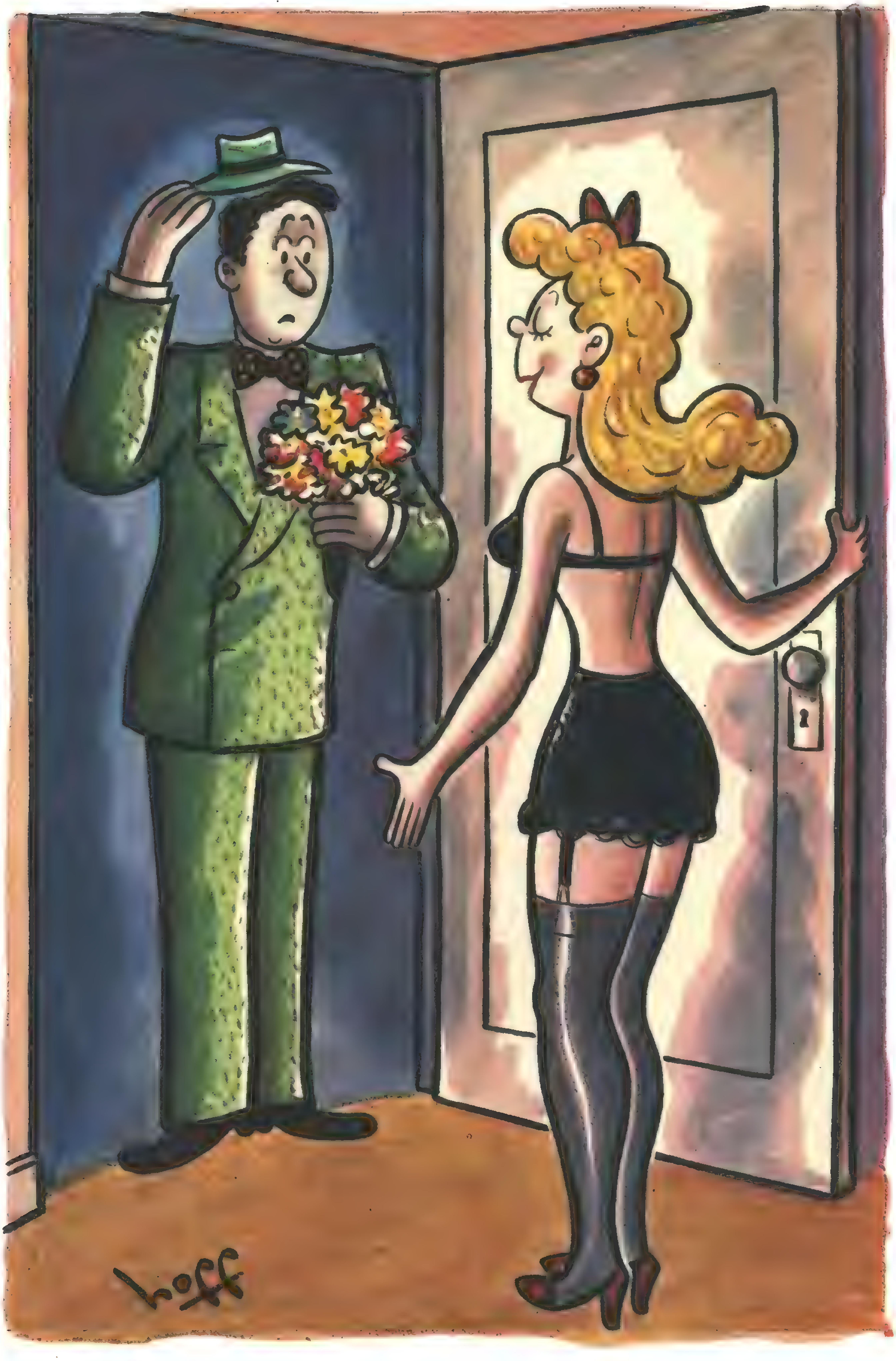
"But when he telephoned to cut her in on the big inspiration, she said she was sorry but Webfoot had ruled she could work in a night club only over his dead body—and the dead body of the proprietor.

"Well, any man who can talk his way up from a dime side show to the biggest night club in the country has nothing to fear if he can get in the first word. Willy merely pointed out that the Club Hesperus was on Webfoot's beat and under his own protection and that his daughter's swimming in public would help to popularize the sport. Even actors, he said, might take it up. Which convinced Webfoot.

"And that," said Alex, typhooning the beverage to a lower temperature, "brings us to the rehearsal of (*Continued on page 159*)

SHAPO'S RACING FORM
Ned HILTON

"Pop, why don't you give me all the things you didn't have when you were a boy?"



"Why, Tommy—you're early!"

from Hot to Cool

The long-awaited summertime emancipation of the American male becomes a reality this year with the introduction of the new lightweight accessories, materials and tailoring

Gone are the days when the fact that you are of the male fraternity automatically sentenced you to a summer spent in damp discomfort. This year winter-weights in summer suits and sports clothes are as out-of-style as the mustache cup.

For reasons that no one has ever been able to figure out, men have been mice about breaking away from the accepted rules about what will be worn in the summertime. For years the season's change was marked by removing the topcoat and replacing the bowler with a straw skimmer. Some men—very unconventional men, of course—even went vestless from June 21st through Labor Day. But except for those few concessions (and maybe the appearance of one or two alpaca jackets) men wore the same woolen suits through the summer that had done them service through the winter. Praise be—those days are gone forever!

It's no longer necessary to load yourself down with warm clothes during the summer months. This year you can be happy, even though fully clothed, simply by taking advantage of the many new materials that have been developed which have but one reason for being—your complete warm-weather comfort.

Cotton-and-rayon cords, for instance. They've been accepted for years down around New Orleans and other southern cities as the only sensible thing to wear in hot weather. The college crowd—as they so often are—were the first outsiders to recognize the value of the cord jacket. They brought it north and wore it around the campus with grey flannel slacks. When they started wearing them into town, the corded suits finally caught on. They've proved *so* comfortable that this year there'll be hardly a man without a couple. They're practical, too, since they wash almost as easily as a handkerchief.

For the man who still demands a little more substance in his summer suit there are any number of rayon-mixture suitings to choose from. The materials are very loosely woven to allow free passage of air, but the rayon gives them a soft drape and a resistance to wrinkles. And, of course, there's always tropical worsted.

New, and sure to be well received, are the summer sports jackets that are beginning to be seen in the more fashionable country gatherings. They're made of lightweight wools and worsteds; the weave is about the same as usual, but the yarns that are used are much thinner and not nearly as heavy as the yarns we're used to wearing. Although they still look like tweeds they can be worn comfortably right through the summer. Some of them take to bold plaids and checks—there's something about the summertime that makes men less inhibited than usual—while others are in the small colorful patterns that have become so popular in regular sports jackets lately. The new jackets are more lightly constructed and carefully tailored.

Shirtings are getting lighter and lighter. Wear lightweight zephyr cottons or batiste madras or sheer rayons (for sportswear they're printed; for dresswear they're plain) and you won't even know you've got a shirt on your back. Some sports shirts are woven as loosely as fish nets. Socks are short and loosely knitted—sometimes in a mesh pattern.

There's no sense in wearing heavy winter brogues in warm weather; a little shoe-shopping will keep your feet cool and comfortable, too. Some shoes are made of thin, light leathers and thin but strong soles. Others are perforated. But don't compromise on quality—only good shoes look good.

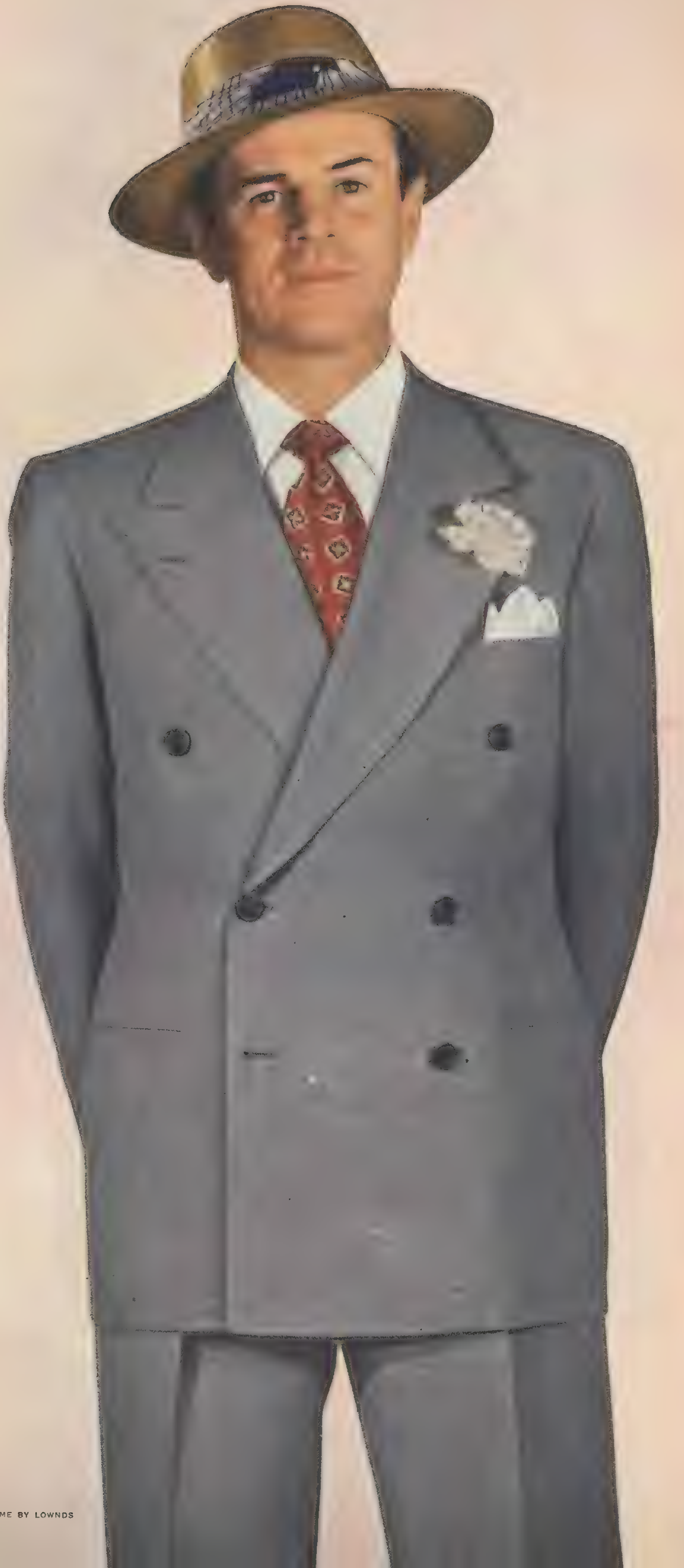
Most men have cursed the necktie at one time or another, and the convention that says we must wear one—even through the summer. Actually, we'd miss the necktie if we were suddenly ordered to do away with them; too often that's the only color and imagination in which a man will indulge. But however you feel, since wear them you do, you'll be wise to switch to cotton or madras neckwear for summer. It's surprising how warm a band of heavy silk around your neck can be—and what a difference you'll notice when you try the lightweights.

A word to the warm should be sufficient. If you suffer through this summer—it will be no one's fault but your own! #

from **Hot**
to **Cool**

Light on the subject

—these easy-to-be-comfortable-in summer clothes. The suit is a tropical worsted in Gravel Grey—a color that's been held over from spring by popular demand. A blue-and-white puggree adds color to the tapered-crown Milan straw hat. A white handkerchief is displayed in the chest pocket. The white shirt is talented, too—take off that red foulard tie, unbutton the neckband of the widespread collar, and the shirt becomes a sports model for the week end.



KODACHROME BY LOWNDS

from Hot
to Cool

Cords are coming into their own

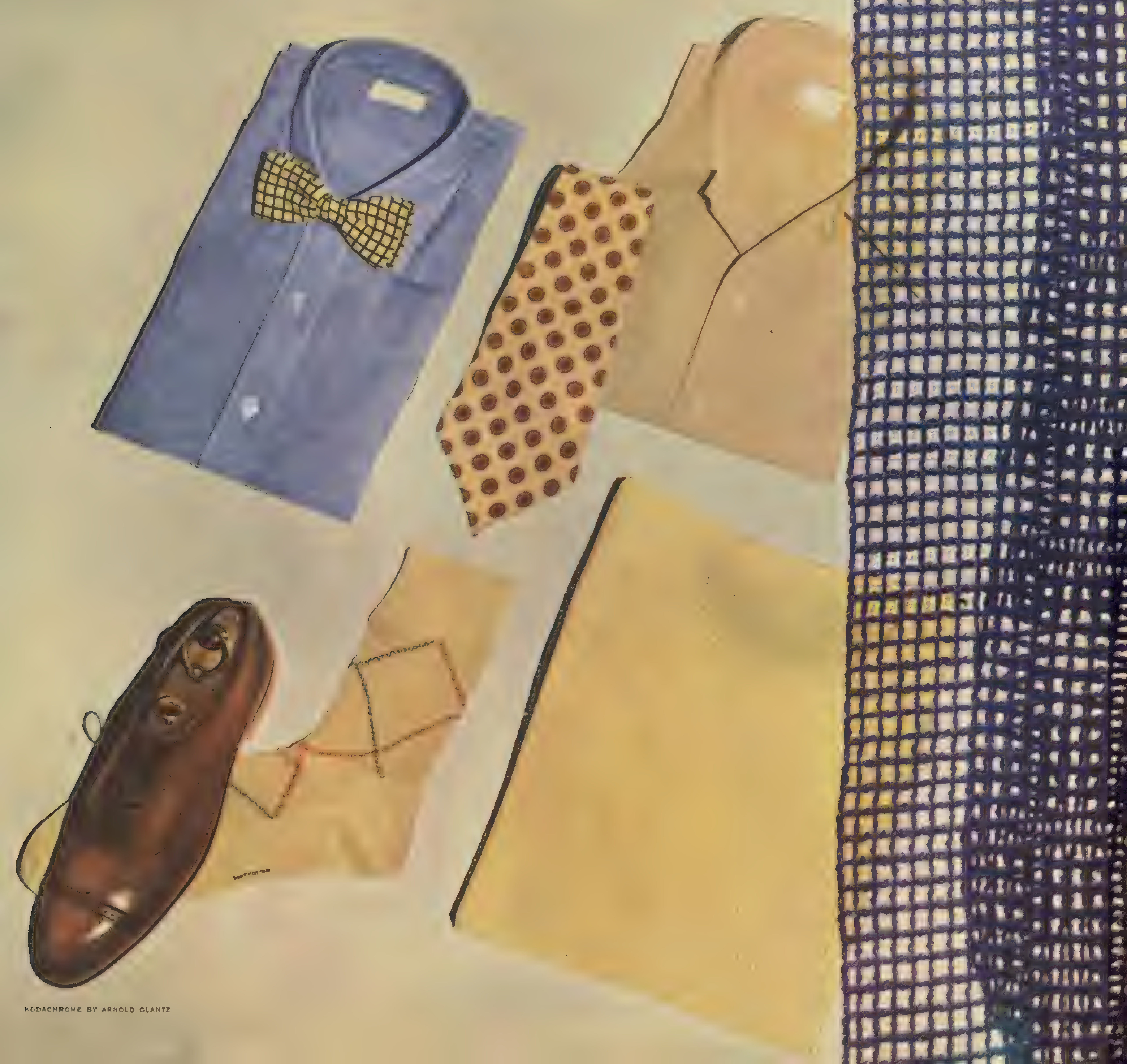
They're making the biggest contribution to the liberation of the poor weather-wilted American male. Corded cotton-and-rayon made its first appearance on the country's campuses about a year ago. It was *so* cool and *so* comfortable that it's popularity is increasing this year both in odd jackets to be worn with grey flannel or gabardine slacks and in regular business suits. You will be further rewarded if you insist upon the finest possible quality.

KODACHROME BY LOWNDS

from **Hot**
to **Cool**

A word to the warm...

Since the one thing men are finally demanding of summer clothes is that they be cool, special materials have been developed to give them what they want. If it isn't a sheer fabric that's used, it's a loosely woven one. These, for instance: the shirt of blue batiste and the bow tie of cotton-and-rayon mesh; the convertible roll-collared shirt with open-weave stripes; the washable cotton-and-rayon-mesh necktie; the cotton-mesh short socks; the thin-soled shoes of lightweight leather; the "open-air" cotton-mesh pull-over (that band down the right shows the actual size of the weave)—they all have but one purpose: to keep your temperature down and your spirits smartly up.

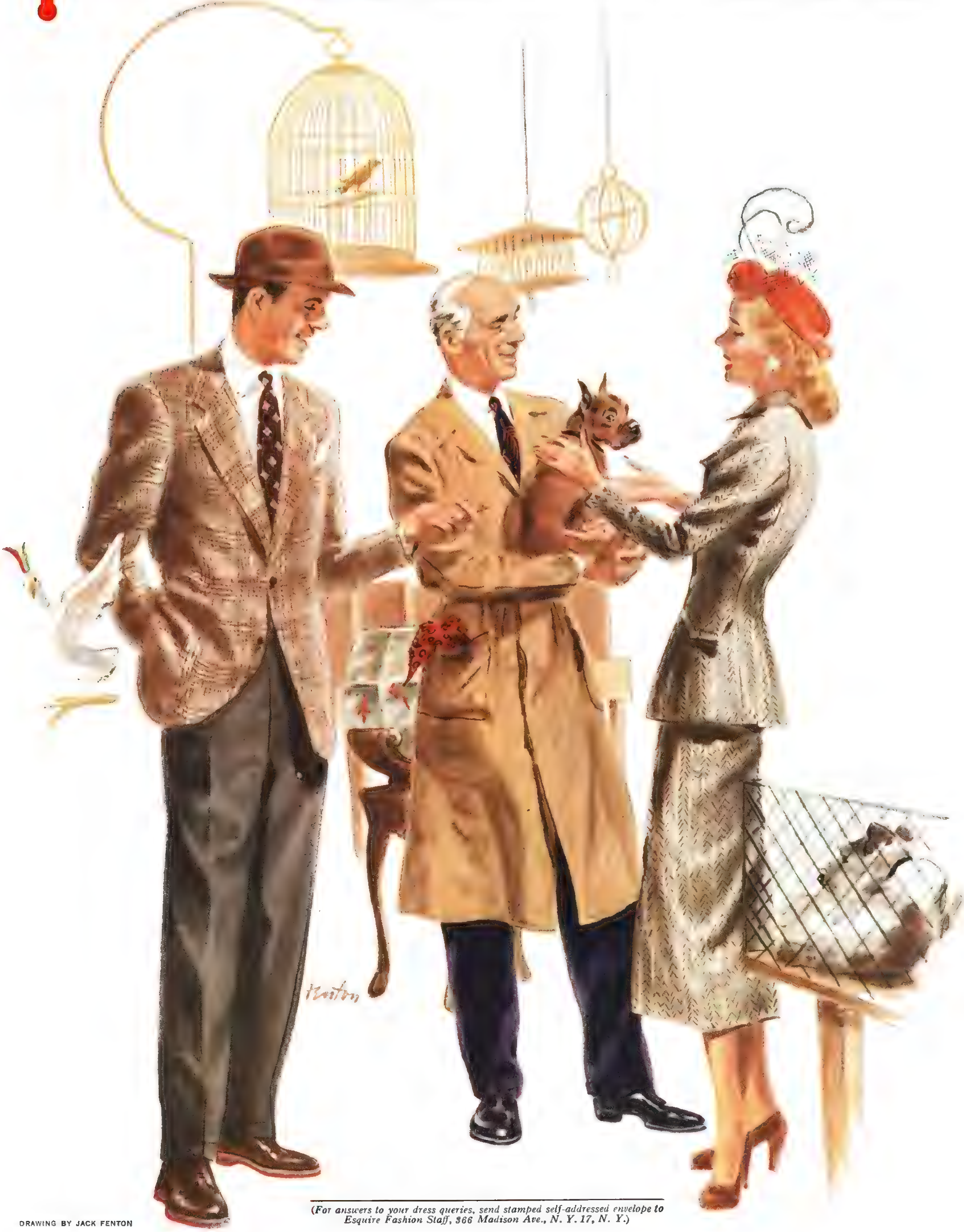


KODACHROME BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

from **Hot**
to **Cool**

The light touch–in a sports jacket!

This is what we've been waiting for—a sports jacket that can be worn comfortably right through the summer. It's a bold brown plaid in lightweight wool—something new for warm-weather wear. The grey flannels are light of weight, too. The hat is a brown lightweight felt; the shirt, a button-down sheer white Oxford; the tie, a red-and-gold figured foulard; the shoes, plain brown with red-rubber soles. The gal friend, by the way, is turned out—and beautifully, too—by Sophie of Saks-Fifth Avenue.



DRAWING BY JACK FENTON

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.)

Karata in the Morning

The other white man said life in this tropical port was solitary confinement, but it offered Bronny the escape he sought and the crazy fulfillment of a dream

A Story by

WARD BROWN

For five days he had lain on the hard bunk of the tiny cabin. Except to go to and from mess he was not allowed on deck. The bulkhead beside the bunk was covered with rows of crosses. This was standard treatment then for the sole passenger the rolling, heaving little banana boat carried. Bronny studied one row of ten crosses and wondered to what port the man who had made those had been taken. Or perhaps each cross meant that that man had been another day closer to the United States.

His eyes ached from staring at the marks. He rolled over onto his stomach and buried his face in the pillow. This was not the way it should be happening at all. The excitement was gone. He had escaped, but somehow it wasn't right.

The ship moved up the coast of Central America to San Juan del Norte. He was never permitted ashore. At San Juan he could see women carrying huge stalks of bananas in an endless procession and a man swinging a long machete, trimming the banana stalks as they moved by. The ship moved on to Despenaderos de Bluefield where it took on more cargo, but Bronny could see nothing. The *Lopez y Baus* sailed from Bluefield at six that evening. As Bronny returned from the wardroom the captain stopped him.

"Be ready to go ashore about dawn."

"Where will we be?" On buying his passage he had been told only that his fare carried him to the port where the ship picked up its return passenger. He hadn't cared. He had to get away, and seeing the *Lopez y Baus* docked in New Orleans, he had felt she was the right ship.

The captain walked away. "You'll be where you bargained for."

At six a knock summoned him to the deck and he watched the crew maneuver the ship into a crooked bay. Finally a small boat was lowered and he was rowed to a decaying pier. At the foot of the pier was a weather-beaten wooden shack. As he stumbled through the debris toward a primitive street he stopped a distracted man in a dirty, white linen suit hurrying toward the waiting boat. "What is this?"

"You'll never care."

Bronny Kalenski sauntered down the dirt road along the bay. Three unpainted houses stood far to the south away from the pier. Bronny turned and walked north until he reached a rusted, corrugated building supported by wooden pilings. The door was shut and he sat down on the steps to wait. The sun climbed high into the sky and scorched the beach and jungle; no one stirred in the thatched huts resting in the shade. Bronny shoved his small suitcase under the building and walked toward the warehouse. He found an office and entered. There was no one at the desk and he sat down to wait.

"What do you want?"

Bronny turned and faced a weathered man. "I'd like to find someplace to get something to eat and a place to stay."

"There's nothing here. They don't do anything here."

Bronny sighed. Everything was wrong.

The man leaned back. "This Godforsaken place isn't fit for any white man. I was sent down here a year ago, a whole year, and they've forgotten about me. United Fruit sent for their man. They know there's nothing here. You must have come on the boat that's taking him back. Someday they may send for me. This place is solitary confinement, that's what it is."

Bronny went back to the building where he'd left his case. The door was open and he climbed the steps. It was a long, barren room. There were four tables, the kind Bronny remembered from the drugstore at home when he was small. A bar ran along one side, but the shelves behind it weren't filled with bottles. There were a few bolts of cloth, some knives, a dusty carton of cigarettes. At the far end was an ancient upright piano.

He slumped into a chair at the first table. A wrinkled Negro with faded skin shuffled into the building from a door at the rear. "Can I get something to eat?"

The man dismissed his question with a gesture.

"Food?" Bronny made frenetic motions of eating. The food was greasy and he felt ill. He wandered about the paths to the north of the main settlement during the afternoon and returned to the building about five. He had seen no one all day.

As he entered the door he stood a moment waiting for his eyes to adjust to the semidarkness. Men sat at three tables and stood at the bar. The table beside which his suitcase stood was empty. Bronny sat down and looked at the silent drinkers. All had either the flat, round faces of Central American Indians or heavy, African features. In one or two there was a faint trace of Spanish ancestry. The wrinkled Negro who had served him in the morning brought him an earthen mug filled with a muddy liquor. Bronny asked, "Does anyone speak English?"

None moved but the old Negro who walked to the door. Bronny followed him with his eyes and saw a group of women and children who had gathered about the steps. Their faces were the same as those of the men. The Negro muttered to them and a girl came up the steps. She was young and her skin was a dusty brown. Her features were fairly even, with only a suggestion of heaviness about them. She walked slowly to the table and sat down opposite him.

"I speak English."

"Do they like me?"

"Have you hurt anyone?"

"No."

"Why shouldn't they like you then?"

"Where is this place?"

She looked at him and shrugged.

"What is the nearest city?"

"City?"

"Where is the nearest place where a great many people live?"

"Here."

Bronny sighed. "I have to have someplace to sleep and to get food."

"The old man said he gave you food."

"Yes."

"And you can sleep in my house," she smiled.

Bronny lifted the cup and sipped it. The liquor burned his *(Continued on page 139)*

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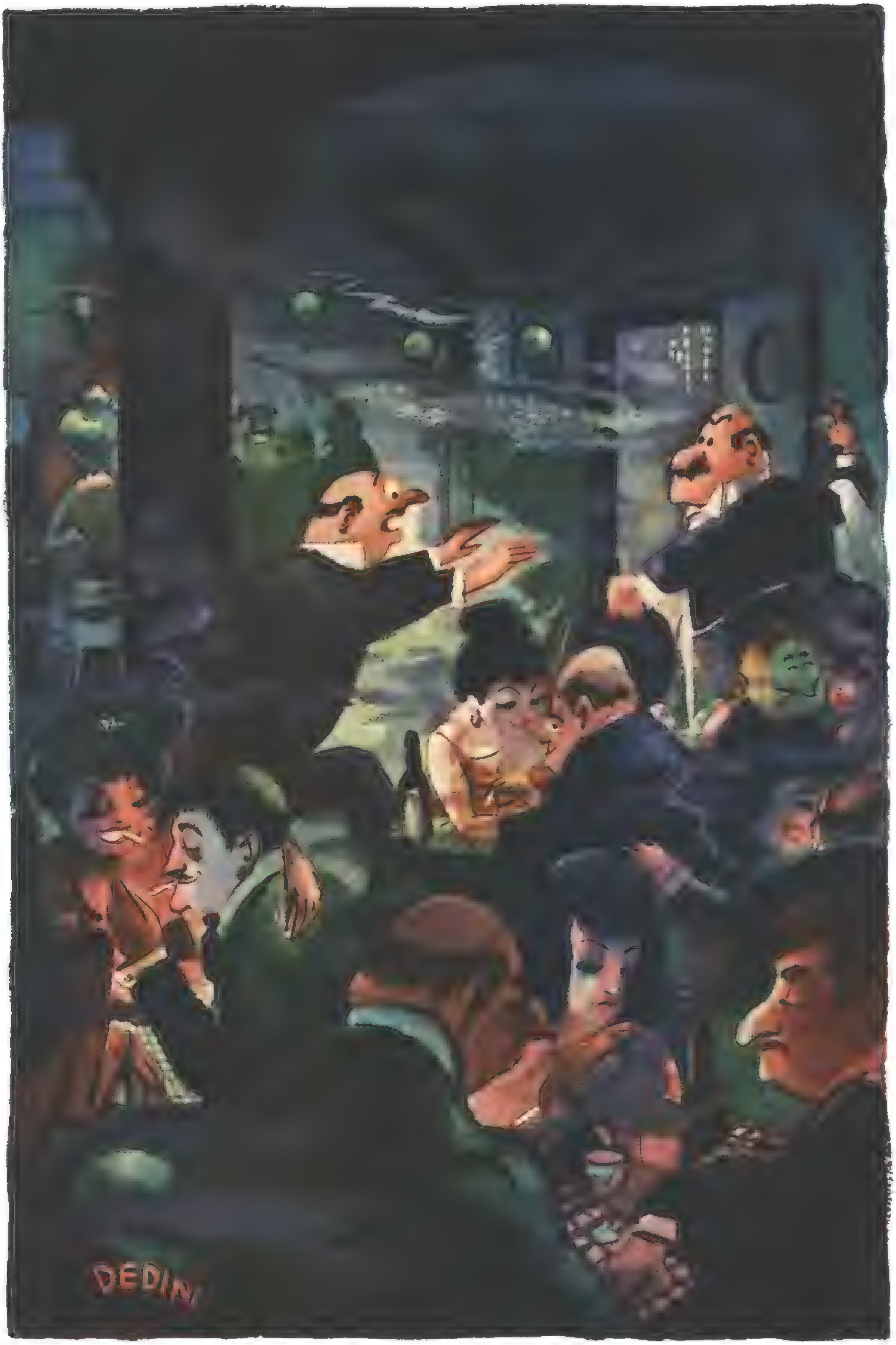
L.W.L
Fred Lundy



"Here, here, close that door—do you want to let all our atmosphere out?"

Stories for Harry's Bar

A must package for every living golfer—next time you gather round the nineteenth hole try telling some of these yarns if you want to be the life of the party

An Article by

GORDON COOPER

There is no golf played along the Rue Daunou in Paris, but Harry's Bar ("Sank Roo Doo Noo") is undoubtedly the best Nineteenth Hole in the world. Here golfers from all over the globe exchange their stories, and yours has to be something better than the how-I-got-down-in-one type to get the attention of Harry's cosmopolitan patrons.

I can make no pretense to rivaling Ralph Kennedy, a New York salesman, who claims a world record with rounds played on 2679 different golf courses. But I have played on some hundreds of different courses in five continents, some queer enough to excite comment and interest—even in Harry's.

The golf course at Jinja, in Uganda, lying almost on the equator, has a unique local rule. A player may remove his ball from the footprint of a hippopotamus without penalty.

The hippos which emerge from adjoining Lake Victoria Nyanza at night constitute a personal hazard. Not having been warned, I went for a walk on the course on the evening of my arrival. I was surveying the 9th hole when I heard a roar behind me and a pounding which put life into my legs.

Back at the hotel they told me I had been lucky in merely annoying the hippo instead of making him see red. If he had come across me examining the fifth hole I might have shared a grave with another stranger killed only the week before. He had walked between a grazing hippo and the lake shore.

At a course near Nairobi, in Kenya, the Nineteenth Hole is a hotel owned by a retired sea captain. He has drawn a line to demonstrate that the equator runs right through his bar. Here you can have a drink with a foot in each hemisphere.

Windhoek, capital of South-West Africa, has a course where rocks, boulders and stones constitute the major hazards. Here there is another unique rule for dealing with these—you can remove your ball after any stroke, without penalty. But this did not always enable me to avoid them. I remember one full-blooded drive at Windhoek which hit a boulder almost "point-blank." The ball ricocheted, passed close to my head, like a bullet, and finally landed a hundred yards behind the tee. One of the local amusements at Windhoek is to lead visitors to the golf course and listen to their language when a drive to the 6th hole lands them somewhere in the rough of the 5th.

At Guayaquil, Ecuador, golf was formerly impossible for half of the year when the baked-clay fairways were flooded. An engineer-sportsman had the ingenious idea of using concrete for the greens so that they would drain easily. This innovation requires a new technique in approaching. The unsuspecting visitor is likely to see his ball bounce and then disappear.

Neither at Guayaquil nor at Windhoek do I remember hearing of a golfer being knocked out by his own ball. But some years ago a player at Highcliffe, in Hampshire, England, was knocked out when his ball rebounded from a tree. As he came round he heard his opponent murmur in his ear, "My hole, I think. The ball struck you!"

At Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, the problem of keeping the fairway grass in condition is solved by primitive but effective irrigation. The course is laid out on reclaimed swamp and lies about three feet below high-water mark. Twice a year gaps are dug in the protecting dunes and the Indian Ocean is allowed to flow in. When the sea recedes at low tide, the dunes are closed again.

At Mwanza, Tanganyika, I was told my caddy must carry a rifle in case a lion should appear. He was not expected to hit the lion, but to scare it, the king of beasts being an arrant coward unless in pain or hunger.

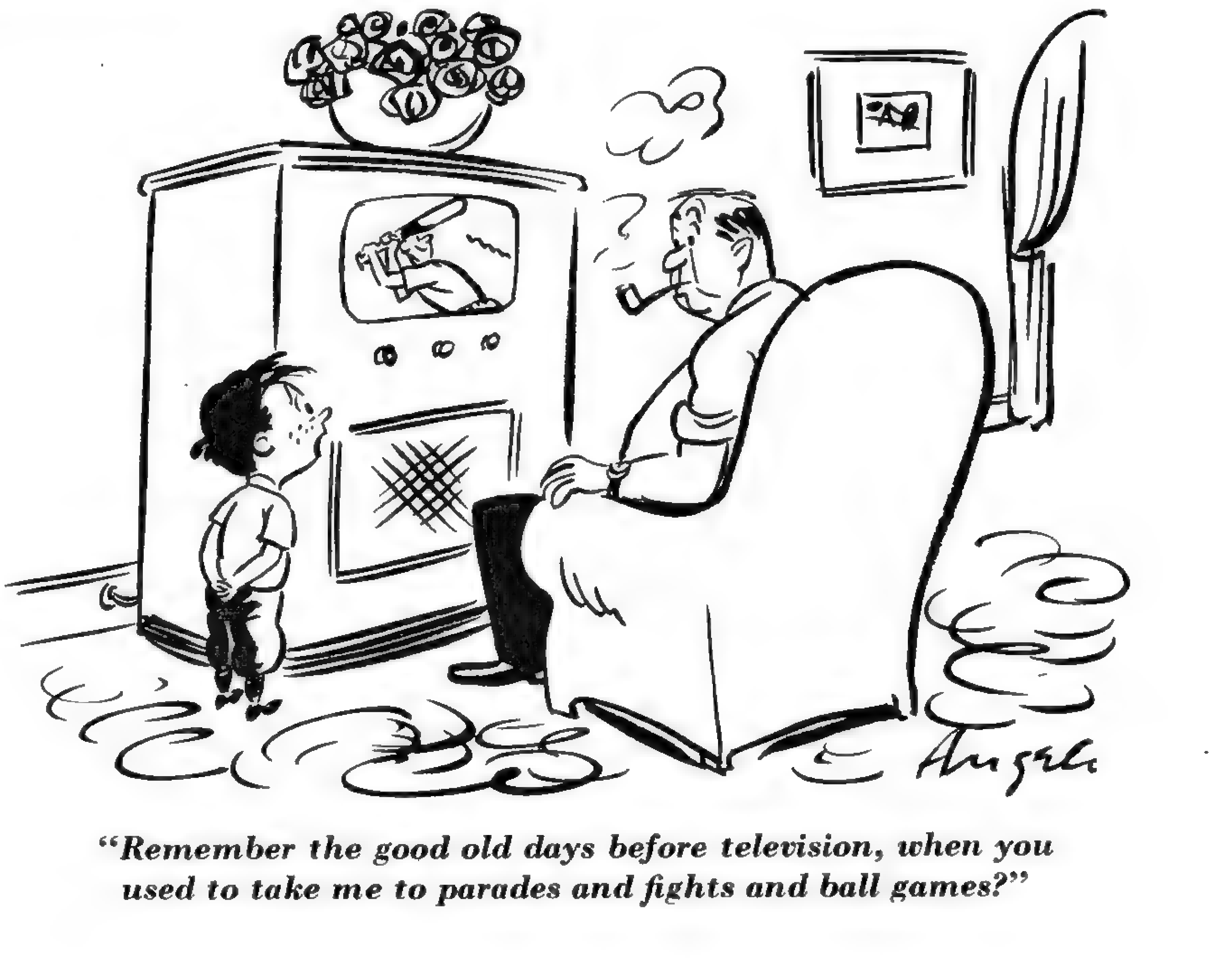
In the days before the Manchuria incident had become a full-scale war, I was invited to play on a course at Mukden. The Japanese, however, insisted on an escort of soldiers for the players to protect them against "Chinese bandits" who, they said, would certainly kidnap me. I felt a trifle foolish when every shot was followed by marching orders from the Jap N.C.O. Probably the business of the armed escort was a put-up job because the Japanese authorities feared my friend and I were making golf an excuse for spying.

Once in Japan I played an old Japanese rival on the excellent course at Miyanoshita for our usual stake—a ball a hole. He won by three holes, but when, approaching the clubhouse, I offered him his winnings, he refused with shocked surprise. Later he explained that a plain-clothes policeman had stood near the 18th hole watching us. The authorities had decided that wagers at golf had a detrimental effect on public morals. But that did not prevent my friend from accepting the balls when we were in his room. He declared he was patriotic, but did not agree with his government on everything!

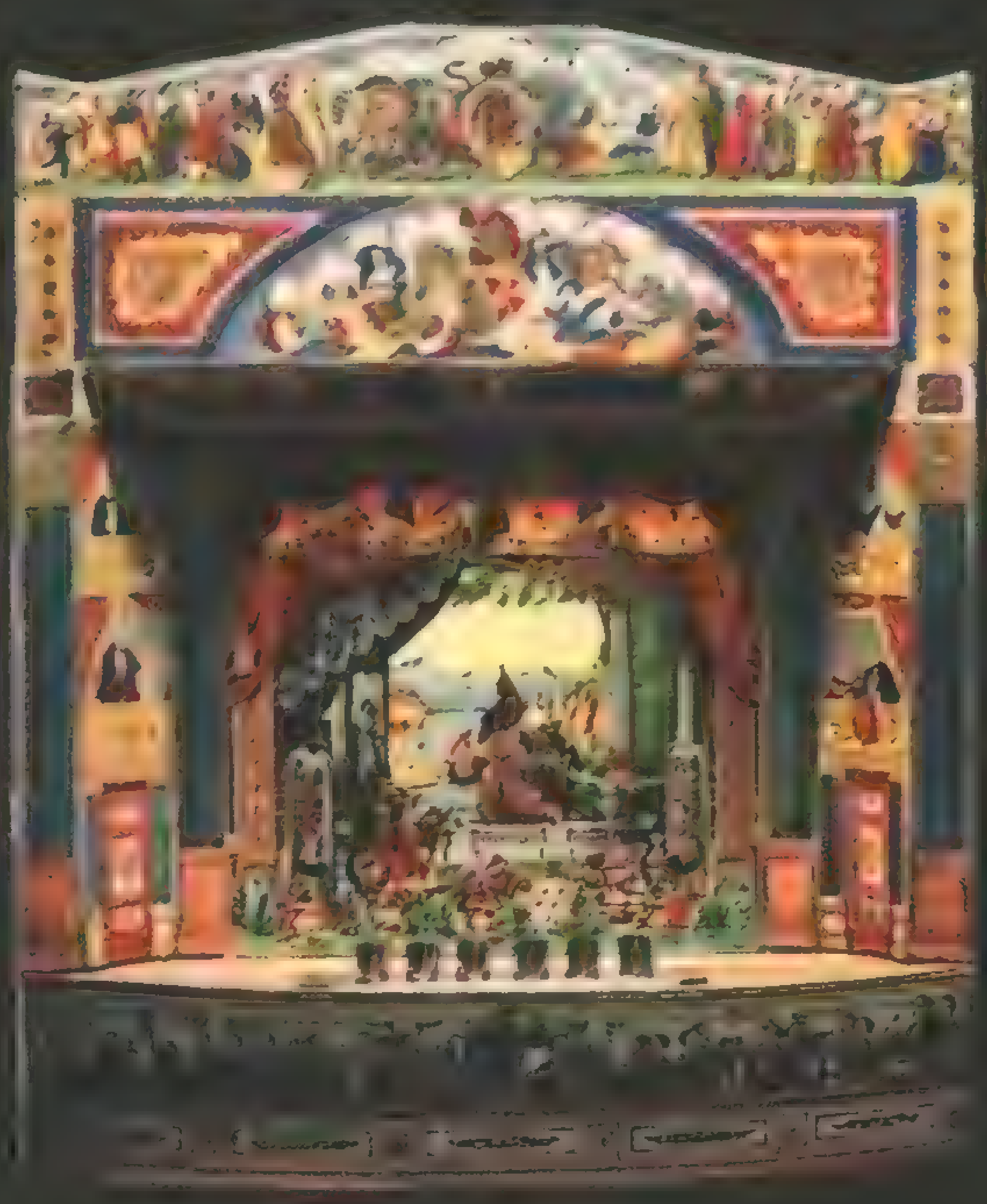
On the hundreds of courses I have tried in Britain, I have usually found some curiosity. At St. Augustine's, near Ramsgate in Kent, there is a runic cross near the clubhouse which is supposed to mark the spot where St. Augustine first knelt on English soil in 597 A.D. Near the fifth green is a spring known as St. Augustine's Well. This course was once the scene of an annual pilgrimage led by the Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, who knelt by the spring to drink the water in his capacity of Bishop-Knight. At Herne Bay, a few miles away, they will show you where thirty-four years ago Mr. E. C. Bliss drove a ball 445 yards, believed to be a world's record; and at the Mowbray course they will tell you how Len Richardson once went round the course, which measures over three-and-a-half miles, in thirty-one minutes and twenty-two seconds.

At the Polar Bear Club in Alaska golf is often played at below-zero temperatures. For contrast I would choose the links at Aden where I once played two holes with the temperature 110. But for depressing courses I should take a nine-hole course near Singapore which passes through the shadows of a gaol, a lunatic asylum, a hospital, a graveyard and a maternity home! The most exhilarating course I know is at La Paz, Bolivia, 13,500 feet above sea level —the highest course in the world.

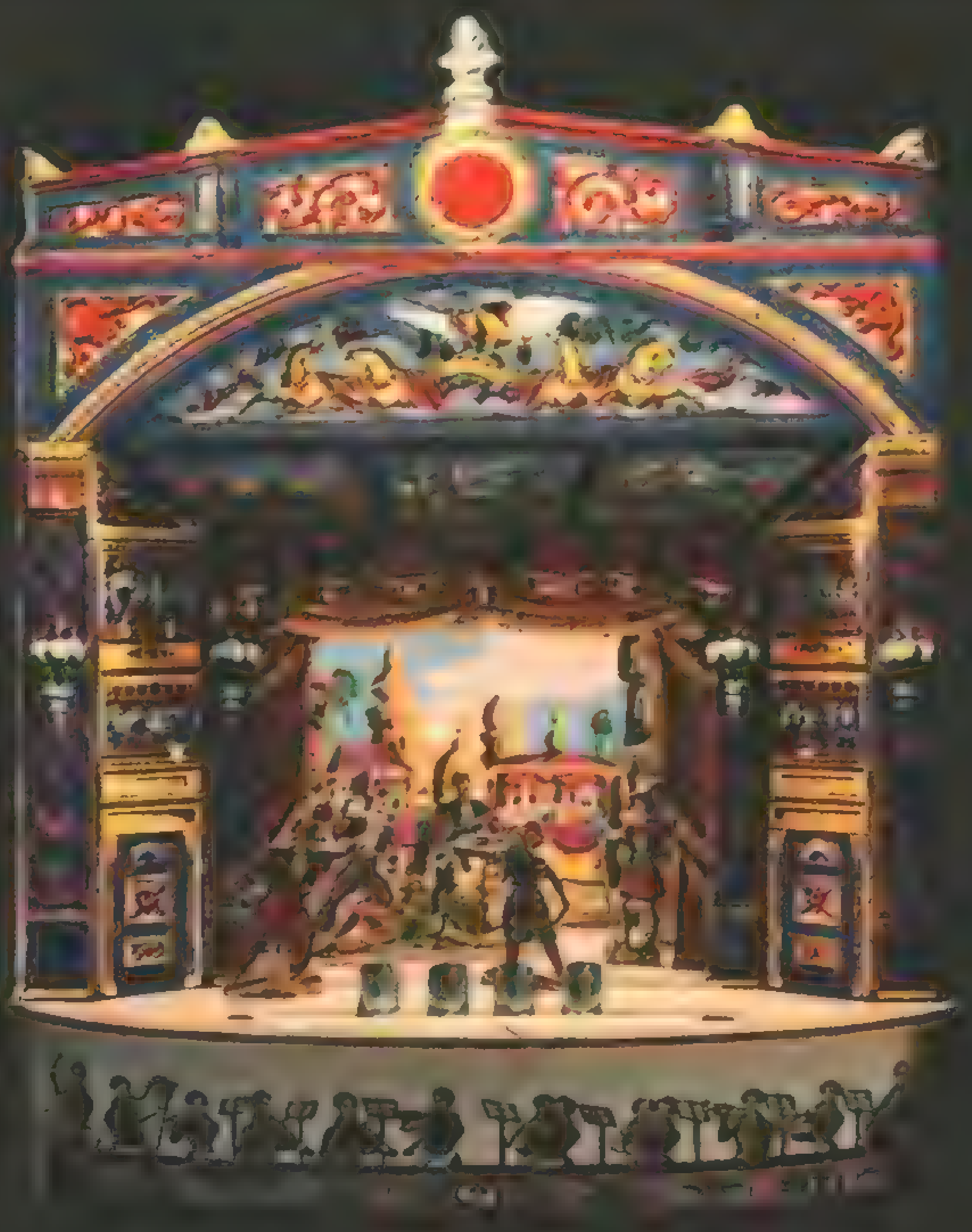
If none of these memories astound the boys at Harry's, I tell them about the best golf clubhouse I know, near Madrid. It was a magnificent building and a great meeting place for society. There were tea, cocktails and talk. The only thing lacking was a golf course. There wasn't one in miles. ⧺



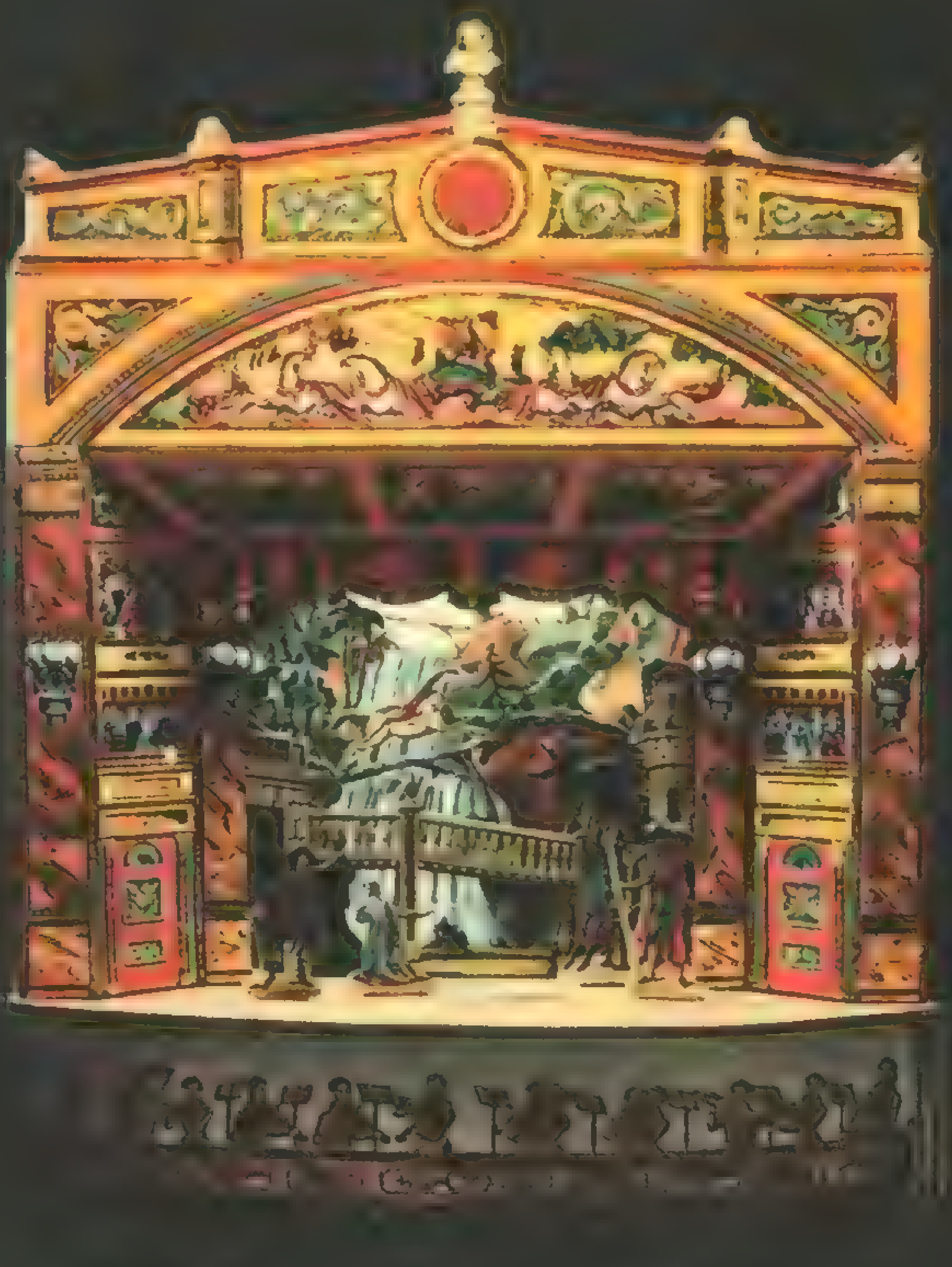
"Remember the good old days before television, when you used to take me to parades and fights and ball games?"



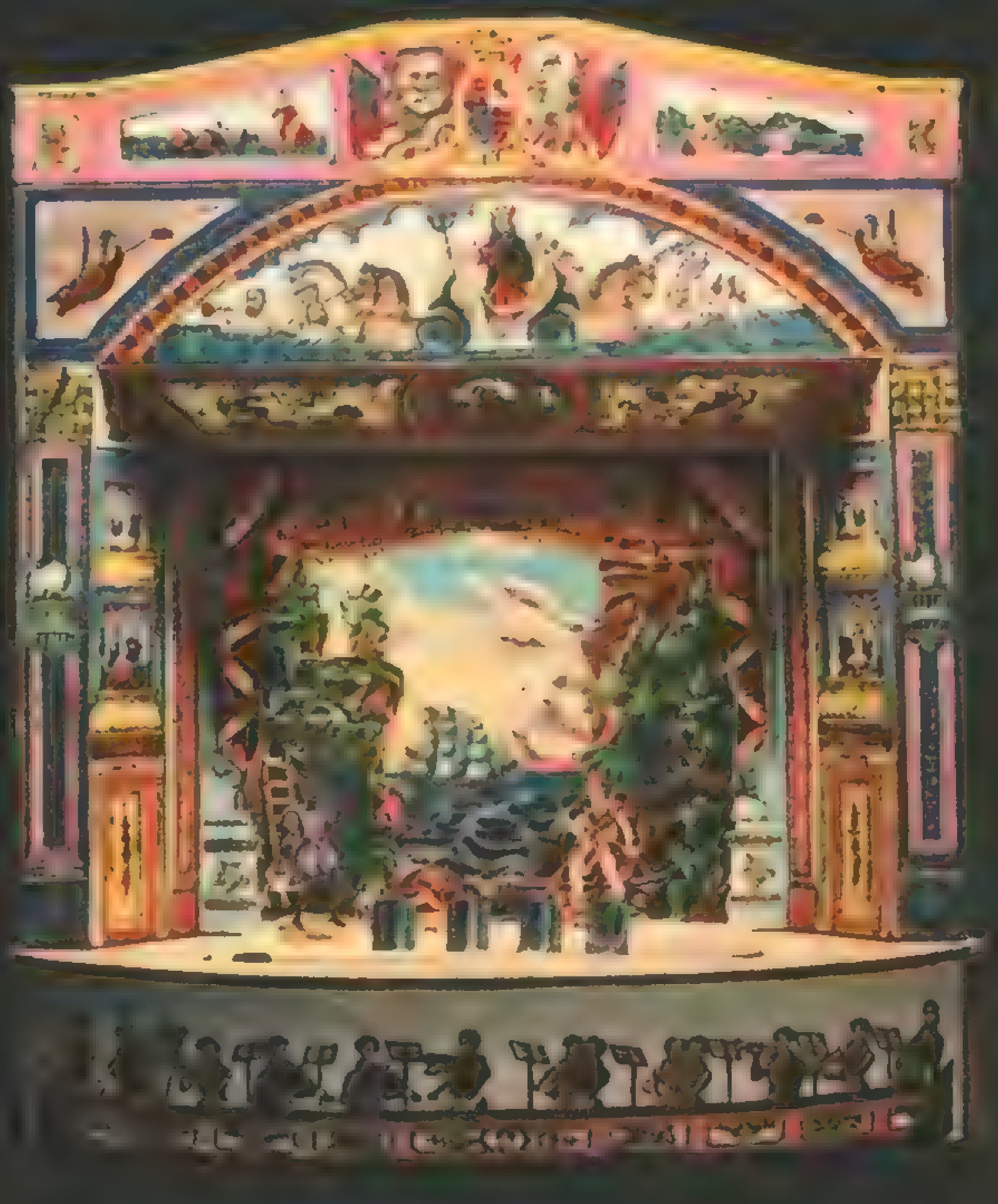
Sleeping Beauty in the Wood *had its premiere at the Theater Royal Drury Lane in London in 1840.*



Timour the Tartar, *a spectacle play, was first performed at London's Covent Garden in 1811.*



Mazeppa, *based on Byron's poem of the same name, was very popular in the mid-nineteenth century.*



Robinson Crusoe *was brought to this country in 1868 by Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes.*

THE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY OF ALFRED LUNT

Photographs by Arnold Glantz

Presenting the toy-theatre collection of Mr. Lunt, a Wisconsin boy who also makes his living behind the footlights. Mr. Lunt is now touring the Outlands in company with his ever-glamorous spouse, Miss Fontanne, once again playing the illicit lover in Terence Rattigan's fragile farce, *O Mistress Mine.* Mr. Lunt built his first theatre set at nine, abandoned the hobby at thirteen, returned to it forty years later as a diversion during his wartime tours of the front lines. His recent acquisitions are store-bought, each costing between fifty and two hundred dollars. Mr. Lunt has several thousand dollars' worth of miniature theatres, but he enjoyed himself more in his earliest collecting days when he used to shoot mice to make rugs for his sets.

My Dog Is Delinquent

Any man who has ever owned a female dog, and called it by another and perfectly reputable name, will recognize this lovable yarn of a perfect thoroughbred who had all the makings of a field champion, but a great many ideas of her own on the irksomeness of the chase and the boredom of a quail hunt, for she felt all unnecessary effort was folly

An Article by ROBERT E. REED

You know the kind—the unrivaled bird dog. The owner expounds until one knows that the lung capacity of the dog is equaled only by that of its master. In all other things the dog is unequaled.

"Why, we were standin' at the edge of a thicket one morning when I hit two birds. One fell halfway across the thicket. The other fell about three-fourths of the way across the thicket. Yeah, it must have been about three hundred yards to the first bird and, I'd say, about six hundred and twenty-five to the second."

"Is that so?"

"Well, Fido here was in that thicket before I could . . ."

"Is that so?"

"Well, sir, d'ya know the son-of-a-gun brought 'em both back. He retrieved both birds at the same time."

"What kind were they?"

"They was pheasants, and big ones too. Two big Chinks. Pheasants were the fattest that year that I've ever seen 'em."

"It was a good year."

(Let's stop here. Fido brought back both birds. He clubbed a third one on the way, but he couldn't get that one in his mouth. He hit it with his tail. I know, because I've heard all about Fido.)

I have listened to many tales of wearisome length told by men who have trained retrievers. Stories about dogs are reeled off by men who seldom speak of their own children.

As one listens the pup is nursed through illness with the same attention given an aged monarch. The family breaks off activities to run hither and yon with hot-water bottles and medicine vials whenever the young dog's nose changes from cold to tepid. After many months of devoted attention and tedious teaching, the Great Day comes. The dog is taken into the fields.

On that day the weather is unfavorable. The wind blows from the wrong direction and lashes the critter like a stinging scythe. Lightning plows up the ground from time to time, and the thunder is enough to make the deaf-mute shudder.

But the dog is as steady as the sphinx, and performs like a peerless champion. All come to see and praise, saying: "What a splendid achievement."

On the other hand, a few dogs exist (all too few) to whom the taste of life is sour and the chase irksome. It is time for the world to learn of one Golden Labrador retriever that should respond to the name of Peg and never does. Peg is a complacent rebel. Individualism is her banner. She is a good dog gone wrong.

There are those who point with scorn at my dog because she is fat. Her one pleasure is eating and there is a point at which the body fails to utilize all the food digested and begins to store it. How is a dog to know such a thing?

Other persons knock her because she has no urge to reproduce. A veterinarian pulled a dirty trick on her. Shortly after it was decided that my dog Peg would never be a mother I taught her to tip over garbage cans. Our neighbors decry her eating habits. I counter by asking, "If she cannot breed should she not have the right to feed?" Rarely do quiet persons on our street mention the subject twice.

Peg is purebred. Her ancestors gave her the capacity to fetch. When she was agile enough to dodge missiles—and too small a target to be hit—she began returning objects to the hurler. As she grew, more and more neighbors aided this part of her training.

The dog never runs when hunting and I have seldom seen her trot. When Peg does trot she always affects a halfhearted manner. She would rather walk. This quirk has been traced to an early trauma, when she went after a pheasant knocked from the air by a hunter. As she came to the bird it sprang up and flew away. Transfixed with disappointment, Peg watched until the pheasant blurred into the horizon. Shucks, let her walk if she wants to walk.

Yes, Peg is a hunting dog. She cannot maneuver like other retrievers because of her size. But if a pheasant falls, she ambles to the bird, and returns with it in her jaws. Why should she do otherwise?

Peg will not come when she is called. Whistling doesn't help. When she was a pup a shotgun was fired too near her head and since then she has been indifferent to noise.

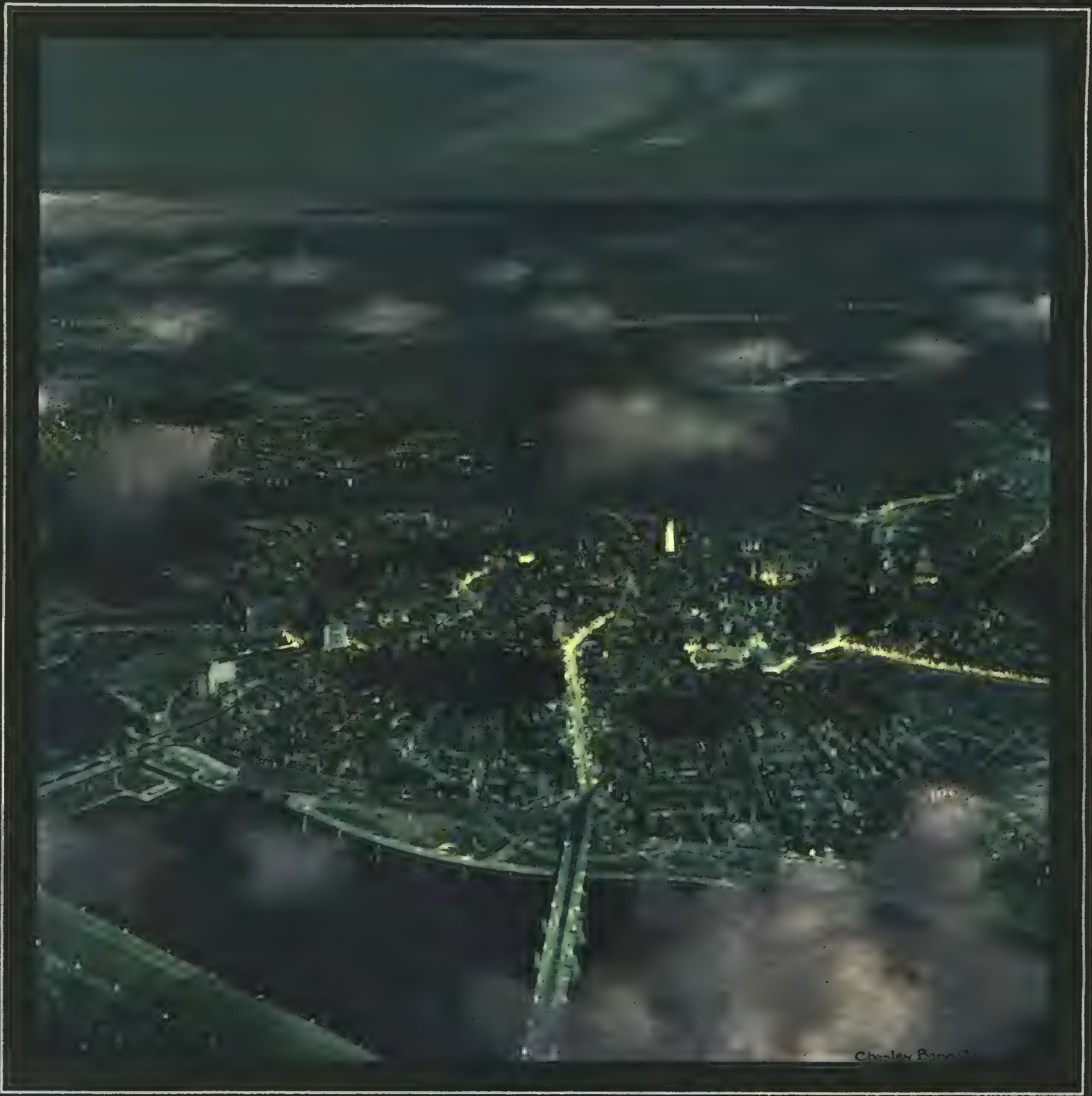
Unlike some dogs, Peg never learned to walk past a pheasant in the field until recently. However, one day she passed them by and we thought she had relinquished her one attachment to life. It was the end as far as we were concerned.

All morning on the opening day of hunting season last fall our hunting party charged across Yakima County in the State of Washington. Peg followed the swift battalion indifferently. Twice I caught her yawning and I swore at her to impress the company.

Birds were scarce and we could have mapped the entire county. The hunt operated on the assumption that the greater the distance covered the more game we would harvest. We traveled and Peg trailed. Dejection infected the company and Peg bore the brunt of their fury. Methinks there was a twinkle in her eye.

Noon came and we returned to the farmhouse where the automobiles were parked. My father, Peg and I then put on an exhibition. We went to a sugar-beet field in view of the resting hunters. My father and I stood in the center of the field and Peg went to work. Peg walked around us. That was all she did. People and dogs had combed the field several times during the morning, but no one had hunted as we did. Pheasants began popping up from in front of the plodding Peg. The mutt flushed a bird three feet from where I stood. We (*Continued on page 154*)

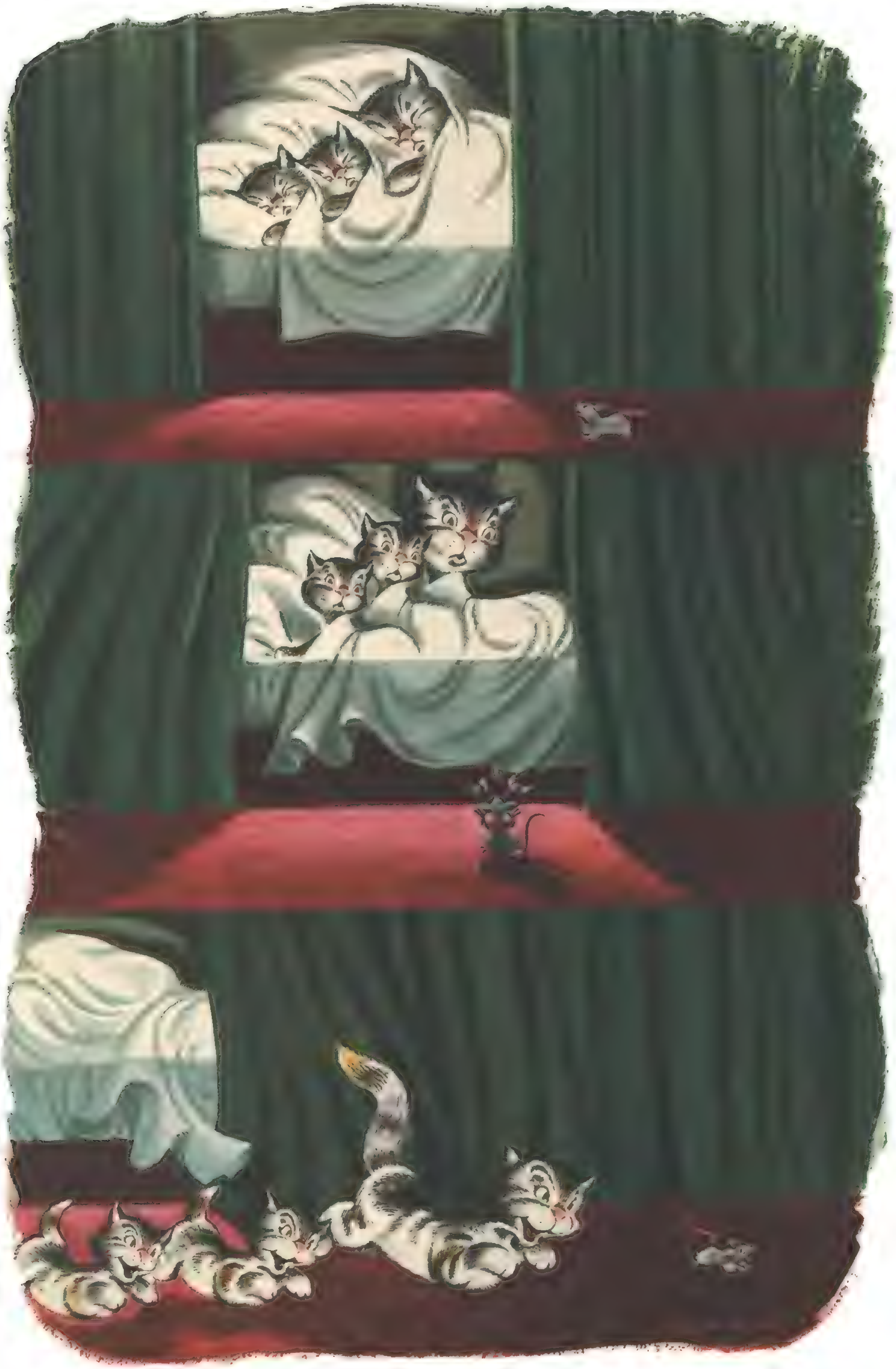
"I must insist that your little friends wait outside while I treat your case"



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

Boston: A Point of View

Boston has been so often accused of being a "State of Mind" that it sometimes takes graphic evidence, such as the painting above, to remind outsiders that it is also a City of Massachusetts. Because the names of the founding fathers are so inextricably melded with the economics of this, one of the world's largest fishing ports, people tend to forget Boston is a large, teeming industrial metropolis as well as a collection of "Who's Who." It is true, of course, that Bostonians must share the blame for the general conception of their city. As a rule they will be the first ones to remind the visitor that John Winthrop and a small group of Englishmen arrived in that territory in 1630. They will also proudly drop famous family names such as Saltonstall, Adams, Lowell, Cabot and Gore the way most folk mention the one ancient member of their family who ran off West and was last heard of with a six-shooter in hand holding up the first stagecoach out of Dodge City. The fact that the above-mentioned names are still to be found on the same name plates of the same houses may give Bostonians the edge on this name-dropping game. But what the Bostonians may also point at with considerable pride are the standing monuments to the city's traditional past. The Bunker Hill Monument (left); the Custom House (center); the State House with its gilded dome; Colonial-day Faneuil Hall; the Common (right) where once Emerson's cows were put to pasture and which is now one of the very few mid-city refuges for game birds in the nation. But Boston is not only a past. It is today and tomorrow, for within its area are more than seven nationally known colleges and universities sending its culture out all over the world. There is the industry of New England centered in Boston: woolens and clothing, food and footwear, and electrical machinery apparatus, all of which add up to a neat $3,700,000,000 worth of business each year to keep its 2,600,000 people going. It is a city of enormous vitality that has managed to maintain a gentility which is unequaled anywhere else in the United States. Like all cities, though, it is people. ⋕



Satisfaction for Lizette

When the loveliest and most tempestuous actress in Paris challenges her critic, Count de Rocquefort, to a duel, that gay gallant must mend his fencing

A Story by

HANS RUESCH

FROM Fouquet's corner table where I was sipping my daily *apére* in Roland's company I could keep one eye on my taxicab and the other on the beauties of nature of the Champs-Élysées. Dusk was dimming and they were passing by in droves on the glittering boulevard.

Then the Delage drove up to the sidewalk and halted on the parking strip. It was a sleek low-slung coupé of a fierce yellow coloring, a real migraine-yellow, blazing with chrome, and a beauty of nature with feathers on her head stepped out of it, crossed the sidewalk and stopped before the tables. She was followed by a slick young man.

"Is the scoundrel here?" she demanded in a loud melodious voice.

Her escort nudged her to our table and indicated Roland, who rose with a slight reverence. "There must be some mistake, Madame. I am the Count Roland de Rocquefort."

"The mistake was on your part, Monsieur, and I'll make you pay for it through the nose!" She slapped Roland's face with her glove and flung it at his feet. "Monsieur! I am Lizette de Vences, whom you so valiantly attacked in *L'Univers*."

Roland said, "Ah," which isn't much for one who's considered one of Paris' most brilliant conversationalists and lady-killers.

"In order to give you an opportunity to prove yourself as spirited on the field of honor as behind your writing desk," Lizette went on, loudly and melodiously, "I challenge you to single combat."

I could feel the beam of hundreds of eyes converging on us from Fouquet's usual crowd of smooth boulevardiers, pedigreed cocottes, tourists, stagefolk, diplomats, writers, and other loafers.

"I am ready," Roland said, recovering his wits, "to give you any satisfaction your heart desires, Mademoiselle." He paused, his eyes probing her beautiful face and figure, his nostrils inhaling voluptuously Worth's Je Reviens which rose in almost palpable tidal waves from her skin. "But a gentleman can't duel a lady."

"In that case you may put your mind at ease: I am not a lady!"

"Please!" Roland cried, flushing at such strong language.

"You'll receive the visit of my seconds first thing in the morning." She turned to her escort with the sweetest of smiles and walked off so rapidly that Roland didn't have time to kiss her hand.

I ran after her. "You dropped your glove, Mademoiselle."

She gave me a withering look. "That's not a glove—it's a gauntlet, young man." And she drove off.

"This puts me in a monstrous position," Roland said nervously. "Refusing to call her challenge means jeopardizing the honor of the House of Rocquefort. Yet to fight a woman is impossible."

"Why? I heard she fences like a man."

"But what if I fence like a woman? Anyway, it just isn't done."

"You could propose to wrestle her in private," I said. "I understand that's done in the best circles."

Roland scowled at me. "Please, no levity! You don't seem to realize the seriousness of the situation. And how on earth did she ever get hold of my article? Nobody reads that paper."

It was only too true. The weekly for which Roland wrote was called *L'Univers* because the whole world ignored it. His job didn't pay anything, but at least it was steady. A sensitive personality and good-looking in a hungry sort of way, he refused to join the vulgar struggle for existence: he was the romantic type that sends flowers to a girl instead of useful items like stockings and evaporated milk. Unfortunately, he had the reputation of being kept by old women. But it was grossly exaggerated. Mme. de L., with whom he had a liaison, was neither old nor plural.

"I think Mr. Conner is ready to leave the hospital"

A newspaperman who'd made a career for himself by exaggerating earthquakes moved to our table, so we moved away, boarded my cab and drove off. I put up the BUSY flag to be undisturbed.

"I was just poking some good-natured fun at her," Roland said as I was driving to the Pont de l'Alma, a good site for jarred nerves. "I didn't go to her concert because I had a previous engagement with Mme. de L., but I prepared my review very conscientiously, studying what all the other critics wrote. They were all agreed that her voice was very melodious till she tried to sing."

We'd never seen Lizette de Vences before, but we'd heard of her, as who hadn't. She wasn't wealthy, but spent a lot of money, was known as a horsewoman, through fencing championships, automobile races, swimming contests, and had played Jeanne d'Arc and Madame Sans-Gêne on the stage, proving a pleasant sight in any attire. It was when she resolved to give the town a taste of her contralto that Roland joined the chorus of conscientious objectors.

Roland turned on the light and opened the crumpled issue of *L'Univers* that Lizette de Vences had obligingly left on our table.

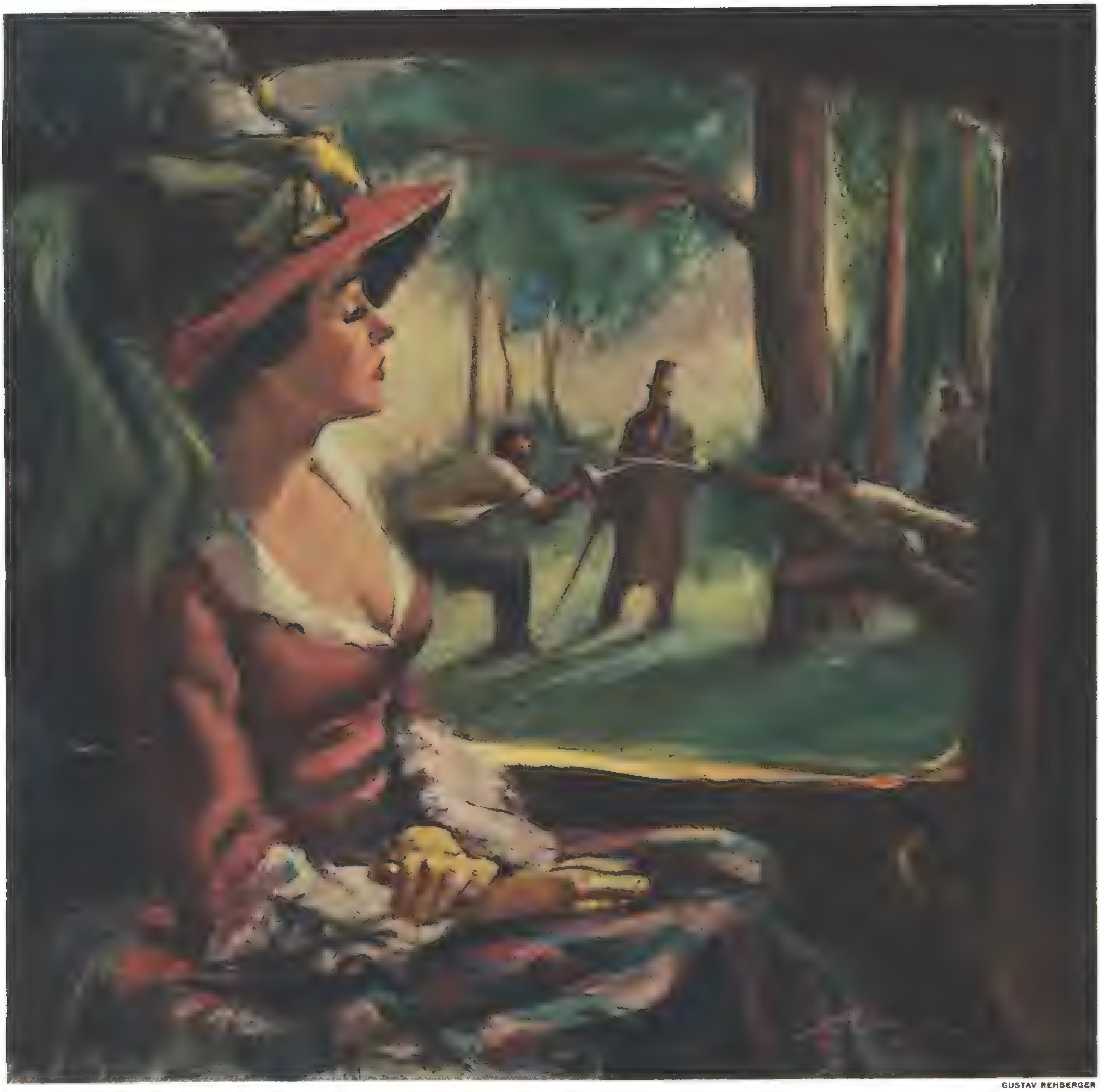
"Listen," he said. "*Mlle. de Vences didn't have to sing Brahms'* Lullaby *to put the audience to sleep. Fortunately no one woke up or they might eventually have made trouble. The only person who might listen to her without kicking back would be her own child, if it were small enough. Unless she can induce some gallant chevalier to make her one, she should keep her mouth shut.* That's harmless enough, isn't it? It has even the maternal touch."

Next morning at the crack of noon two solemn old gentlemen came ringing the bell of our apartment with the pompousness of undertakers.

"Duke de Grand-Marnier," the elder of the two introduced himself. He was a monocled party with a white goatee and a dignified demeanor conditioned by advanced arteriosclerosis. His companion wore a faded mustache and had the typical military bearing that can be acquired only through long years of corset wearing.

"May I present General Goujat," the duke said, and the general made a sound that might have meant an acknowledgement, a command to open fire, or too much Perrier water the night before.

"We are here, Count," the duke said after we'd all parked ourselves in what we pleased to call our living room, "on a little matter of honor. Mlle. de Vences has challenged you,



GUSTAV REHBERGER

but you've returned her gauntlet. Quite right, for the code of honor forbids to fight women."

Roland drew a sigh of relief. "So the matter's settled?"

"Yes, and quite satisfactorily. Since a woman may be represented by a gentleman, Mlle. de Vences has permitted one of her respectful admirers, the Marquis de Grenouilleville, to champion her. You can't object to dueling him in her stead. We came to serve you formal challenge. Here's my card. Will you kindly send your seconds this evening to arrange conditions of the encounter?"

"As you wish," Roland mumbled lamely.

"It is necessary to hurry. The affair's getting far too much publicity, the papers are full of it, and eventually even the police might become aware and ruin everything."

After they'd left, Roland groaned. "I've never made a duel in my life!"

"Let's hope Grenouilleville hasn't either."

"He hasn't, but he's one of the finest blades in the world. He's the fellow who indicated me to Lizette at Fouquet's."

"That piece of cheese? He looks about as rugged as a fillet of sole."

"Ah, but a fencer doesn't have to be a Hercules. Grenouilleville was on the French Olympic team."

"But can't you fence even a little?"

He rose, twisting his fingers in anguish. "I don't even know how to carve a chicken. I've been too busy with other things."

"But I thought you Frenchmen are taught fencing in school."

"I played hooky," he confessed miserably.

"Perhaps," I said, "Grenouilleville won't try to hurt you."

"Oh, but he will! He's just the type. There's great prestige in store for him if he kills me. The little man in France regards the successful duelists as sort of national heroes."

"In that case," I said, "there's only one thing for you to do: leave town till the whole thing blows over."

"You don't understand. My honor forbids. Throughout history we Rocqueforts have been kidnapped, jailed, banned, excommunicated, decapitated, drawn, quartered, hanged, broken on the wheel, burned at the stake, fried in deep oil, and broiled on the spit, thinking nothing of it. How can I, the last of the line, fall short of tradition? I could never show my face again afterwards."

"You could show it in the U. S. A. They have a different honor code over there."

"We Rocqueforts take our own code with us wherever we go. Besides, I don't have the money for the trip."

"There's always Mme. de L."

He shook his head sadly. "She's interested in my coming, not my going."

It was a dull day. Roland was jumpy and morose. He went through his photo album and souvenirs, and wrote some letters. Then he went to confession, which took up a good slice of the afternoon. Afterward he asked me to take his nerves for a ride.

"She's marvelous," he said suddenly, after I'd dropped a fare.

"Who is?"

"Lizette de Vences, of course. No one matches her in *(Continued on page 165)*

Neighbor to a Nightmare

We don't say it's probable, but it could happen that the man who sits next to you in the commuter's train has an overpowering thirst for warm, red, human blood

A Story by

MARGARET ST. CLAIR

Later on, Carr remembered things. Hamilton's dark glasses, for instance, his habit of wearing gloves even in summer, and the way he reeked of cologne. And he lived out by Sunnylawn.

On the other hand, Hamilton worked in a broker's office, he took the 7:15 to the city and came back on the 5:15, he read the *Sun* on the way in and the *Gazette* on the way back, just as everyone else did. In fact, except that he was unmarried and didn't play golf, he corresponded to the commuter's norm.

It was the aftermath of the wreck that made Carr think. Whether the engineer misread the signals or the signals were wrong nobody knew, because he was killed. Carr, who had been reading a most interesting editorial on the new congress, looked up with his mouth open when the first shock came. There was a long moment when the car seemed to hesitate about whether to leave the rails before it rolled over twice and came to rest on its side.

As the lights went off and flames began to shoot up, Hamilton was admirably self-possessed. He took his shoes off, got up on the arm of the seat, and with the heel of his foot broke the glass out. Then he hauled himself through the opening, reached down and helped Carr out too.

There were people still in the train and he lost Hamilton while helping as many as he could. Then he had to stand there and listen to the screams.

Ten bodies were taken to the mortuary, sixty-four persons were hospitalized. Of these, three subsequently died.

News had been scarce, and a train wreck is always interesting. And when you add a garrulous mortuary attendant to an imaginative reporter you may get something sensational. Three days after the wreck there was a feature article in the *Gazette*, and it was captioned: "Is There a Vampire on the 5:15?"

Carr read it and snorted indignantly. He thought the article in the worst of taste, and said so to Keith, who shared his seat. To his annoyance Keith read the article slowly and shook his head. "You can't always tell," he said.

Carr felt outraged. "You mean you believe all that crazy stuff about bodies being drained of their blood in a way for which no wound could account?" he said. "Fred, I'm surprised!"

"Well, you know how the papers are. But I think it's possible. Suppose there's somebody on this train who's fond of blood. Psychiatrists know about people like that, don't they? And suppose that person took advantage of the wreck to indulge his taste. As the writer points out, there's no reason why a vampire should spend all its time in a graveyard and only come out at night."

Afterward, Carr had nightmares about the wreck, in which the whole weight of the burning train lay upon him while he, helpless, watched something more horrid than the flames drawing near.

As he walked out past Sunnylawn one evening in May, considering the investment program he was going to discuss with Hamilton, there was a nagging little worry about Mary Jane, his sister's seven-year-old daughter, who had been hospitalized with what the doctor called cryptogenic anemia.

Arriving early, he stood for a moment in front of Hamilton's place admiring the emerald lawn and sniffing the rich odor of syringas, lilacs, and Virbunum Carlesii. He must press Hamilton once more to tell him what fertilizer he used.

There was no answer to the bell and after a moment's hesitation Carr tried the door, found it unlocked, and went in.

There was nobody in the house. Carr went through the rooms calling "Hamilton!" in careful tones. The cellar occurred to him as a last resort.

Carr looked around the kitchen, saw that the door in the side wall, which obviously led to the cellar, was ajar, and went over to it. From the darkness beneath came a faint but unmistakable drip . . . drip . . . drip. "Hamilton!" Carr called.

There was a scurry of noise in the darkness, a pause, and then Hamilton, preceded by a wave of cologne, came up the stairs.

He shook hands with Carr with apparent cordiality, and installed him in the living room in the most comfortable chair.

They went over the investment program together and in the middle of the discussion Hamilton remarked casually that he'd been trying to stop a persistent leak, probably from an underground spring, in the corner of his cellar, and Carr nodded agreeably. Does a man stop leaks in his cellar in the dark? Carr thought.

That night he had the dream again, but this time Mary Jane lay beside him in the wreckage of the burning train.

Next day he concluded he must be run-down, and had his secretary call Dr. Gleeder to arrange for a checkup next week.

Ellen met him at the door that night in tears and said that his sister had called and that Mary Jane was much worse. *Much* worse; they'd had a consultation, with three specialists, and she was to have an immediate transfusion.

Time went on. Carr had the interview with Gleeder. Dr. Gleeder thumped him and tapped him and listened to him and gave him a series of laboratory tests. In the end he said that while Carr was certainly nervous, it was nothing that could not be accounted for by the combination of delayed nervous reaction to a serious accident and worry over his niece. He advised an early vacation.

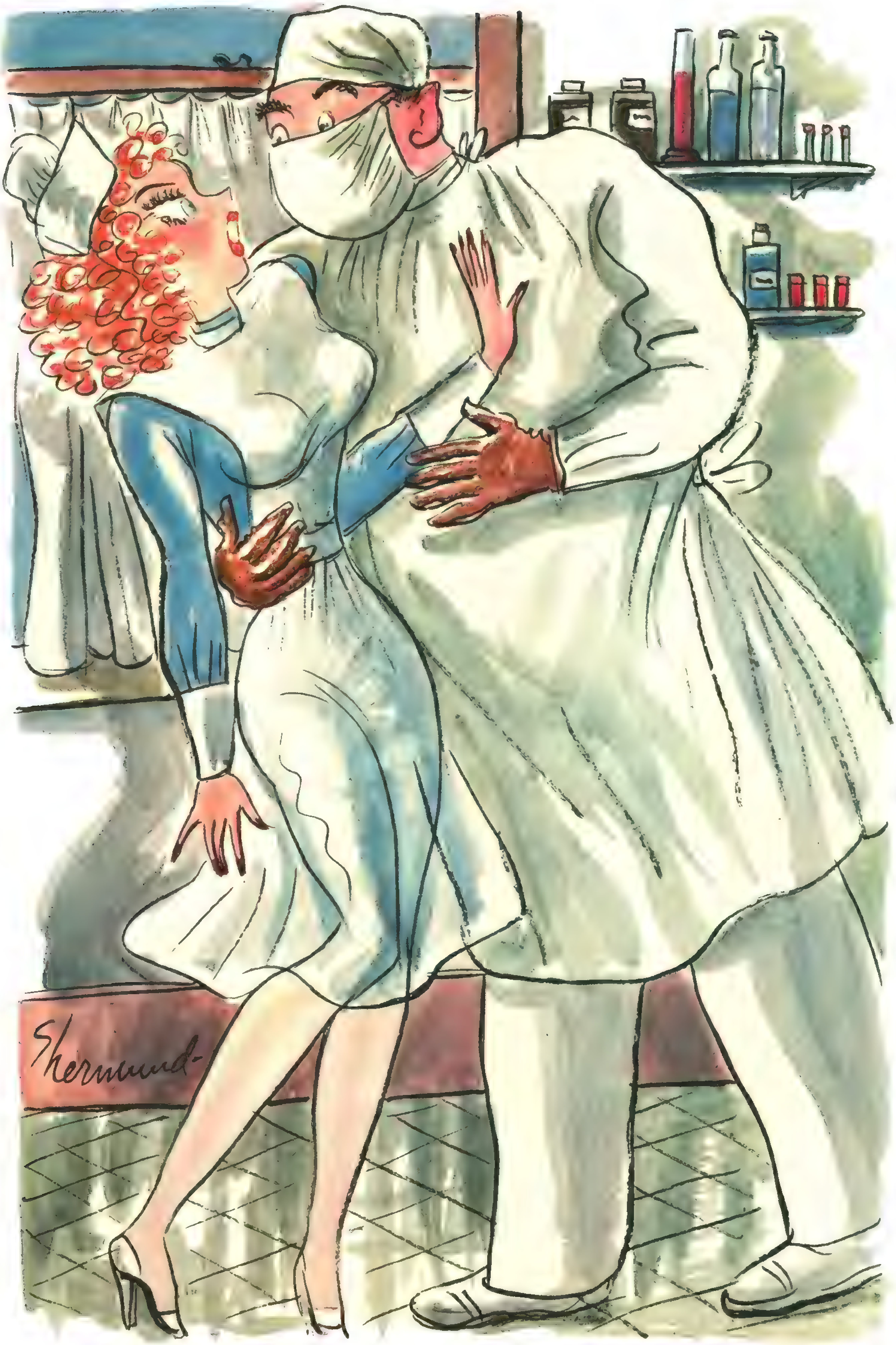
Mary Jane's death shook him to the core. After the funeral he had nightmares about the burning train more frequently, and now Mary Jane, her little face distorted with horror, pleading with him wordlessly to save her . . . from the thing.

The vacation, toward the end of June, did him no good. He came back tanned, but no less nervous than before. The dream had followed him, and the apprehension and the guilt.

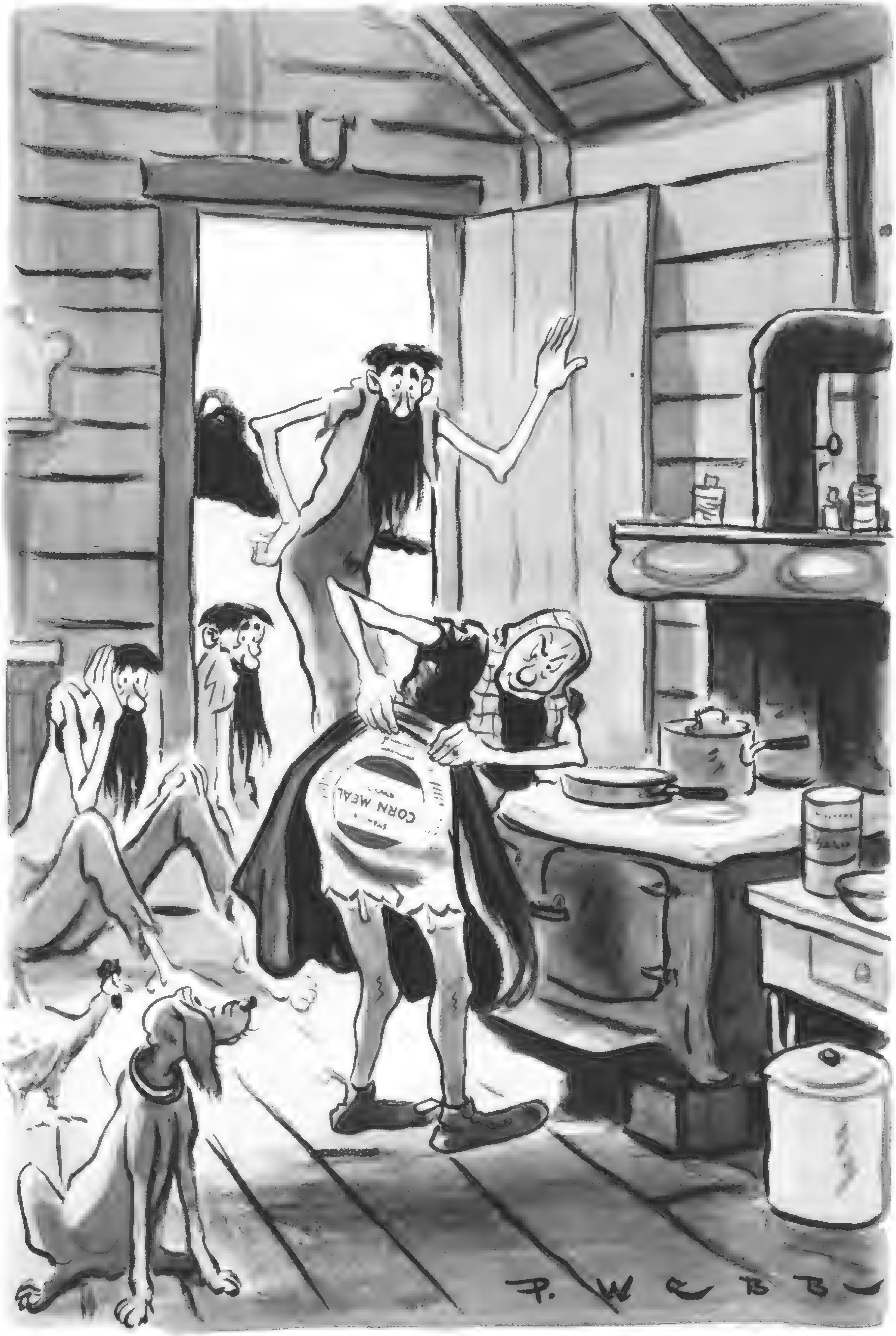
Hamilton went away on *his* vacation, and for a time Carr improved, and regained some of his lost weight. Ellen remarked sagely that sometimes a vacation didn't really do you any good until after you got home and were, so to speak, rested up from it.

Three weeks later she was writing to her mother that Wil- (*Continued on page 141*)

"Quick, get water! Somebody asked her for a date!"



"Oh, please, Doctor Mason—you are Doctor Mason, aren't you?"


CORN MEAL
P. WEBB

"Looks like we're a goin' to have corn pone tonight—Gran'maw is looking up the recipe ag'in"

If You Have Tears

An Esquire Book-Length Feature—Part II

by JOHN EVANS

Editor's Note: In the April issue you read how Larry Sungail strangled his wife, Grace, to collect $20,000 double-indemnity insurance. He needed the money to replace $18,000 he had embezzled from his bank to "buy off" the estranged husband of his secretary, mistress and sweetheart—Lona Kennedy.

In committing the crime, he arranged an alibi by appearing to be in the record room of the bank all afternoon and then disguised himself as a local religious fanatic known as St. Peter. Unseen, he stole the car of Cliff Frome, a teller, for the murder trip to his home in the suburbs. When he arrived he unexpectedly found Lona there, and had to knock her out before killing Grace.

This, the second part of the novel, concerns Larry's detection and the furious action that follows it. He is on his way home to the scene of his crime to remove, before the police arrive, a black leather case he had forgotten after using it to simulate St. Peter's Bible, which the old hermit was known to carry at all times.

(*If You Have Tears* is published in book form by Mystery House, New York.)

At quitting time, I went through the revolving doors and started to walk to the station. A car cut in alongside and a familiar voice called, "Hey, Larry, want a lift to the depot?"

It was Clifford Frome behind the wheel of his Ford. After we'd rolled a couple of blocks, he came out with something that put a chill up my spine.

"I'll be goddamed if I can figure the thing out."

I frowned. "What are you talking about, Cliff?"

"Well, either my memory's going back on me or the mileage meter on this crate jumped forty miles while standing in the lot today."

". . . Yeah?"

He went on twisting the knife. "Yes, sir, a good forty miles. The little woman and I been thinking about getting a new car; when I pulled in the lot this morning I was wondering what sort of trade-in I might expect. I remember looking at the meter and thinking, *Only seventeen miles over 30,000—why this bus is hardly broken in!* Well, by God, take a look yourself, Larry! It's fifty-eight miles past 30,000 right now. How the hell do you figure a thing like that?"

"Probably read it wrong. You better get some new glasses."

His feelings were hurt. "No, sir, some kid must've borrowed my car for a joyride. From now on I'm locking it mornings." He pulled up in front of the station. ". . . How's the wife, Larry?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"Haven't seen her in a long time. Give her my regards."

"You bet. So long."

When the train arrived I found a seat in the smoker and closed my eyes . . . From 4 o'clock, when I recalled leaving that zipper case in my living room, until 5, the hour I normally left the bank, I'd aged ten years. For if anybody went into that house ahead of me, they would be certain to pick up my signed confession to murder . . . all written out on shiny black leather *in* fingerprints.

If it had been my own bag I could have claimed it was in the living room all along and of course my prints were on it. But I didn't own the thing, had no idea who did, and didn't even know what was inside, if anything.

No, my only chance was to get home before the lid blew off. If Lona managed to work free of those towels before I got there . . . I shuddered

I got off at my station and started the seven-block walk to the house. My feet were doing their damnedest to break into a run, but my mind wouldn't permit it. I plodded along, trying to cut down my inner tension.

Finally there was the house, with Lona's car in front. There didn't appear to be any unusual activity along the block. I turned in and strolled casually toward my own porch.

"Hey, Larry!"

I turned around quick, my heart pounding again. It was fat Freddie Bethelmen, clipping his hedge across the street. He waved the shears. "Hotter'n hell, hunh? . . . How's the wife?"

Christ! Did everybody have to ask that question today?

"Fine."

"That's good. You and Grace come over some night, hunh?"

My hands were shaking when I tossed my hat on the hall table. They'll never build a tomb any quieter than that hall. ". . . It's me. What's for dinner?"

It was an act, of course: the most important job of acting I'd ever been called on to do . . . so far. My audience of one was lying on the floor in the next room, gagged and bound.

"Grace!" I raised my voice a couple notches, then walked into the living room. ". . . My God! Grace! Lona! Are you . . . all—"

I stopped right there because I had no audience. For, while everything was exactly as I had left it earlier, Lona's eyes were closed and her face was white as salt. For a bad moment I thought she was dead too, but her dress was moving under shallow breathing.

I kept up a babble, in case she wasn't completely unconscious, while I looked for that zipper case. It wasn't until I stepped over Grace's distorted body that I found it pushed down between the corpse and the back of the couch, where Lona could not possibly have seen it from where she lay. My luck was really holding!

I scooped the thing up, made a retching sound as though I was going to be sick, and dashed for the stairs to the second floor. I ran into the bathroom, flushed the bowl, then went quickly into the unfinished attic room. There I dropped that damned case into the space behind the unfinished inner wall.

My movements were so rapid that I was back in the bathroom before the bowl stopped gurgling. I grabbed a towel, wet it and went down the stairs two at a clip. I jerked the gag out of Lona's mouth, untied her legs and arms and began to slap her face with the wet towel. "Lona, Lona! For the love of Christ, are you all right? Wake up, damn it!"

". . . Oh-h-h . . . Larry . . . I don't . . . Larry . . ."

Her eyes opened, reflecting such stark horror that my scalp crawled.

"Listen to me, baby. Can you talk? What happened?"

Tears began to well up in those brown eyes. "Your wife . . . She's—oh, Larry . . . she's—"

"Yeah. She's dead . . . Who did it? You hear me? Who killed Grace?"

"I can't talk, Larry. My jaw . . . It was a man with whiskers. I . . . can't . . . talk! It was horrible . . . hor—" She began to laugh hysterically.

I slapped her cheek, hard. "Shut it off! I'm going to call the sheriff. Pull yourself together!"

"Oh, God, Larry! Your poor—"

"Cut it out, damn you! Come on, I'll help you into the dining room. You can't sit here where you can see . . . her."

I half-carried Lona into the dining room and propped her onto a chair. Then I went to the phone. I told Deputy Sheriff Ollie Dodd enough to get action, then went back to Lona.

I was beginning to worry again. What if Lona had caught a glimpse of that leather case? It hardly seemed possible, but I couldn't be positive. I put an arm around her waist.

"Feel up to talking, baby?"

She clung to me. "It was a man, Larry. With a beard. Your wife knew him; she called him Peter. I started to scream and he hit me . . . That's all I know, Larry."

Continued on page 92

"Peter, hunh? I can't believe it! I'd have sworn the old man was completely harmless." I told her about St. Peter in a few words. She was too upset to pay much attention. ". . . What else happened?"

She twisted her fingers. "Well, when I woke up, she was on the couch and her face . . . her tongue—" Lona began to shiver and sob again. "I kept fainting and coming to again, I don't know how many times."

I took a deep breath. "It must have been Peter, particularly if he had a Bible under his arm."

"Bible?"

"That's right. Don't tell me he was running around without his big black leather one?"

"Now that you mention it, he *did* have something under his arm. But everything happened so fast that I—"

A car squealed to a stop out front. Dodd and three other men came in. They took off their hats and stared at me with solemn eyes.

"She's in the living room, Ollie."

There was sympathy in his big honest brown eyes. "You go in the other room, Mr. Sungail. I'll talk to you soon as I can."

Presently Dodd entered the dining room where Lona and I were seated. "My sympathy, Mr. Sungail." There was quiet dignity in his words.

"Thank you, Ollie."

"What can you tell me about it?"

I inclined my head toward Lona. "Sheriff Dodd, this is Miss Kennedy, my secretary. She was here calling on my wife when it—happened." I wet my lips. "Ollie, Miss Kennedy says St. Peter murdered Grace in cold blood."

His eyes got bigger. "You mean *our* St. Peter, Mr. Sungail? Well now, that's hard to believe. Always seemed a harmless old coot. Tell me about it, Miss Kennedy."

He listened, not once taking his steady brown eyes away from Lona's face. Meanwhile there were little sounds of people moving around in the living room, and talking went on in undertones. After Lona finished, Ollie nodded and rubbed his chin.

I turned to him. "You need us any more, Ollie? Miss Kennedy has had a hell of an afternoon. I'd like to drive her home and see that she's put under a doctor's care." I dug out my key case and laid it on the table. "And I wish you'd lock up when you leave. I'll never be able to set foot into this place again. For the time being I'll put up at a hotel in San Berdoo."

"I understand, Mr. Sungail. Of course we'll need you and Miss Kennedy for the inquest. Doc Sloan will hold it tomorrow morning at 10. By then we ought to have old St. Peter in jail."

He looked mildly at Lona. "One thing, Miss Kennedy. How'd it happen you were here this afternoon?"

Lona met his eyes gravely. "Mrs. Sungail phoned me at the bank shortly after 1 o'clock. She asked me to come here immediately, that it was urgent and important. I don't know . . . didn't know her very well; but she seemed so upset that I agreed to come. We hardly had time to say a dozen words before the . . . this man . . ."

"I see. And none of the few words you did exchange gave you any idea why she sent for you?"

"No idea at all."

"Now, can you give a description of Peter, other than his hair and whiskers? I mean his clothing and shoes, and so on?"

"I don't think I can help much, Mr. Dodd. Everything happened so quickly."

I said: "She saw his Bible, Ollie."

"Oh?"

Lona nodded. "Yes. Something that looked like a leather case. Mr. Sungail asked me if the man was carrying a Bible and I recalled seeing it—under his arm."

It would have sounded better if she hadn't mentioned that I was the one who reminded her about the "Bible," but I figured it would do.

Dodd sighed. "Sure sounds like Peter, all right. Kind of a shock to me, too . . . Well, guess you never can tell."

After Ollie left, I took Lona home in her car, deciding to pick up my own after the inquest. During the ride she never said a word, just sat slumped down, her eyes closed. When we reached her place, I helped her out. "You want me to come in, Lona?"

She seemed close to tears. "I don't think so, Larry. I'm going to try to sleep." Tears began to roll down her cheeks. "She was your wife, Larry. I feel as though it were my fault that—"

"That won't get us anywhere, Lona. What you've got to do is tell your story at the inquest tomorrow morning. And when they pick up that murderer and call you in to identify him, do the right kind of job. The pain of this thing won't leave me, or you either, until they clap him into the gas chamber."

"All right, Larry."

"I'll be here at 9 o'clock and drive you there."

"Yes. Good night, dear."

"Good night, baby."

* * *

There wasn't much to the inquest. There were enough angles to the murder, plus the bizarre touch of Peter, so that newspapermen made up a good-sized portion of the audience. Most of Palm View crowded into the funeral-parlor chapel and it was evident that the crowd's sympathy was with me.

Doc Sloan told how Grace met her death; I related the circumstances of finding the body; Lona gave an account of what she had gone through; and the Filipino houseboy and Sid Carson testified they had seen St. Peter go into the Sungail residence.

It was over in an hour. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death by homicide and stated that "person or persons unknown" did the killing. They tacked on the saving recommendation that St. Peter be apprehended and questioned. And that was that.

Lona and I were getting into her car when Sheriff Dodd called me. "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Sungail, but I wonder if you and Miss Kennedy could spare us a few minutes."

"Who's 'us'?"

"The district attorney and a detective-lieutenant came up from San Berdoo to the inquest. They want you and Miss Kennedy to stop off at my place and see them."

It was no time to start saying no. "Sure. I'll run you over there."

As we entered Ollie's office two men stood up. The younger was Kingsley Gleason, the district attorney. He was about thirty-five, built like a halfback, and his face was reasonably intelligent.

Detective-Lieutenant Salem Bayridge was something else again. He was a short, thick-trunked man who could have been any age between forty and sixty. His face was a square gray slab like granite, and steel-rimmed glasses straddled his small snub nose. Behind them were two of the shrewdest, coldest, hard eyes ever stuck in a human face.

At Dodd's suggestion we sat down. Then Bayridge started it off. "Hate to put you out at a time like this, folks, but I imagine you're as anxious as we are to have Mrs. Sungail's murderer brought to justice." His voice was one of those gravel-pit baritones that make a simple statement sound like a threat.

I had the correct answer for that. "You're quite right, Lieutenant. The quicker they get him into the gas chamber, the better I'll like it."

"You mean this . . . St. Peter, I suppose."

"From the facts that have come out I'd say it was St. Peter, all right. Although I had difficulty believing it at first."

Kingsley Gleason said: "It seems pretty evident, Mr. Sungail. Still, it's not easy to sell every one of twelve jurors on the idea of taking a man's life. The State has got to be able to anticipate every move the defense makes, and have the means to nullify it."

"I know that."

"Well, that's why we asked you over for this little talk."

"I know that, too."

The red came into his face and his eyes glittered. I probably wasn't being smart talking that way, but I was beginning to get an empty feeling just below the ribs that I knew was fear.

Bayridge said: "It's surprising how little anyone around this town knows about this old hermit. How big a man is he?"

"Maybe six feet, I guess. Ollie can tell you better than I."

His eyes looked at me without blinking. "The sheriff is trained to describe people in a certain way, Mr. Sungail. Sometimes an untrained eye will spot some small item that a trained eye will miss."

It made sense, and it didn't. But he gave the impression of knowing his business. Then he went on: "In your opinion, St. Peter was powerful enough to strangle your wife?"

"I'd judge so."

"Umm. Seems a little out of character for a kindly, God-fearing old man to go around murdering women. Still, all the evidence is there, all right . . . Now, when you got home last evening, the first you knew anything was wrong was when you went into the living room and found your wife dead, is that right?"

"That's correct."

"You untied Miss Kennedy and revived her."

"I told about that at the inquest, Lieutenant."

"Then you called the sheriff?"

"Yes."

Bayridge turned to Lona. "Miss Kennedy, I'm going to ask you to go over your story of what happened."

"If you like, Lieutenant." Her voice was steady as she told of what had taken place in the living room. When she finished, Gleason and Bayridge glanced at Ollie Dodd and caught his nod, indicating that Lona's story differed in no way from the one she had told him the day before.

Bayridge said: "Then you saw the killer only for a few seconds, Miss Kennedy?"

"Yes."

"How much of a description can you give of him?"

"Very little, I'm afraid." Her smile was wan. "He didn't give me an opportunity to look him over."

"You saw, though, that he had a beard?"

"Yes."

"Any other peculiarities? Face scarred or pitted? Ears tight to his head or standing out? Eyebrows bushy or thin?"

She pressed a hand against her temple. "I . . . please, I honestly don't know."

I cut in. "Look, Lieutenant, instead of firing all these questions at Miss Kennedy, why not let her see St. Peter? I'm sure she'll be able to identify him that way."

Those unblinking eyes stabbed at me. "Experience shows us pretty well how to do these things, Mr. Sungail. If Miss Kennedy can furnish a description now, before she sees the hermit, and it fits him . . . then we won't have to worry about a mistake in identity."

Gleason stirred. "Besides, we haven't got our hands on this St. Peter yet."

I frowned. "He should be up in the hills."

Dodd looked up. "We'll get him. We found a lean-to and cave that he lives in, but he wasn't nowheres around. But you can bet we'll get him."

Bayridge said impatiently: "Miss Kennedy, let's go back to the place where Mrs. Sungail called you at the bank. What time did this call come through?"

"Mr. Sungail had come back from lunch just before 1 o'clock. It was between ten and fifteen minutes afterwards that Mrs. Sungail phoned me."

Gleason gestured with one hand. "Did you recognize the voice as that of Mrs. Sungail?"

"I never gave it any thought. The woman said she was Mrs. Sungail and I had no reason to doubt her."

Bayridge's frown indicated he thought this line of inquiry was useless. "Let's hear the rest of your phone conversation, Miss Kennedy."

"Well, she said something of the utmost importance had come up and that she wanted to talk with me personally right away."

"Exactly how did she phrase that request?"

"Well . . . 'I wish you wouldn't mention this to my husband, please. I'll explain when I see you.' "

"Then what did you do?"

"I drove out to Palm View."

"Without telling Mr. Sungail, or anyone else, where you were going?"

"That's right."

"All right . . . Now you rang the bell. Who came to the door?"

"Mrs. Sungail."

"Did she seem nervous or upset?"

". . . Not especially."

"What do you mean by 'not especially'?"

"Just that. As I think of it now, she seemed a little . . . well, ill-at-ease, you'd call it."

"She asked you in. Go on, Miss Kennedy."

"She said something about the weather being hot and I agreed. There was an awkward pause then, and before either of us could say anything else, there was a noise somewhere in the back of the house, and Mrs. Sungail called out: 'Who's there?' Then her eyes widened as though she was seeing something unexpected. She said: 'Why, Peter!' and I turned and there was this awful, wild-looking man standing—"

"You heard her say 'Peter'?"

"Yes. I—"

"Clearly?"

"Perfectly clear."

"Then what happened?"

"I was scared, Lieutenant! I started to scream and he hit me in the face . . . and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor, my arms and legs tied and something stuffed in my mouth."

"St. Peter was gone?"

"I think so. At least I didn't see him or hear him."

"Were you where you could see Mrs. Sungail's body?"

Lona shuddered and closed her eyes. "Yes. It was on the couch. Her face was all blue and the tongue—" She stopped and swallowed with an effort.

Bayridge leaned back. "Thank you, Miss Kennedy . . . I think that will do, for the time being anyway."

Gleason got out of his chair. "We won't detain you any longer, Mr. Sungail. And you, Miss Kennedy. However, when we succeed in taking this hermit into custody, it'll be necessary for both of you to come to police headquarters to identify him."

"Whenever you say . . ."

* * *

"I can't understand why they asked me all those questions, Larry."

"Hell, it's their job! It doesn't mean anything."

"But the way he kept pounding at me! As if I had something to do with your wife's murder!"

"Stop worrying, will you? They have to cover every angle. They'll catch Peter and call you in to point him out. He'll be tried for murder, and your testimony and that of the other witnesses will put him in the gas chamber. People will forget about it, finally, and you and I will be married and the hell with everything else."

She put her hand on my arm and gave it a small squeeze. But we were well into San Berdoo before she spoke again.

"Larry, haven't you forgotten something?"

"Not that I know of. What?"

"The . . . shortage at the bank."

". . . That's going to work out, Lona. I've made arrangements."

I pulled up in front of her bungalow.

". . . Coming in, Larry?"

"I'd better not."

"Why?"

". . . You can't tell about the police. They find out we're more than employer and employee and they might tie us into Grace's murder."

"You're not going to let this come between us, Larry?"

"You know better than that, sweetheart. We've got to be careful for a while, is all."

"I can't give you up, Larry."

"Cut it out. Nobody's giving anybody up."

"See you at the bank Monday?"

"Sure . . ."

Monday morning I called Craig Taylor at Trans-American and asked him to have lunch with me. He offered his condolences in my bereavement and I thanked him; but it wasn't until dessert that I started the ball rolling.

"Craig, I'm in a jam. You're the one guy that can help me out of it, so I'm going to lay it on the line. Okay?"

"Christ A'mighty, Larry, all you got to do is say the word."

"Well, Grace's funeral is tomorrow afternoon. I've had to buy a plot out at Grovehill and I'm spending quite a bit on the rest of the business. The point is, Craig, I'm strapped for cash. Now maybe this is going to sound kind of—well—ghoulish, but Grace had a $10,000 policy with you people and . . . well, you see what I'm getting at, don't you?"

"Of course. Nothing ghoulish about that." The horn-rimmed glasses helped to mask his eyes, but I caught the gleam in them anyway, and I knew what was coming. In fact, I had planned on just that reaction from the moment I first figured on killing Grace.

"I know what it is to be caught short like that, Larry." The sympathy in his tone was so phony it smelled. "That's why I was so anxious to have that second mortgage on my place go through."

"I'm a hell of a friend, Craig! Honestly, I forgot all about it. Well I'm not going to let a pal down. That second mortgage will go through without a hitch."

For a minute I thought he was going to kiss me. I waited for him to get back to the subject of insurance. He made it finally. "About Grace's policy, Larry: I think you have overlooked something."

Right there my lunch turned to lead. ". . . Overlooked what? Those premiums have been paid . . ."

"As I remember it, there is a double-indemnity clause in that policy. Of course, I'd have to check to make sure."

Certainly I knew there was a double-indemnity clause. But I had wanted him to tell me. "Are you sure, Craig? I never took the trouble to read through the thing."

"I'm sure, all right. We'll have to pay you twenty thousand because of the manner in which Grace—uh—died."

He could see I was upset. I made sure of that. ". . . Well, of course, that's good in a way. I mean, twenty thousand is a lot for me to get. But a large amount like that will probably cause you people to hold up payment for a while."

"You've got it all wrong, fella. I don't care how big a claim is; if Trans-American is satisfied the deceased is the party insured, and every other condition in the policy is met . . . we pay immediately . . . Tell you what: I'll get a photostat of the death certificate this afternoon and send it with a letter explaining the circumstances to the L. A. office. You'll have a check within ten days."

* * *

Maybe the toughest part of the whole situation was the way the people at the bank took Grace's death. Kermit Wayne took it so hard he made me ashamed because I wasn't able to get myself up to the same emotional pitch. The tellers and cashiers and bookkeepers—everybody down to the janitor—kept telling me how sorry they were. I found out they were scraping up money to send the biggest bunch of flowers possible, and there wasn't any way I could stop them from doing it.

That same Monday I called Walter Lyon, the lawyer handling Ira Banning's estate. I told him there might be a slight delay in getting that list of securities because I was busy helping the police investigate the murder of my wife.

Lyon told me to forget about the matter for a couple of weeks. That kind of attitude was as welcome as it was unexpected. Maybe it would have been better if I hadn't put the pressure on Craig Taylor to get the policy paid. But it was done, and I was confident I hadn't overplayed my hand on that score.

Around 10 a.m. Wednesday, the day after the funeral, Ollie Dodd phoned me at the bank and said they'd caught St. Peter and were bringing him to police headquarters.

"That's what I've been waiting to hear, Ollie. You get a confession?"

There was a little silence. ". . . That's the funny thing, Mr. Sungail. He won't give us sensible answers."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. I told him he was under arrest on suspicion of murder. Hell, he never even asked who he was supposed to have killed—just looked at me in that blank way and said: 'God in His infinite mercy will be my sword and buckler.' . . . Now what the hell kind of talk is that when you're accused of murder?"

"Sounds like him, at that."

"Well, I called Mr. Gleason to say we had the old man. He told me to bring him in and to send a car in with Mr. Carson and that Filipino houseboy. They're going to be asked to identify him, and Gleason asked me to have you send Miss Kennedy over there at 1:30. If the three witnesses put the finger on Peter, I reckon that'll end it, regardless of what he has to say."

After Dodd hung up, I pressed the buzzer and Lona came in with her notebook. She made a business of ruffling the pages.

". . . That's not what I wanted you for, baby. They've rounded up old Word-of-God. Dodd just called. They're bringing the old man into San Berdoo and Gleason wants you at 1:30 to make an identification."

Her expression showed she wasn't going to enjoy that. "I suppose I'll have to go through with it."

"Naturally. Think you'll be able to recognize him as the killer?"

"If he's the one I saw that afternoon."

"He's the one, all right."

"How can you be so positive?"

I stared at her. "What's got into you, Lona? It couldn't be anyone else. There's only one man in the country who fits the description you gave, and that's St. Peter."

She didn't say anything, just sat there with her eyes looking down at nothing at all. I decided it was the female in her acting up. We weren't seeing each other outside of business hours; I was keeping details secret on how I expected to make restitution to the Banning estate. All that added up to one thing as far as she was concerned: I didn't love her any more.

I put my arms around her and my mouth against her lips. For a few seconds there was no reaction at all; then her arms closed about my neck.

I straightened up after she was sufficiently melted. ". . . It can't last forever, baby. One of these days I can go back to letting you know how much I love you. It's only that I've had so much on my mind . . . Now I want you to go over to police headquarters and make a positive identification of the man who murdered Grace. Then, tonight, we'll have dinner at your place and lay around and talk and make love. Just like old times. What do you say?"

There were stars in her eyes by this time. "That will be wonderful, darling."

Nothing to it . . .

About 3 o'clock Lona came back to the bank. I led her into the inner office and closed the door. My nerves were jumping like somebody was holding a lighted candle to them, but I didn't let it show. ". . . Tell me about it, Lona."

Her mouth began to twist. "Oh, Larry. That poor old man! I feel so sorry for him."

"For the love of Christ! Sorry for him?

Continued on page 94

He slugged you on the jaw and killed my wife, didn't he?"

". . . I don't know, Larry." She was crying. "Can't you understand, Larry? I . . . couldn't be sure."

My hands began to shake. "My God, Lona, are you telling me you told the police there was doubt in your mind that he was the one?"

She blinked back the tears. "No . . . no! It had to be him. His whiskers and hair were the same and he was the same size as the man who hit me. But . . . it was his eyes more than anything else, Larry. When he broke into your home, his eyes were insane; they blazed at me. But today those eyes were calm and quiet and—sort of holy. How could a man like that do such a terrible thing?"

"What did you tell the police?"

"Well, I couldn't tell them a thing while the old man was in the room. Even Carson and that Filipino boy felt that way about it. After he was taken out, Bayridge asked us if St. Peter was the one we saw that afternoon."

"What did Carson and the kid have to say?"

"They identified him all right."

"And you?"

". . . The lieutenant didn't ask me right away. He told Carson and the Filipino they could go; then Gleason said I was the one witness the case really depended on because I saw the killer face to face. Then he asked me if the man I had just seen was the same man who had struck me."

"Well?"

"I said yes, Larry. But I'm not sure they believed me."

"They say they didn't?"

"No-o. At least, not right out. They looked at each other in the oddest way; then Bayridge said I could go."

That was all I could get out of her. I couldn't see where there was anything to worry about. But I could still feel that pressure grinding my nerves. I could sense that there were peculiar undertones to the picture as a whole.

* * *

By the time a week had gone by I was skating on the thin edge of pure panic. For one thing, the check from Trans-American hadn't come through. Another thing was the visits of Bayridge to the bank. He would drop into my office and say hello; but a couple of times he took Lona off to a vacant office and talked to her. As far as I was concerned, he could have questioned me until midnight and the hell with him. But every time he started in on Lona, I sweated blood. However, she didn't seem to be especially upset, so I concluded she was managing to handle her end of it.

Then, in the mail Thursday morning, I found an envelope from Trans-American. And there she was! A long, green strip of paper: *Pay to the order of Lawrence Dwight Sungail . . . $20,000.*

There it was—cash in hand and clear sailing ahead. My job was saved and so was my girl . . . What else could a man hope for? I grabbed my hat and went out the door like I owned the world.

By 2:30 I was back from Los Angeles. In my pocket were $18,000 worth of U. S. bearer bonds. I copied the serial numbers for the list Lyon would be getting; then I went down to the vaults, got out Banning's envelope, shoved the new bonds into the folder . . . and let out a breath they must have heard in Palm Springs.

Back in the office, I got out the cognac and spent the rest of the afternoon admiring the paneled walls through a rosy glow. At 5 o'clock I went through the main entrance and was heading for the cigar counter for cigarettes when a pair of men in plainclothes stepped up. The bigger of the two held out his hand, palm up. There was a silver badge in it. "Lieutenant Bayridge would like to see you."

I was aware of a limpness in my legs, a roaring in my ears. "You mean . . . right now?"

"That's the general idea."

". . . All right."

* * *

It was a small square room on the second floor. Salem Bayridge sat hunched over the desk.

One of the two men who had brought me pointed to a chair and I sat down. Bayridge didn't look up; he was writing something on ruled paper. It was very quiet in the room. I could hear traffic sounds through the window. Finally Bayridge finished, put the paper in his desk, looked at me.

"Sorry to put you out, Mr. Sungail."

I let out my breath. ". . . Not at all, Lieutenant."

"You see, we've run into a snag."

"What kind of snag, Lieutenant?"

"This man John Jagielski."

The name meant nothing to me and I told him so.

"He's the one you call St. Peter."

"Where does the snag come in?"

"Well, we couldn't get him to talk."

"So Ollie Dodd told me."

He hunched his shoulders. "It gave me a headache. Most people, innocent or guilty, will go so far as to say they didn't do it when we accuse them of something, but old St. Peter wouldn't say a word we could get our teeth in. Just Bible quotations and stuff like that."

"That's how he is, all right."

"Finally, I figured since this old guy was so strong for God Almighty, maybe he'd open up to somebody else in the same business. So I called in a priest—Father Slotnik, from St. Mary's Church.

"It worked, too. I left the two of them alone for a while; then Father Slotnik came out and gave me the old man's real name and said that the hermit was ready to talk."

"Nice work, Lieutenant."

"Yeah. I asked him about the murder of Mrs. Sungail, and he claimed he didn't do it. I pointed out that two witnesses saw him enter the house around the time the victim died, and that another witness was actually assaulted by him on the scene, but he claimed he was nowhere near Palm View on the afternoon in question."

I gave him back a stare as unblinking as his own. "You could hardly expect him to admit it."

"Sure, sure. That's what I figured." He stopped and looked at me expectantly.

I said, ". . . Just—uh—just where do I come in on this, Lieutenant?"

He looked faintly surprised. "Why, I thought you ought to be told what Jagielski said, Mr. Sungail. Particularly since it turns out he didn't kill your wife."

"How do you . . ." I stopped, tried again. "You sound pretty positive, Lieutenant Bayridge. As you yourself admitted, there were witnesses who saw him at the time. Why, Miss Kennedy—"

"That's exactly the point, Mr. Sungail. Nobody saw him go into your place, and your secretary wasn't attacked by him."

". . . I don't get it."

He bent forward and stared at me, hard. "That's something I'm going to explain to you, Mr. Sungail. You see, what that Filipino houseboy and Mr. Carson and Miss Kennedy saw wasn't St. Peter. No; what they saw was a man with whiskers."

My face stayed blank but I was catching hell underneath it. "Well, naturally. He has whiskers."

Bayridge spread his hands. "But St. Peter—Jagielski—wasn't the man behind them. The murderer made a mistake. The mistake was that he took it for granted St. Peter didn't have an alibi for the time of the killing. While the murderer knew the old man's habits, he never stopped to consider that maybe St. Peter wasn't up in the hills, like he would be ninety-nine times out of a hundred."

A chill voice inside me said: *That's all, brother!* But I managed to keep my expression from doing any talking. ". . . Then you're telling me he has an alibi? Is it any good?"

"Sure it's good. At the time your wife was being strangled, Jagielski was in jail."

"Well, my God, Bayridge, I would think you'd have found that out right away!"

He shook his head heavily. "Three days before the killing, he was jugged for vagrancy in a one-horse town up the line about twenty-five miles. They got a new marshal up there, and when Jagielski tried to mooch a handout, he got five days."

"Did you check on it?"

He looked offended. "Certainly I checked it. He was there, all right. Funny thing: with all the papers full of the case and everybody notified to be on the lookout for St. Peter, the town whittlers in that hick burg never tumbled that they had him right in their own lockup. Dodd says the marshal told him they'd read about the case, but figured the man they had couldn't be the one because he was laying in jail three days before the killing."

There was only one thing for me to say, so out it came. "Then who did kill my wife, Lieutenant?"

"That we've got to learn." He studied my face with that blank, unwinking stare. "It shouldn't be difficult, either."

He knew something; you could tell that. I tightened up inside and got ready for the fight of my life.

". . . Anything I can do to help?"

He appeared to think over my offer. "You don't mind answering a few questions?"

"Certainly not. Understand me, Lieutenant, I want the man who killed my wife to be caught and given the full penalty of the law."

He shifted his eyes to one of the detectives behind me. "Get your book, Consetti; it might be a good idea to take all this down."

Bayridge laced his fingers together. "Now, Mr. Sungail, this man is going to take your statement and type it up. I'm going to ask you to read it over afterward, and sign each page. Okay?"

". . . Yes."

"Now—how did you get along with the late Mrs. Sungail?"

"That's a hell of a question! Do you suspect me of killing her?"

He appeared pained. "Let's not get excited, friend. I'm merely attempting to get at the truth."

I lit a cigarette and looked at Bayridge with complete calm. "Mrs. Sungail and I never exchanged a cross word, Lieutenant."

It was the truth. Grace and I never quarreled. Our neighbors had considered us a devoted couple.

"You never gave her cause to be jealous of another woman?"

". . . Just what the hell are you getting at, Bayridge?"

"It's only a question."

"Then the answer is no!"

"All right . . . How long has Miss Kennedy been your secretary?"

"Two years."

"Was she acquainted with your wife?"

"Not socially. Grace occasionally came to the bank. Miss Kennedy met her there."

"Why was Miss Kennedy at your home at the time your wife was killed?"

"She said Grace sent for her. You asked that question before."

"Do you believe that story?"

"I have no reason not to."

"Any idea why Mrs. Sungail sent for her?"

"No."

All this was going into Consetti's notebook.

"Was your wife's life insured, Mr. Sungail?"

". . . Yes."

"And you were the beneficiary?"

"Yes."

"What was the face value of this policy?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

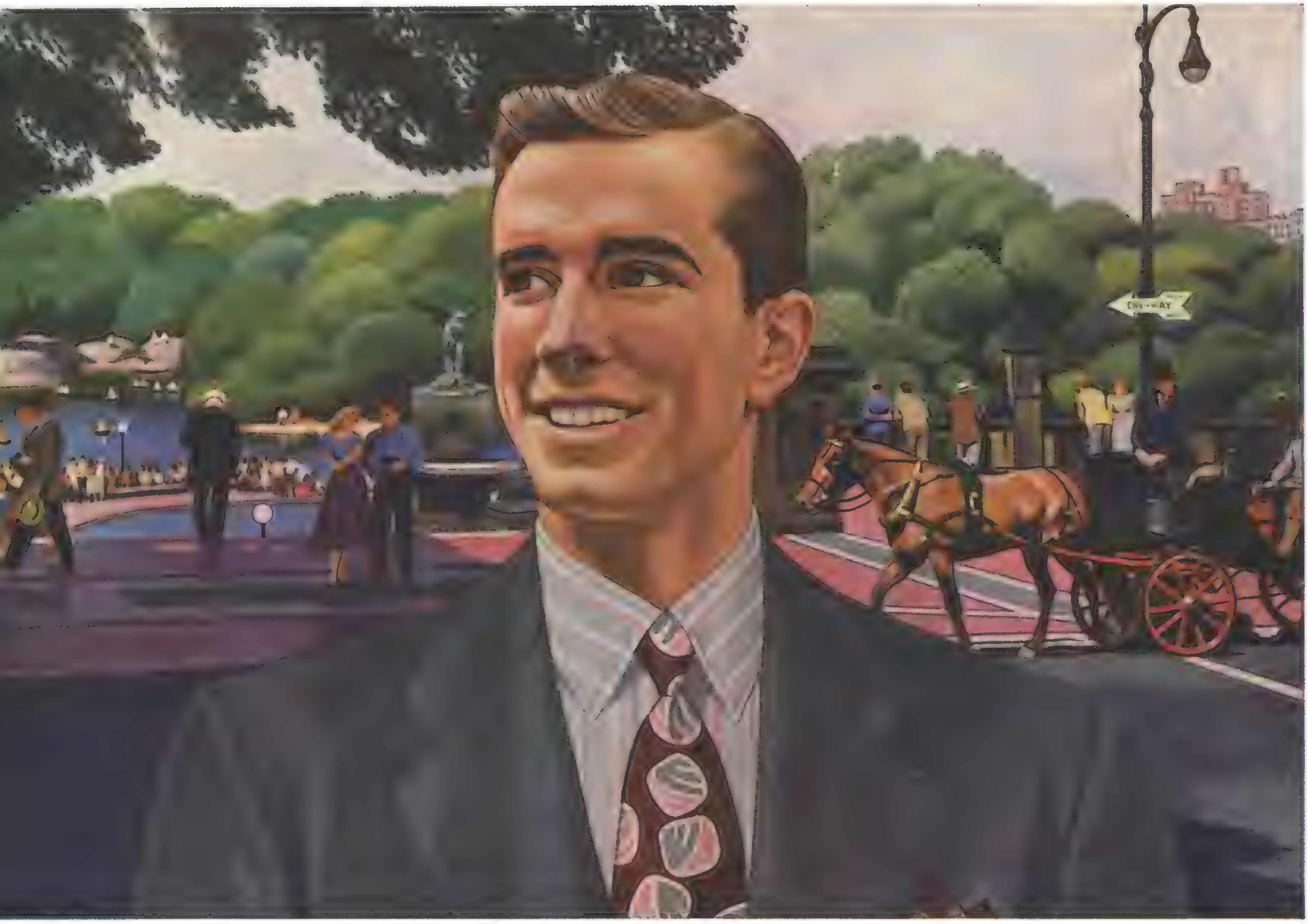
"Isn't that unusual?"

I explained the circumstances under which Grace had taken out the policy and he seemed satisfied. Then he said: "Has the claim been paid?"

"Yes."

"Ten thousand dollars?"

Continued on page 99



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THIS SPRING, *stripes* are sky-high in favor with men who *know sound style!*

Arrow's new PARK ensemble features shirts with white corded stripes on soft-toned broadcloth in blue, tan, gray, and green. And the "different touch" is this: the corded stripes run in "threes!" $3.50.

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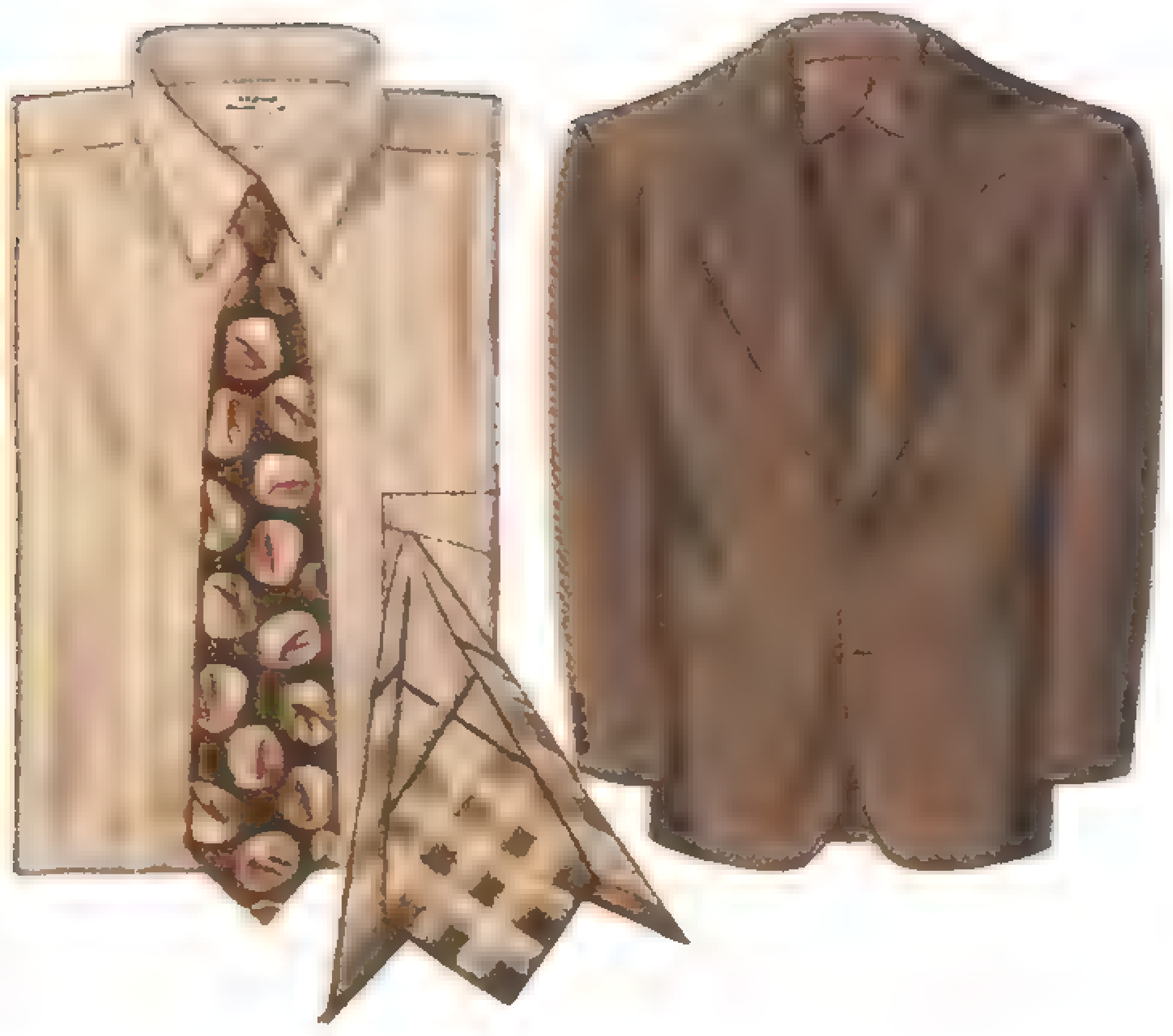

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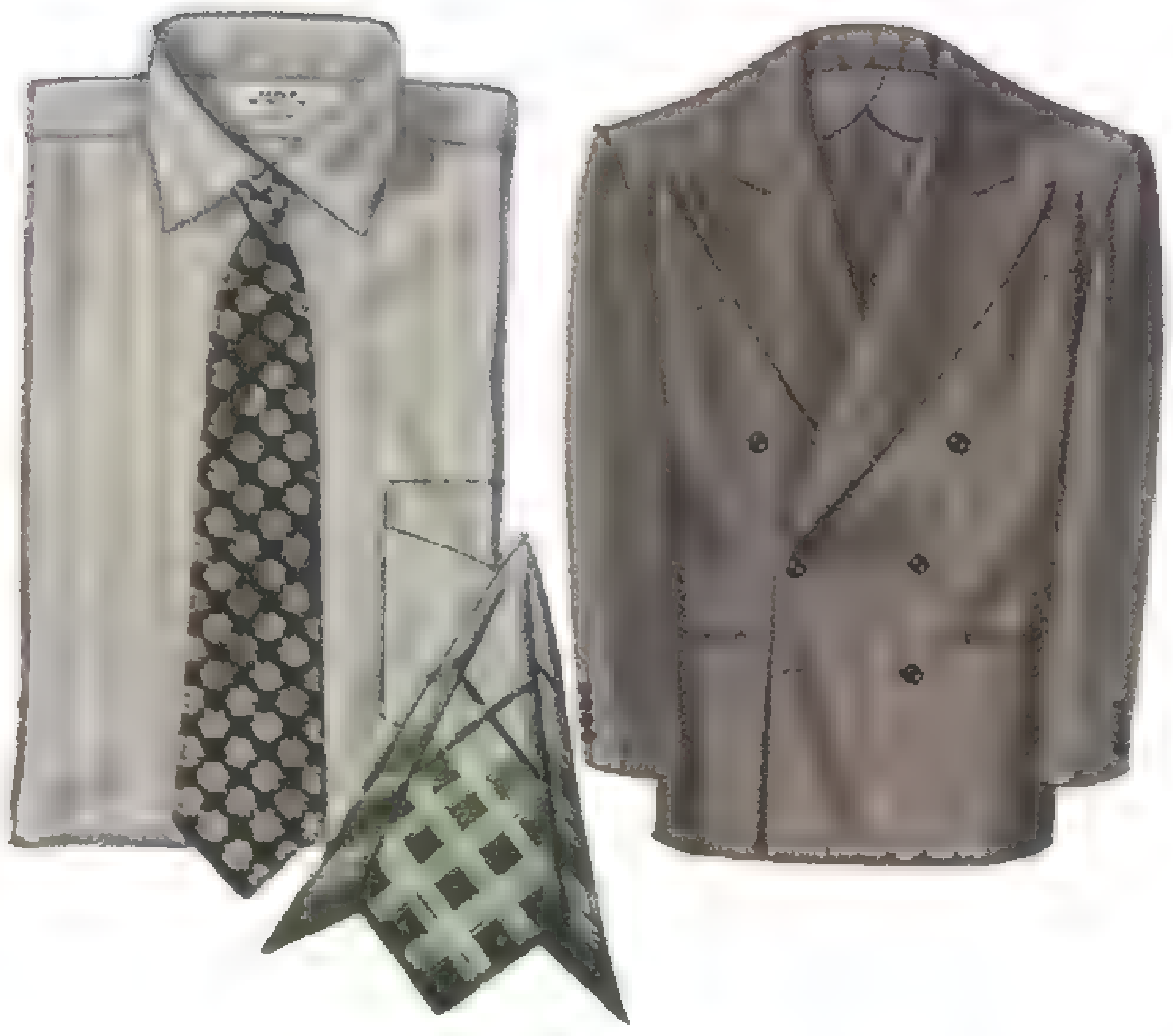
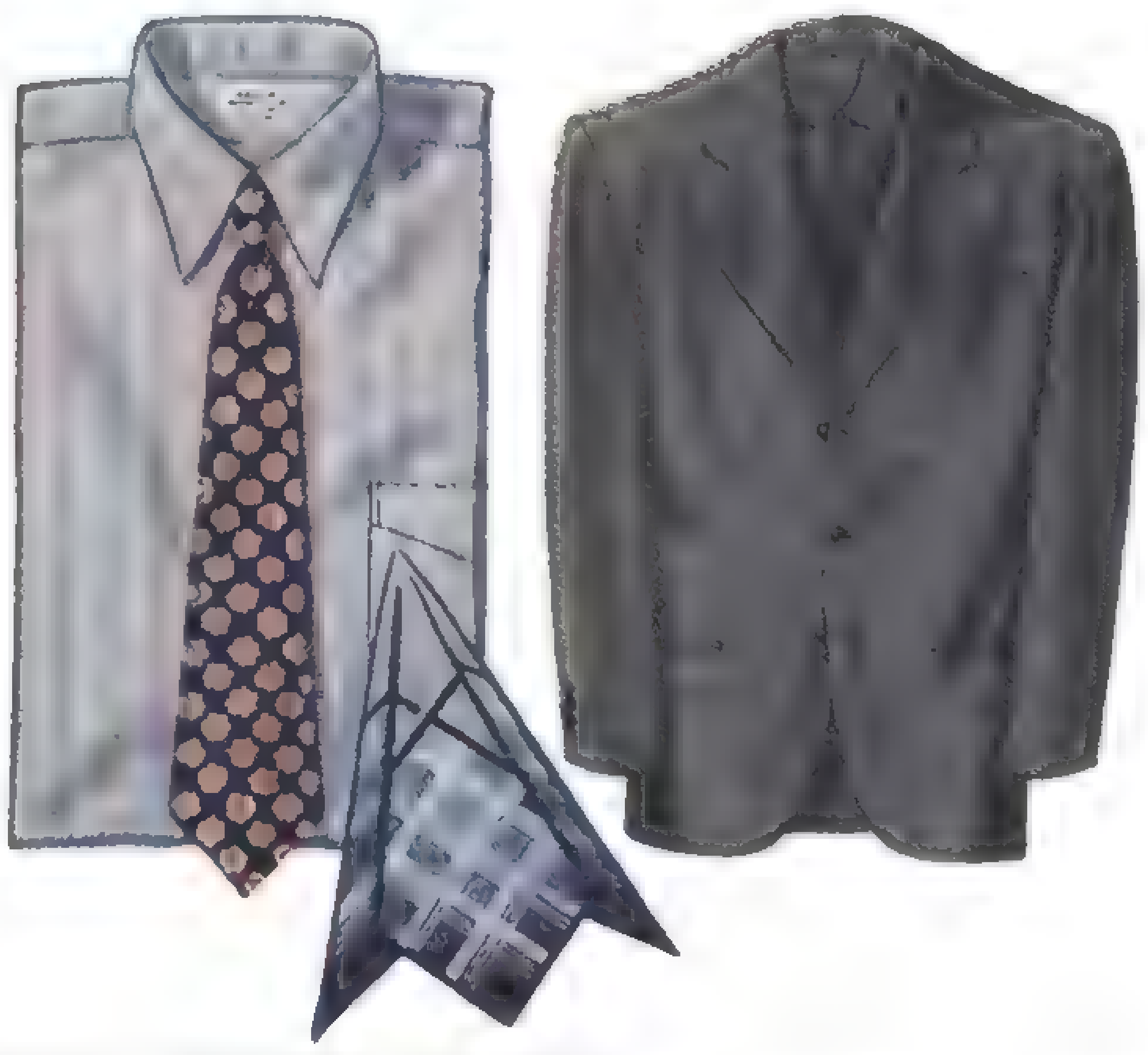


THE TIES are tailored to go hand in hand with the shirts—are in neat-figured poplin prints . . . twill stripes of lively color . . . fine, figured foulard prints which pick up the shirt colors in an uncanny way. $1.00 and $1.50.



THE HANDKERCHIEFS carry on the same PARK pattern as the shirts. Fancy (but not TOO fancy!) woven borders with satin and cord decoration. 65¢. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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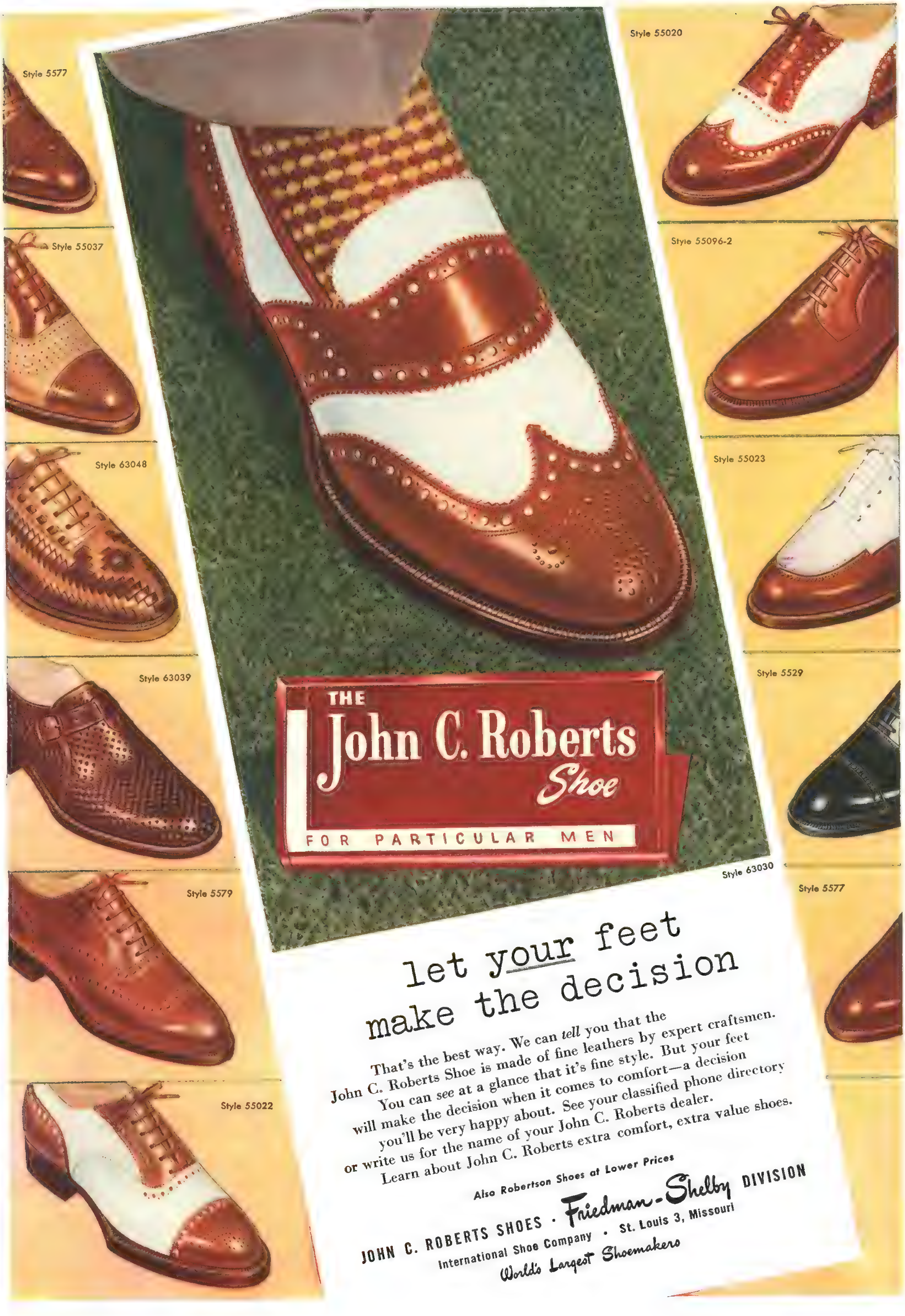
KODACHROME BY WILLIAM STONE

Leis are still pretty much limited to men in higher-income brackets. Most of the ones that we've been seeing at the fashionable sporting meets around the country were brought back from Hawaii by their owners. They were handmade by the natives from carefully matched pheasant feathers—and they were expensive. They're going over so big, though, that they're being introduced in a few of the better hat shops. If you run across one at a price you can afford—grab it. Your hat will appreciate it.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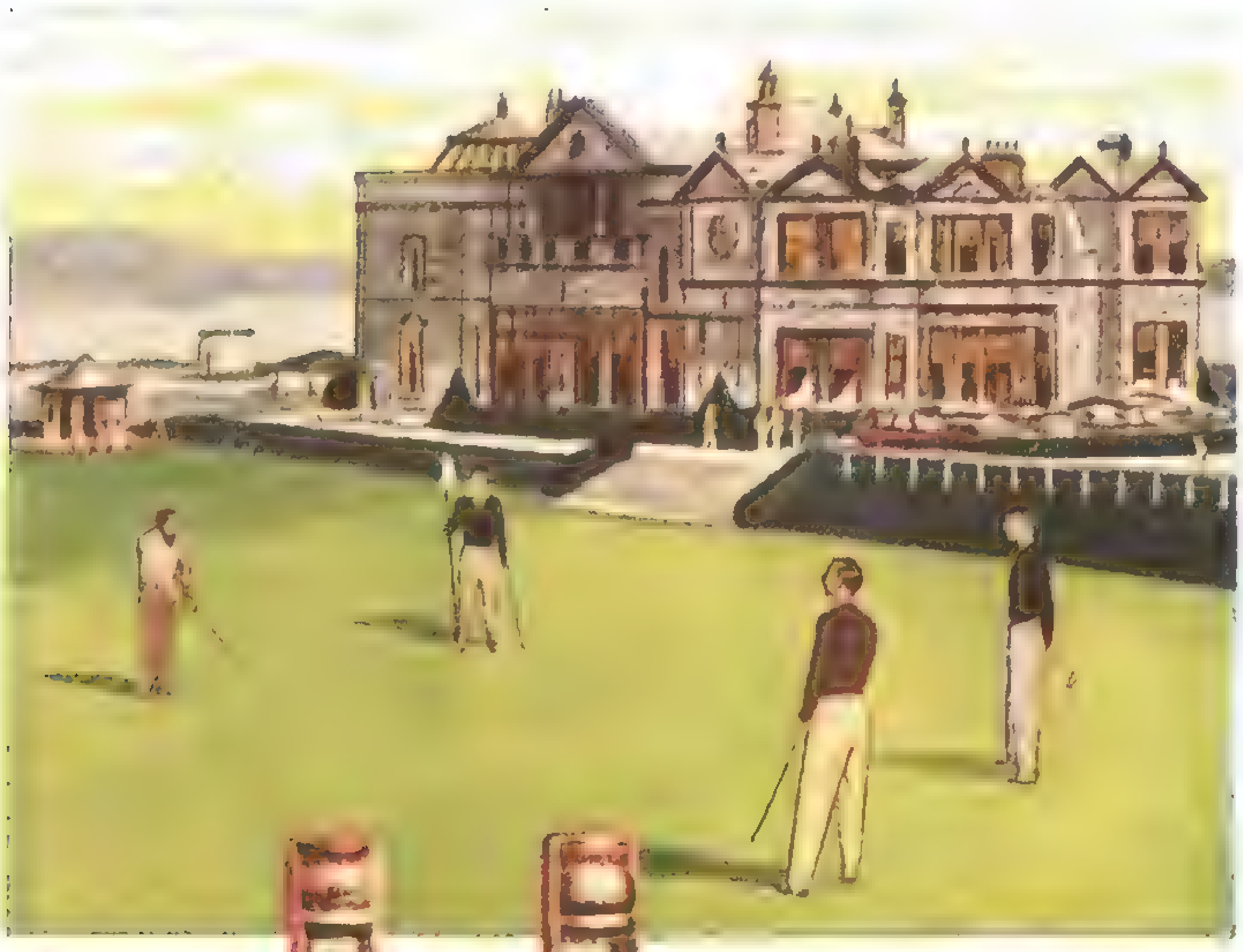
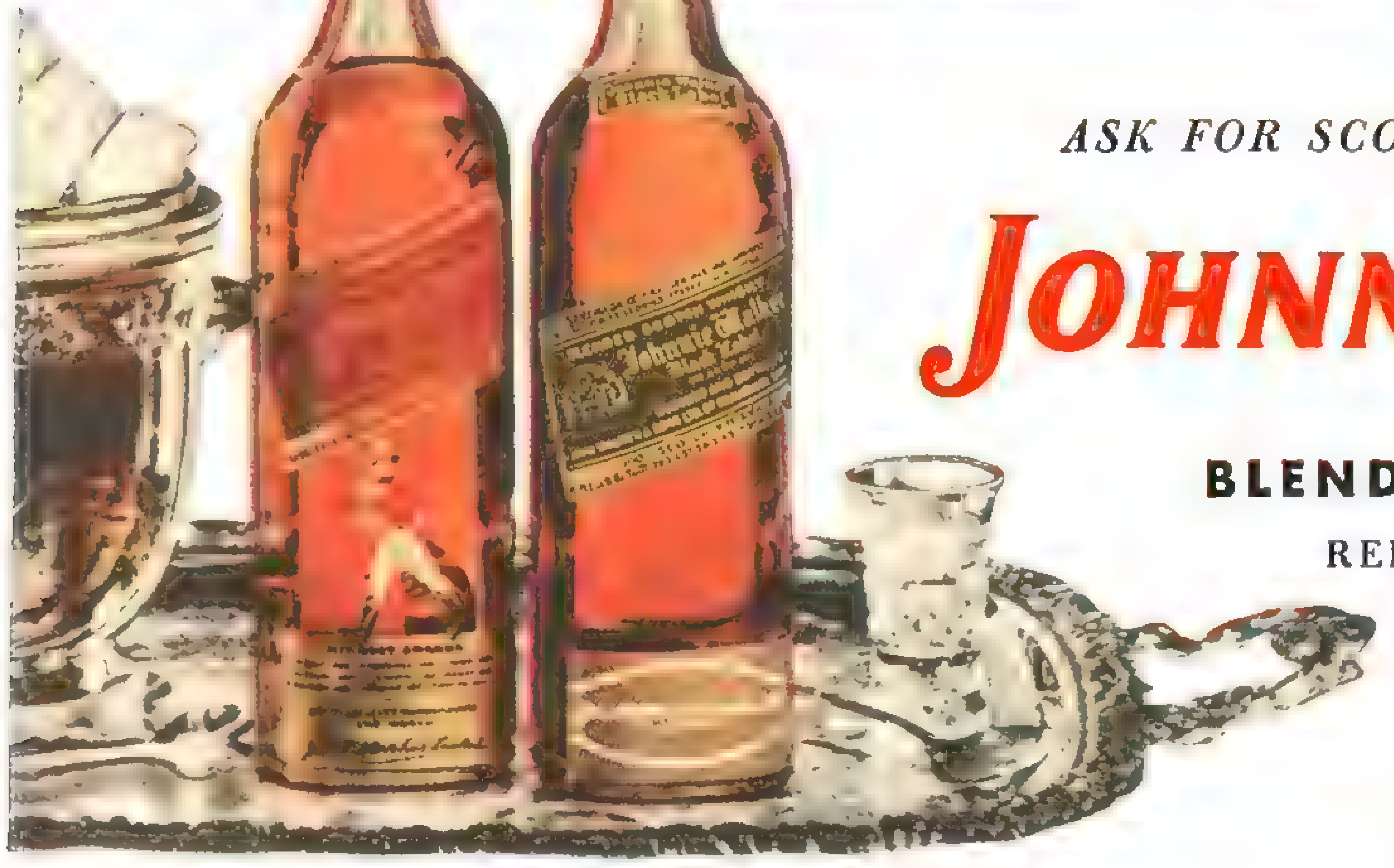


When wise pursuers of old man par gather at Pinehurst . . . naturally they seek a drink that's peerless, that's *perfect.* And naturally it's Johnnie Walker...for a clubhouse climax that marks the perfect end of the day!



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"Twenty thousand. There was a double-indemnity clause."

"Oh, I see. Do you have the money?"

"Naturally."

"Where is it now?"

"I can't see what difference it makes."

"Will you answer the question?"

". . . No."

He kept his temper but it strained him. He said: "What is your secretary's present home address?"

"4612 Peralta Avenue."

"How much rent does she pay?"

". . . I don't know."

"I'd like for you to tell me the truth on these questions."

"Who the hell says I'm not?"

"You ever been out to Miss Kennedy's home, Mr. Sungail?"

"A few times, yes, for business reasons."

"Business pertaining to the bank?"

"Certainly."

"How late did you stay on those particular occasions?"

"The time varied. I didn't punch a clock."

"Ever stay all night?"

"None of your goddam business!"

"Have you ever been sexually intimate with Lona Kennedy?"

I just sat and glared at him.

"Shall I regard your silence as an admission that you have had such relations with your secretary, Mr. Sungail?"

"That's up to you. I'm not interested in how you regard anything."

He unlaced his fingers and went on talking in that gravel-filled voice. "We've been doing a little checking, Mr. Sungail. It appears some people out on Peralta have noticed that your Buick was parked in front of Lona Kennedy's house overnight on several occasions the past several months. Would you say those people were lying?"

"You're doing the talking."

He moved his gaze up to the bridge of my nose. "Miss Kennedy's landlord tells us the rental on the house is $70 a month. Also, the Tyson Dress Shop reports a charge account with Miss Kennedy. During February, March and April of this year, $640 worth of merchandise was charged to her account and paid for promptly by her."

"Well?"

"The bank records show that Miss Kennedy is paid a monthly salary of $165. Up until six months ago her salary was $150."

"Well?"

"Are you paying her bills and her rent, Mr. Sungail?"

"I thought you were investigating my wife's murder."

He spread his hands. "I'm trying to get a clear picture . . . Of course you understand, sir, you can refuse to answer any more of my questions."

I didn't say anything: I was doing some rapid thinking. The police were primarily interested in Grace's murder. In some way they had learned about the insurance money—probably when Craig Taylor had requested a photostat of the death certificate. In their eyes that made me a major suspect, once the St. Peter angle fell apart in their hands. Now, if I answered every question that in no way was related to the events of the day Grace died, it would indicate I was being entirely honest. In other words: tell them what they already knew and maybe they'd believe what I had to say about the rest.

". . . Look, Lieutenant Bayridge, I don't want to lose my job. Any scandal right now might get me tossed out."

Bayridge's grim expression relaxed a trifle. "I'm not on the Morals Squad, friend. This is murder I'm investigating. When I get the man—or woman—who killed your wife, there'll be a trial. Only the facts necessary to obtain a conviction will be brought out at that trial."

"That seems fair enough. And I can tell you right now, neither Miss Kennedy nor I had anything to do with my wife's death . . . I've been paying Miss Kennedy's bills, Lieutenant."

Some of the tenseness went out of the atmosphere. Bayridge leaned back. "I'm glad you've decided to be frank, Mr. Sungail. It will make things easier for all of us. Now, getting down to the day of the murder. Where were you at the time your wife was slain?"

"That's one I can answer, all right. I was at the bank."

"Anyone see you there?"

"Sure. Any number of people."

"Between, say, 2:30 and 4?"

"Well, naturally I . . ." I rubbed my chin: Man thinking. "Matter of fact, Lieutenant, I can't say exactly who I did see. You understand how it is around a busy place like a bank. Same people in and out every day."

His gray, flat face appeared to grow even bleaker. "Maybe I'd better tell you something. I talked to Kermit Wayne yesterday. He told me that at 2:40 on the afternoon of the murder there was an important phone call for you. Wayne tried to locate you or your secretary, but neither of you could be found. It wasn't until almost 4 that you showed up."

The ground was caving under my feet. The call he referred to was the one from Banning's attorneys, inquiring about a list of those bonds. ". . . Why, of course! I was in the record room, digging up information for a customer."

"How long did it take you?"

"Oh, a couple of hours anyway. It wasn't an easy job."

"Who was the customer?"

". . . Perry Adler."

"Address?"

"He owns a lumberyard in Redlands."

Bayridge nodded to the other detective. "Get him on the phone, Leonard."

While the call was being put through, Bayridge turned those polar-cap eyes back to me. I was beginning to sweat.

". . . I don't think Adler'll do you much good, Lieutenant. His memory isn't worth a damn. A real nut. Never can tell what he'll say."

He just looked at me. Presently the detective handed him the receiver. "Adler's on the wire, Chief."

The lieutenant put the mouthpiece close to his lips. "Mr. Adler, this is Lieutenant Salem Bayridge, San Bernardino Police Department. I understand you do business with the Parkway branch of the Western National Banking and Trust Company. No, I'm not trying to pry . . . I merely want to get your help in clearing up a criminal . . . Well, it's a pretty long

Continued on page 100

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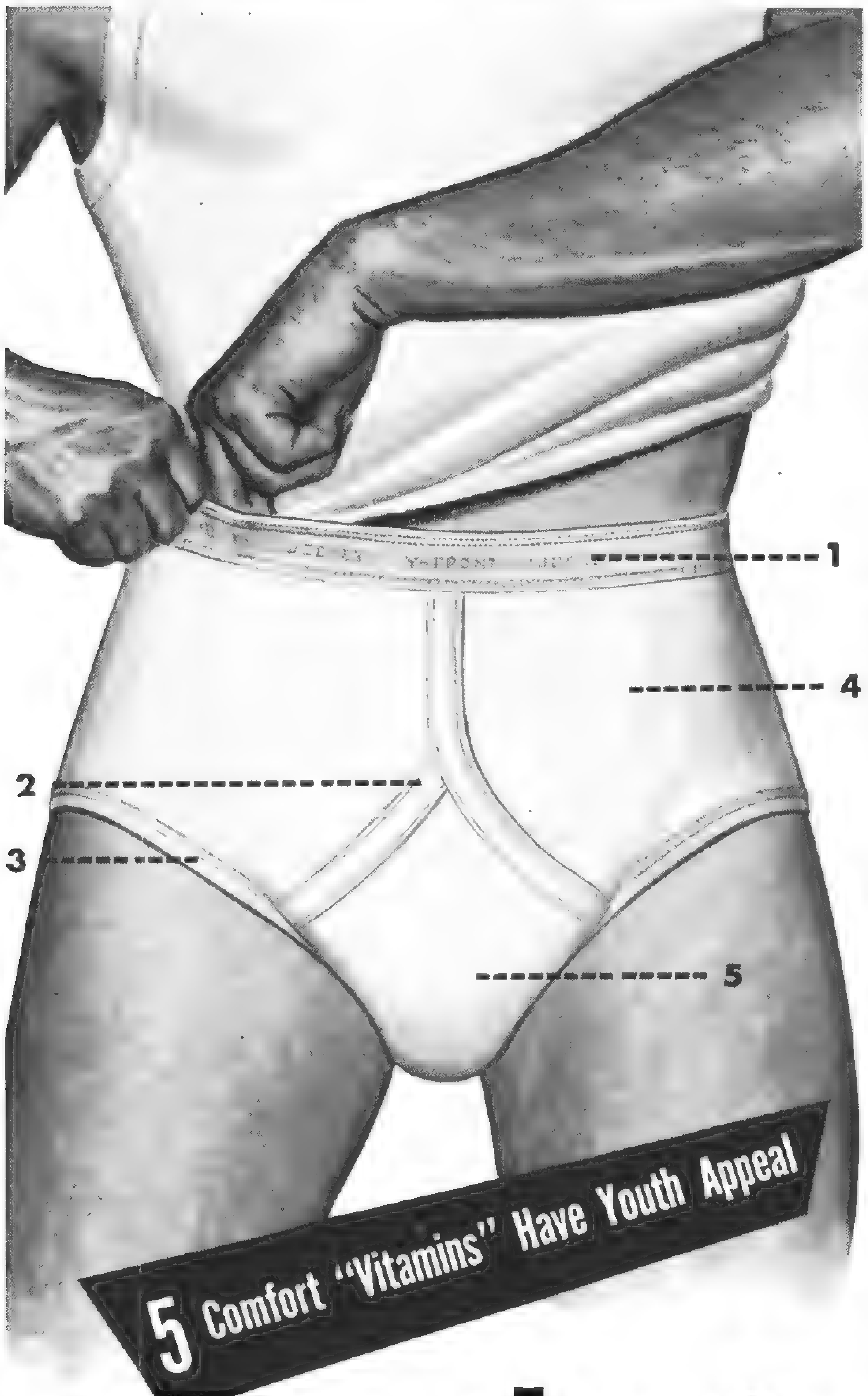
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story, Mr. Ad . . . Yes, sir. I'd like to know if during the past few weeks you had occasion to ask any of the bank people for information that would take several hours to compile . . . Oh? I see . . . Umh."

Something had gone out of his voice. Adler had come through in fine shape. Bayridge was learning such a request had been made. I smiled.

"That's clear, Mr. Adler. Now, you learned there was some mix-up on a payment. You then called up Mr. Sungail and compla . . . What? . . . I see. I see . . . Then the call originated from Mr. Sungail and he offered to furnish such a statement? You've been very helpful, Mr. Adler, and I want to thank—"

Bayridge hung up: "My God, he's sure a crab!"

I shifted in the chair. "That's what I tried to tell you. You can't believe a word he says."

His eyes called me a liar. "Cut it out, Sungail." The "mister" was gone. "Do you make a habit of forcing customers to give you work to do?"

"It was his idea, I tell you! Either he lied or you never had him on the wire!"

Bayridge gestured toward the phone. "Go ahead. Call him yourself."

I was trembling now and I tried to make him believe it was with rage. "I'll be damned if I'm going to bother one of our best customers just to prove you're trying to pull a fast one! Adler asked for that statement. I've got a carbon copy of it at the bank; look it over and you'll see it would take at least three hours to prepare."

He inspected the nails on his right hand. "Let's go back a ways, Sungail. When you got home the day of the murder, you went directly into the living room?"

"Yes."

"What was the first thing you did?"

"Untied Miss Kennedy and revived her."

"Then what?"

"I called Sheriff Dodd."

"Then what?"

"Nothing. We just sat there and waited for Dodd to arrive."

"By 'there' do you mean the living room?"

"No. We sat in the dining room."

"What other rooms were you in?"

"None. Just the living room and dining room."

". . . How did you go about reviving Miss Kennedy?"

"Why . . . I used a wet towel on her face."

He nodded slowly. "Now, according to your own statement, the only rooms you were in were the living room, dining room and front hall. Then where did you get the wet towel you used on Miss Kennedy?"

He had caught me in a lie. I had denied going upstairs because I went up there to hide that black zipper case. Well, I figured I could pass off that slip.

"I remember now. The wet towel came from the bathroom."

"Then you did go up that stairs?"

"Yes."

"But you forgot about it until just now?"

I shrugged. "You must understand, Lieutenant, that finding my wife was a horrible shock. It's only as you bring these things up that I remember them."

"Oh sure. I know how it is."

I decided to ignore the obvious sarcasm. "Thanks, Lieutenant."

"You didn't see any clues in the house?"

"Clues?"

"You know . . . unfamiliar objects?"

"No. Nothing like that."

"Sure about it, Sungail?"

"Of course I'm sure. What are you getting at?"

"You killed her, didn't you, you son-of-a-bitch?"

". . . You can't talk that way—"

"Didn't you?"

"Go to hell!"

"We've got you, fella."

"Am I under arrest?"

"What do you think?"

"You've got nothing on me."

"Wanta bet?"

"A lot of circumstantial evidence, that's all."

"Ha, ha!"

It took the biggest effort of my life, but my voice was perfectly steady. "You haven't a leg to stand on, Bayridge, and we both know it. So go ahead and lock me up. I'll get a lawyer and before you're through with me, there'll be a sweet case of false arrest staring you right in your ugly face."

He let go a long breath. "Honest to God, Sungail, I'm really surprised at you. 'False arrest!' Man, I'd like to have a nickel for every punk that's used that line just before a jury put him away!"

I didn't say anything. He leaned back, dug a cigar out of the desk, got it burning, then waved Consetti and the notebook away.

"Sungail—" his mood was expansive now that I had been accused—"Sungail, the dumbest crook wouldn't have made half your mistakes. All that guys like you know about crime comes out of some detective story. When an amateur tries to pull a fast one, he makes mistakes, then cracks wide open the minute the law lets him see a few of those boners."

My vocal cords were frozen.

"Let me give you the picture as I see it, Sungail. For some reason you needed a lot of cash. To keep your sweetie happy, probably. You remembered your wife's $10,000 policy. Then ten could become twenty if she died the right way.

"All right. Now there's this holy-Joe hermit hanging around the neighborhood. With the same kind of shrubbery on your head and face you could easily pass for him. So you worked out a plan to bump off your wife, talked it over with this Kennedy babe and she agreed to help.

"On the day set for the murder, you sent your secretary out to call on your wife. That way you could be sure Mrs. Sungail would be in the house when you arrived. And if somebody else happened to drop in to visit your wife, the babe would be able to warn you to keep away.

"As part of the plan, you fix up a phony job at the bank to explain why you're out of sight for three hours. Then you sneak out, get hold of a car and drive out into the hills back of your house. You take along a fake beard and wig . . . they were easy to get hold of in some costume shop.

"When you're togged out to look like this St. Peter—Bible and all—you come down the hill and go into your own back door. A couple of neighbors see you go in; fine; that's the way you wanted it.

"You walk in on your wife and choke her to death. Then you tie up the babe; that's got to be done because she's going to be the star witness who'll send old St. Peter to the gas chamber.

"The next step is where you come home at the regular time, find your wife dead and your steno tied up on the floor. You cut her loose and call the sheriff. Perfect! Not a hole! Banker outsmarts the dumb flat-footed cops!

"I'm not saying it was the worst plan for murder ever put together. If old St. Peter didn't have a tight alibi, you might have hung the job on him at that. But St. Peter's alibi isn't the only place your plan fell apart, Sungail. Like all amateur crooks, you dressed the thing up too much. This screwy alibi you worked out for being at the bank at the time of the murder was one weakness; using Miss Kennedy to help you was another."

When he stopped I tried a laugh but it sounded hollow. "Guesswork, Bayridge—every bit of it. But proof is something you don't have."

He stood up, anger riding his gray face. "I'm getting goddam tired of this, Sungail! Soon as I finish with you, I'm sending out to pick up this Kennedy woman. When she finds out how much I know, you can bet your sweet life she'll talk.

"So far, all I've given you is words. But it will take more than words to get you convicted. Well, here are two or three things for a jury to weigh in its hands.

"One: the killer took towels from the linen closet to tie Lona Kennedy with. The only fingerprints on that closet match the ones we found on your razor and toothbrush and such personal effects you alone would handle. Yet both Carson and the Filipino state definitely that the killer wore no gloves when he went into your house. So why weren't his prints on that closet?

"Two: a '38 Ford belonging to a bank clerk named Clifford Frome. Oh sure, Sungail, we found out about that! We're policemen, friend. When we learned you hadn't driven the Buick in from Palm View that morning, it was up to us to find out how you got out there to kill your wife. When the U-drive-it agencies didn't pan out, on a visit to the bank we happened to hear this Frome beefing about an unexplained forty-one miles on his meter. Then we knew how you managed it.

"Three: Here's something the jury is going to be interested in, Sungail." He stalked to a filing cabinet, scooped out a bundle of clothing. "Look at these, Mister Banker! You know where we found them, I'll bet. In the record room of the bank. You put them there afterward, didn't you? But a worried man forgets a lot of things, eh, Sungail? Two witnesses have given sworn statements that the man who entered your back door that afternoon was wearing this clothing.

"All solid hunks of evidence, hunh? But there's still another—the Bible the killer carried. Both the Filipino and Carson saw that Bible under his arm when he went in. They saw him come out *without* it. What does that mean? It means he dropped the Bible while committing murder, then left in such a hurry he forgot to take it along. Yet when Dodd and his men got there, they failed to find any Bible. Why? Because when you got home from work you saw that Bible laying there. So you hid it, expecting to get rid of the thing once the heat was off. Now I know you haven't been in that house since the murder. That means the Bible is still on the premises.

"Well, we're going to pull the place to pieces if we have to, Sungail, until that Bible is found. And when we find it, right there is where you start to smell gas!"

That did it. If he had kicked me in the belly, the reaction would have been the same. The light from the window began to spin around and blackness crowded in on it. I heard Bayridge's voice from miles away: "Catch him, Milty."

. . . Someone was pouring water down my throat. I coughed, opened my eyes, shoved Consetti away. Bayridge's flat gray face wavered in front of me.

"Want to hear some more, fella?"

"No. Please. I don't feel . . ."

"Anything you want to tell me?"

"I . . ."

"Come on, spit it out."

"All right. I killed her . . ."

* * *

Daylight was coming through barred windows in my cell. There were a half dozen cells off that corridor, all in a row. That way you could see your neighbor on either side.

The turnkey came up and eyed me through the bars. "Name's Gooch, mister. You want something to eat?" I dug into a trouser pocket and gave him a dollar. "Bacon, eggs, coffee, cigarettes. And a newspaper."

After the turnkey disappeared I stretched out on the bunk and thought things over. Last night I had been a broken, dazed, bewildered man . . . a confessed murderer, in an exhausted sleep two minutes after being dumped into a cell. Today I was a different person—steady-nerved, clear-headed, damn near nonchalant. I figured I knew the reason behind it. The nerve-stretching tension of the past two weeks was gone now. And with it had gone the old Lawrence Sungail, leaving a stranger to take over his body.

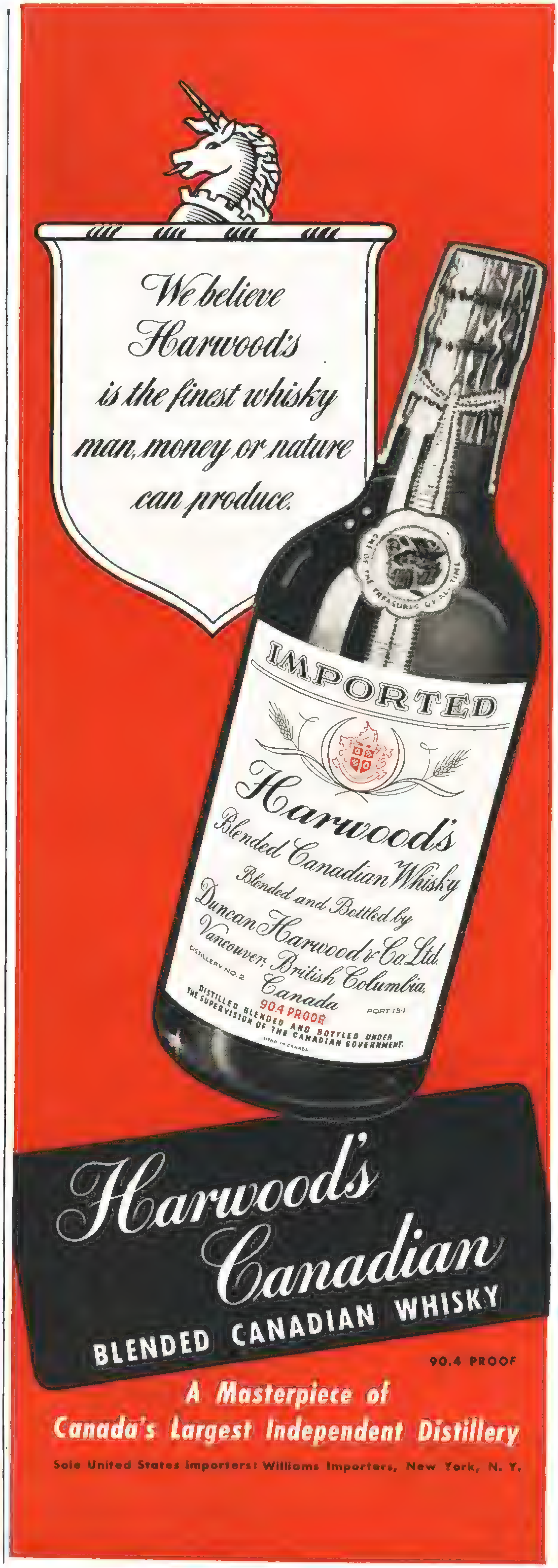
In a way it was a welcome change. No tears, no hysteria, no tortured conscience. From this point on, my course was charted, clear to the end . . . in a gas-filled chamber.

Last night I had signed a detailed confession to my wife's murder, absolving Lona of complicity, but not including the real reason why I needed the insurance money. That last was where twenty years of training paid off. The bank would suffer no loss through any act of mine, that way; but if I made public what had happened to the $18,000, the insurance company probably could pressure the bank for its return.

I knew there would be an immediate audit at the bank once the story of my arrest came out; the fact that my record was clean there might cause old J. B. to engage defense attorneys for me. Frankly I didn't care whether he did or not.

Presently the guard unlocked

Continued on page 102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the door and put a tray on my bunk, along with last night's *Sun-Telegraph*. They had given me a headline, big and black:

BANK EXECUTIVE HELD IN WIFE SLAYING.

I read the article through twice while putting away my breakfast, then looked over the rest of the news.

I wasn't the only one in the crime business around San Bernardino. Another front-page yarn told about a Ross Laudermilk, supposed to have stuck up an armored truck belonging to the Acme Express Company of Los Angeles, and made off with $100,000 in big bills. The job was history for two weeks before Laudermilk was picked up, empty-handed, near Lake Arrowhead and brought to San Bernardino.

When I finished the paper, I heard a voice: "Hey, Mac. Through with that paper?"

I looked up. The cell occupant to my left was about my size and age, with short blond hair above an angular, bitter face.

"Of course." I handed the *Sun-Telegraph* through the bars. He took it and returned to his bunk.

The guard came in for the tray after a while and I asked him about letting me call a lawyer. I hardly knew what prompted the request; probably the desire to talk to someone. He said he knew nothing about that; I'd have to wait until Bayridge gave an okay.

The next hour didn't seem much longer than two weeks. Gradually the realization of what I was up against began to take over and I could feel fear tugging at my nerves. Too, I thought of Lona and how she would take the news that it was I who had murdered Grace. Anyway, she'd stick by me, even if no one else did. Knowing that helped some.

"Here's your paper, Mac." The man in the next cell was at the bars again. ". . . It's none of my business, Mac, but what's their belch at you?"

I felt a crazy desire to alter his dead-pan expression. "Murder."

It worked fine. His lips sagged and his eyes widened. "No! Say, you this Sungail guy?"

"Yes."

"Well, what d'ya know! You sure'n hell don't look like no killer, Mac."

"Because it's in the paper doesn't mean I am one."

He nodded soberly. "I know how that is. Me—I'm clean on this armored-car rap, but that don't keep 'em from trying to make it take."

It was my turn to show interest. "Are you Ross Laudermilk?"

He seemed pleased. "Yeah."

There was an interruption from the corridor. "Hey, Laudermilk." It was the turnkey. "Your lawyer's here."

My new friend went over to the barred door of his cell. "About time, Dettman! Let him in, flattie."

The guard pulled back the door far enough to let through a small man. He said, "I'll call you," to the guard and shook hands with his client.

Laudermilk glared at the lawyer. "What the hell's been keeping you?"

Dettman glanced at me. "This is confidential, mister."

The big blond turned to Dettman and said, "Lay offa him, Rufus. He's okay."

". . . Don't mind me," I said and went back to my bunk. I could hear Laudermilk and Dettman mumbling: I gathered that the insurance company was willing to pay $25,000 for return of the loot; and if Laudermilk would agree, Dettman said, it might work into a fairly light sentence. Laudermilk just sat there glowering until the turnkey came and unlocked the door.

When the corridor was empty again the big blond moved to the bars between our cages.

I sat up. "What's the matter?"

The bitterness in his face was stronger than ever. "It's a frame, sure enough. The L. A. dicks will be here tomorrow morning. I wish to Christ I knew what to do."

"Why not make a deal with the insurance company as he suggested?"

He looked at me queerly, said, "The hell with that," and turned away.

At 11 o'clock the cell block was like a morgue. Laudermilk was pacing the floor on cat feet; Gooch was sitting at the far end of the corridor, his feet up on a desk.

In the silence I began to think again . . . of Lona and her gold hair and baby face and woman's body . . . of a courtroom crowded with people who had known and respected me since I was a kid . . .

I remembered the expressions on the faces of Lona and Grace when they saw the bearded man glaring at them in a sun-filled living room. Suddenly the true meaning of Grace's last words was clear to me. "You're not Peter! You're—" Then the rope had cut off the next word . . . the word "Larry"—my name. In those last few seconds of life she had known that her husband's hands were closing that rope around her neck . . . the husband whose love she never had doubted.

My mind would take no more and I could almost feel it close off the horror of my thoughts. I lay there, an inert mass of flesh, not moving, not thinking, no longer feeling . . .

"You're . . . not . . . Peter . . . you're— You're not . . . Peter . . . you're—"

I screamed and screamed again . . . and still screaming I awoke . . .

A rough hand was shaking my shoulder. I was lying face down on my bunk, my face wet with perspiration, my teeth chattering.

"Now look here, Mr. Sungail. You got to cut out that racket, you hear?"

". . . I'm sorry, Gooch. Nightmare. A bad one."

He nodded somberly. "It musta been a peach! Honest to God, mis—"

There was a dull thud and Gooch collapsed without a sound. Laudermilk was standing close to the bars, one hand rubbing the other, his eyes shining like a wolf's.

"Grab those keys and his gun, Mac, and let's get out of here."

Abruptly my dazed mind cleared. A wild, crazy hope took hold of me and I snatched up Gooch's gun and keys. Laudermilk waited on eggs while I found the key that opened his door. He bounded into the corridor, grabbed the gun from my hand, and we ran along the corridor toward the steel door beyond Gooch's office.

I unlocked it, my hand steady

as the floor under my feet, and we slipped through into a room that was dark and deserted. The door leading into the room beyond was ajar and the light was on in there.

Laudermilk flattened himself alongside the opening. From that position he was able to look into the adjoining room without being seen himself. After a few seconds he put his mouth close to my ear. "Nobody around but the desk sergeant. Take this gun and stick him up. It's mine from there."

I took the weapon and a deep breath . . . and stepped through the doorway and pointed the gun at a fat man in uniform behind an elevated desk. He stood up so fast he nearly went over backwards. "Now wait a minute." His voice broke on the second word. "You don't have to shoot. I won't do anything."

Laudermilk moved past me and jerked the sergeant's gun out of its holster. "Stick your nose up against that wall and keep it there . . . Come on, Mac."

We went quickly toward the front door. But my luck was still running bad. As I reached for the knob, the door swung inward. It was Detective-Lieutenant Salem Bayridge, hands deep in the pockets of a gray topcoat, light glinting from his steel-rimmed glasses. Close behind him was Kingsley Gleason, San Bernardino's district attorney.

Four frozen figures . . . then Laudermilk said a short, ugly word and jerked up the gun in his hand. Suddenly the room was filled with noise and gun smoke. The hat on Bayridge's head twitched and fell to the floor. A gust of flame scorched a ragged hole through the right-hand pocket of the gray topcoat. Laudermilk fired two more shots, but both went into the floor as he folded in the middle and skidded forward on his face.

There was a gun in my hand, too. But right then I didn't know it. Not until Laudermilk was on the floor and Bayridge was turning toward me did my mind catch up with events. Even then it was a matter of reflexes that caused my arms to shoot out and shove the equally dazed district attorney against the lieutenant. Then I was through the door and tearing across the sidewalk.

Somebody gave a hoarse shout as I flung open the door of a black sedan parked at the curb. I went into that car more for the sake of shelter from bullets than anything else; but when I saw the key in the ignition, I stamped on the starter. The car roared into life . . . and I was around the corner and traveling fifty miles an hour.

I cut the motor while still half a block north of Peralta and let the car coast to a stop. For the next two or three minutes I just sat there and let the jitters seep out of me. I hadn't come to this part of town by accident. I would need help to keep my freedom . . . and there was only one person I could count on to supply that help.

Finally I opened the car door and stepped out. The fingers of my right hand were around the .38 revolver that once was the property of Gooch. I didn't plan on shooting anybody but it would serve to discourage anyone who tried to stop me.

It was a good hundred yards, through bushes and between trees, from the sedan to Lona Kennedy's bungalow. There wasn't a glimmer of light from any of the windows. I went around to the rear and pushed my finger against the kitchen buzzer. Soon the door opened a crack—on the chain.

"Who is it?" Her whisper . . . and she was scared.

"It's Larry."

". . . But you . . . I mean, how—"

"Let me in, Lona. I've come for help."

The door opened and she was in my arms. ". . . You're trembling, Larry."

"That doesn't surprise me."

"My poor darling."

"It's been pretty bad."

"Put it out of your mind, dearest. You're free now. I knew they'd have to let you go."

The darkness kept her from seeing my expression. ". . . Let's go in the living room. I want to talk to you."

In there she started to turn on the lights, but I pulled her hand from the switch. "Better draw the blinds, first, Lona."

She caught her breath sharply. "What are you afraid of, Larry?"

"I'll tell you. First close the blinds."

She let down the venetian blinds and pulled the drapes. ". . . They're closed, Larry."

I snapped on a table lamp. She was wearing a peach-colored silk nightgown under a blue chiffon robe that was about the thickness of a secondhand smoke ring, and there was a half-puzzled, half-welcoming smile on her lips. And then suddenly the smile went away and her eyes were staring at my right hand.

I had to look down before I remembered the .38. I put the thing down on the table. "There isn't much time, Lona. Let's not waste any of it."

She drew me down on the couch beside her. "What do you want me to do, Larry?"

"You'll have to know something first. Then, if you still want to help me, I won't have to worry about you turning me over to the police."

Her eyes flashed. "You've no reason to say a thing like that. I love you, darling."

"Sure. But love can die . . . I escaped from jail tonight."

Her face softened. "I suspected as much when I saw the gun. It was a crazy thing to do, Larry; sooner or later they would have had to let you go."

I reached out and took hold of her chin. "They don't let go of confessed murderers, Lona."

I don't know what I expected her to do. If she had screamed or pulled away from me with horror and loathing . . . but she only sat there quietly and met my gaze.

My voice was suddenly harsh. "Don't you understand? I'm the one who killed Grace. I'm the one who tied and gagged you. Can't you get that into your head?"

". . . Is that what you were afraid to tell me, Larry?"

My hands dropped limply. "Well, my God, isn't that enough?"

"Yes, it's enough . . . enough for me to know the police will be here any minute hunting for you. When the police want a man they always go to his sweetheart to find him. We'll have to think of some place where you can hide until they're

Continued on page 104

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convinced you're a long way off."

". . . Have any of Bayridge's men bothered you since they picked me up?"

"No. The last time was when they called me to headquarters to identify St. Peter as the man . . . who struck me. You know."

In a strange, detached way I was aware that the dull pounding in my ears was the sound of my heart. ". . . Then how did you know the police had found out we were sweethearts? . . ."

She could have gotten out of it even then, I think. Some quick explanation would have satisfied me. I would have believed her because I loved her and because I needed her . . . needed her more than ever, now.

But Lona Kennedy wasn't able to meet the challenge. The longer you live a lie, the greater the tension that comes with constant fear of discovery. And as tension grows, even a touch of suspicion can send you into uncontrollable panic—and the truth comes out.

It was there on her face for me to see—there as clear and unmistakable as words on a printed page. And in that moment something in me curled up and died and nothing made any difference any more.

"Damn you! Damn you for a dirty double-crossing little tramp!" The words seemed to have sharp edges that tore at my throat. "No wonder Bayridge knew so much. Now I realize some of the things he knew could have come only from you. You turned against me, Lona."

My hands came up to wrap around that little-girl throat of hers. But they didn't get that far. She made a mewing noise and shot off the couch as though someone had shoved her. I lunged to my feet . . . and stopped dead when I saw the muzzle of Gooch's .38.

"This has gone far enough, Larry." There was no more fear in her face, and her voice was steady. "If you make a move, I'll shoot you."

I stood there with my arms hanging, just looking at her and seeing things in her face that were new to me. I wet my lips. "I don't understand. You loved me, Lona. How can . . . How could you . . ."

Her mouth became small and tight and bitter. "It was being mixed up in murder that I couldn't take, Larry. I knew there was going to be one . . . knew it at the same moment you did. When I brought in that stack of mail at the time you were trying to think of a way to raise $18,000 . . . when I saw you stop when you came to the envelope with the insurance name on it . . . right then I knew what you were thinking. I had seen other such notices on Grace's policy before that day; being your secretary I was bound to see them.

"Yet I couldn't really be sure. Trying to prevent something that might not have been in your mind could have led to discovery of the Banning shortage. I finally decided there was nothing for me to do but wait . . . in hopes that you might hit on some other way to get the money.

"And then came that Friday morning when you told me Adler had called and wanted a statement. You're not a good liar, Larry; you've had too many years of being honest to be able to tell a lie convincingly. I came very close to blurting out my suspicions right there.

"Still, there was a chance you weren't lying. But half an hour after you went up to the record room I followed to learn if you were actually there. When I discovered the room was empty, right then I knew you were on your way to kill your wife!

"There wasn't any doubt in my mind as to what I must do. It was up to me to warn your wife, to get her out of that house before you got there. Perhaps a phone call would have been enough; frankly the thought never occurred to me.

"I really burned up the road to Palm View, Larry. And even though I had to stop and make inquiries to learn where you lived, I managed to get there ahead of you. But because your wife was the kind of woman you couldn't get to the point with until all the social amenities were out of the way, you showed up before I could warn her.

"Certainly I didn't recognize you! For all I knew, you might have hired that bearded man to kill Grace. It was that thought which led me to pretend I was in a faint when you arrived home that evening. I wanted to see your face when there wouldn't be a mask covering it for my benefit. Then, when I saw you pick up that Bible and run upstairs to hide it . . . then I knew!

"I didn't know what to do. I kept trying to think of some way out that wouldn't make them suspect me of being an accomplice. Finally I made up my mind to keep a secret as long as I could. There was a chance the police would never get on the right track; and after things quieted down I could leave San Bernardino.

"But it didn't work out that way. A man from Bayridge's office took me to police headquarters the morning of the same day you were arrested. When I got to the station, the lieutenant told me St. Peter wasn't the one who murdered Grace, and that they believed I had helped you do it. I realized then there was no use in my keeping quiet any longer.

"We made a bargain, Larry: I gave them a signed statement of all that I knew and I agreed to be a State witness at your trial. In return, there would be no charges brought against me."

It seemed that was all she had to say. It was enough. It was more than enough. I wet my lips. "Bayridge was right: I should have stuck to banking. When he mentioned that 'Bible,' I jumped to the conclusion those witnesses had seen me leave without it after I killed Grace. If I had been thinking at all I would have remembered that Carson had disappeared when I left the house, and the Filipino had his back to me. That would mean the information about the Bible could have come only from you."

She didn't have anything to say to that . . . just stood there with that gun pointed at me, her hand steady as a mountain.

"Well, it doesn't matter any more, Lona. I thought love was bigger than anything else in the world. But even love couldn't keep you from turning on me."

Color burned in her cheeks.

"You still don't understand, do you?" She laughed suddenly . . . an unpleasant laugh. "I've never been really in love with you. I found you attractive, yes. And I was never bored or disgusted with you. But love . . . no. I've only loved one man in my life, and he was worthless and a weakling. And once you were in my hands, I got my divorce . . . and you paid for it, Larry—with the bank's money.

"Jim never contested the divorce; he was in love with me and what I wanted he gave me . . . without question or anger. The $15,000 was for me—a nest egg in case you decided to go back to your wife. It works out that way with married men sometimes, you know. But you held on to me and brought me luxuries and gave me a home and my job was ridiculously easy. It was too good a thing to give up.

"And then Banning shot himself! I would have run away then, but I was afraid by doing so I would destroy your desire to find a way to replace the money, that you might tell the police what you had done with the money, and they might hunt me down as an accomplice. And even when you turned to murder, Larry, I kept my mouth shut, hoping you would get away with it. But Bayridge was too smart for you . . . so I made the best bargain I could.

"Now you know, Larry. Now you understand that love—"

We both heard it at the same instant . . . and it stopped immediately. But a siren doesn't have to play a symphony before you recognize it. My chest swelled with a deep breath. "All right. You heard it too. They're coming for me. But I don't want any part of that San Quentin gas chamber. I think I'd rather let you be the executioner."

What she saw in my eyes made her step back in quick alarm. "Larry! I'm warning you!"

I took a careful step toward her. "You told me too much at the wrong time, Lona. That's the strange thing about telling the truth; once it starts to come out you can hold nothing back. So go ahead and pull that trigger, baby. But your aim had better be good. If that first bullet doesn't stop me, if I get my hands on your lovely neck . . . you're going to hell on my coattails."

Fear made her face a hundred years old. Her hand began to shake. "Stand still, you fool! I swear I'll . . . I'll do it!"

A car door slammed out front and feet came quickly along the walk.

Step number two. "You haven't much time, Lona."

Her right index finger squeezed convulsively. There was a hard flat sound and a weight crashed against my side.

I went back on my heels, but before she could pull the trigger a second time my hand reached out and twisted the gun from her fingers. I said, "They'll love you in hell, baby," and shot her three times through the left breast. She died before the shock could show on her face.

I was halfway across the kitchen when the front door crashed open.

* * *

By the time I battered my way through the bushes to the sedan, the left side of my body was on fire and my legs were at the point of refusing all orders from the home office. If the police had found me right then, they would have had a prisoner and no argument about it. Knowing I was carrying a gun may have made them extra cautious, for I heard nothing to indicate I was being hunted.

The car was exactly as I had left it. I crawled in and drove back to Ocean Boulevard, then turned north and stamped on the gas. Where was I going? To the only place I could think of right then. Home. There was a bullet in me and a lessening supply of blood. I figured if I must die, it might as well happen in my own home.

It wasn't until I was several blocks inside Palm View that I ran into trouble. I had passed an intersection when a car zoomed into a shrieking turn and came up at my rear, siren moaning. Whether they knew the story or just didn't like the way I was driving was anybody's guess. I shoved the accelerator, the sedan leaped ahead. There was a flurry of faint gunshots and a bullet went whangggg as it struck metal.

By the time I slammed on the brakes in front of the house, the squad was three blocks behind and coming fast. I jumped out, crossed the lawn in a dozen strides and was looking for my key case when I suddenly remembered that Ollie Dodd had the key to my front door!

It was no time to call myself names. I put my arms across the top of my head, stepped back . . . and dived headlong through the living-room window. I was picking myself off the glass-littered floor when the police car squealed to a halt behind the sedan. Four men in plain-clothes sprang out, two of them carrying riot guns, and came running, bent over, toward the front porch. I leveled the .38, realized suddenly I was incapable of shooting a man in cold blood, and fired a shot over their heads.

The four dived for cover and bullets sent a fresh shower of glass over the living room. I felt a sudden sting on my left cheek and when I put my hand there I found blood.

It was only a nick from flying glass. I stood there, trying to make up my mind. I would either go out of there with my hands over my head or I would wind up on a slab at the morgue. I took the only logical choice. Eventually I would end up on a slab anyway . . . if not by bullets then by cyanide. I couldn't bear waiting around for a year or two, letting them get all the legal tangles out of the way so the job could be done without hurting anybody's conscience.

No, this was the time to get it over with. All I would have to do would be to fire a few bullets around . . . and the police would do the rest. I went up to the attic room where I kept my shotguns. The doorway was in direct line with the head of the stairs. By the time I planked myself down on the threshold, the shotguns and two boxes of shells beside me, two or three more cars came roaring down Acacia, sirens open, and pulled up in front. Reinforcements had arrived. The good people of Palm View were

Continued on page 106

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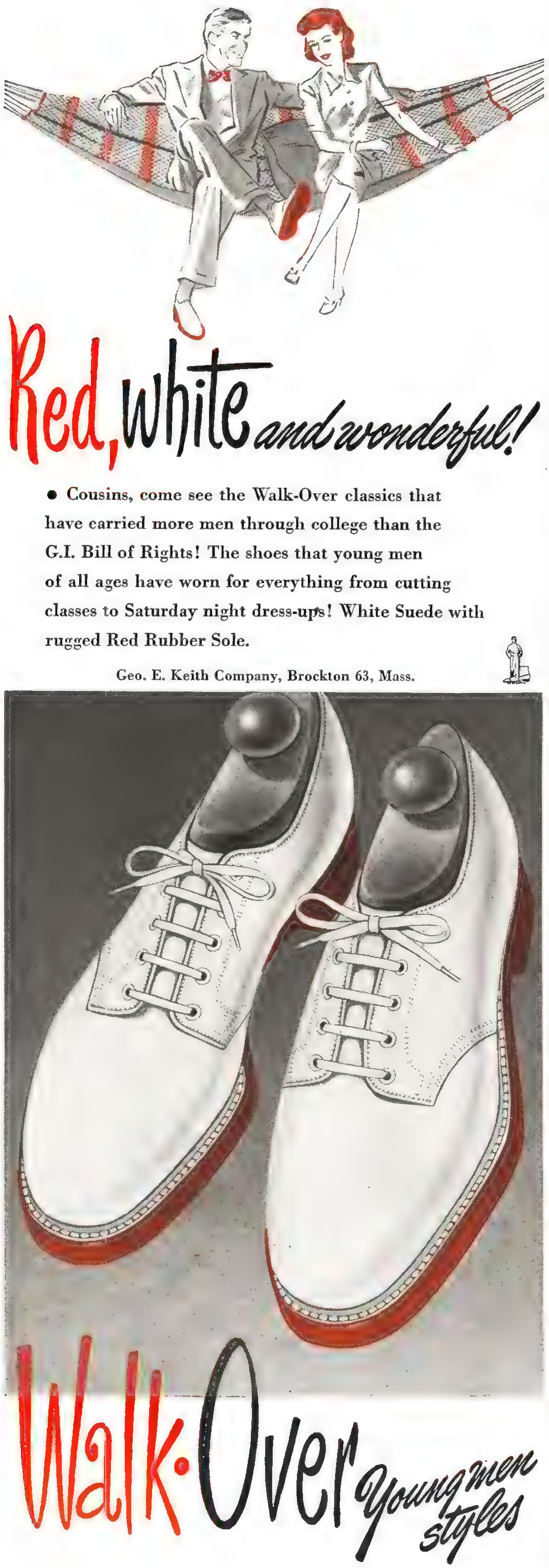


● Cousins, come see the Walk-Over classics that have carried more men through college than the G.I. Bill of Rights! The shoes that young men of all ages have worn for everything from cutting classes to Saturday night dress-ups! White Suede with rugged Red Rubber Sole.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

going to have something to talk about for a long time to come. A minute or two later I heard boards creaking in the hallway.

"Sungail!"

I hesitated to answer, realizing to do so would give them my location. But what of it? Then it would be over with that much quicker.

"Sungail. Give yourself up, man. We know you're up there."

I chuckled under my breath. For no reason at all.

"The house is surrounded. There's twenty of us against you. Give up and save your hide."

It was Bayridge. I could have recognized that voice in a rain barrel. This time I answered him; but what was meant to be a shout was no more than my normal voice. Lona's bullet was taking my strength.

"I'm staying here."

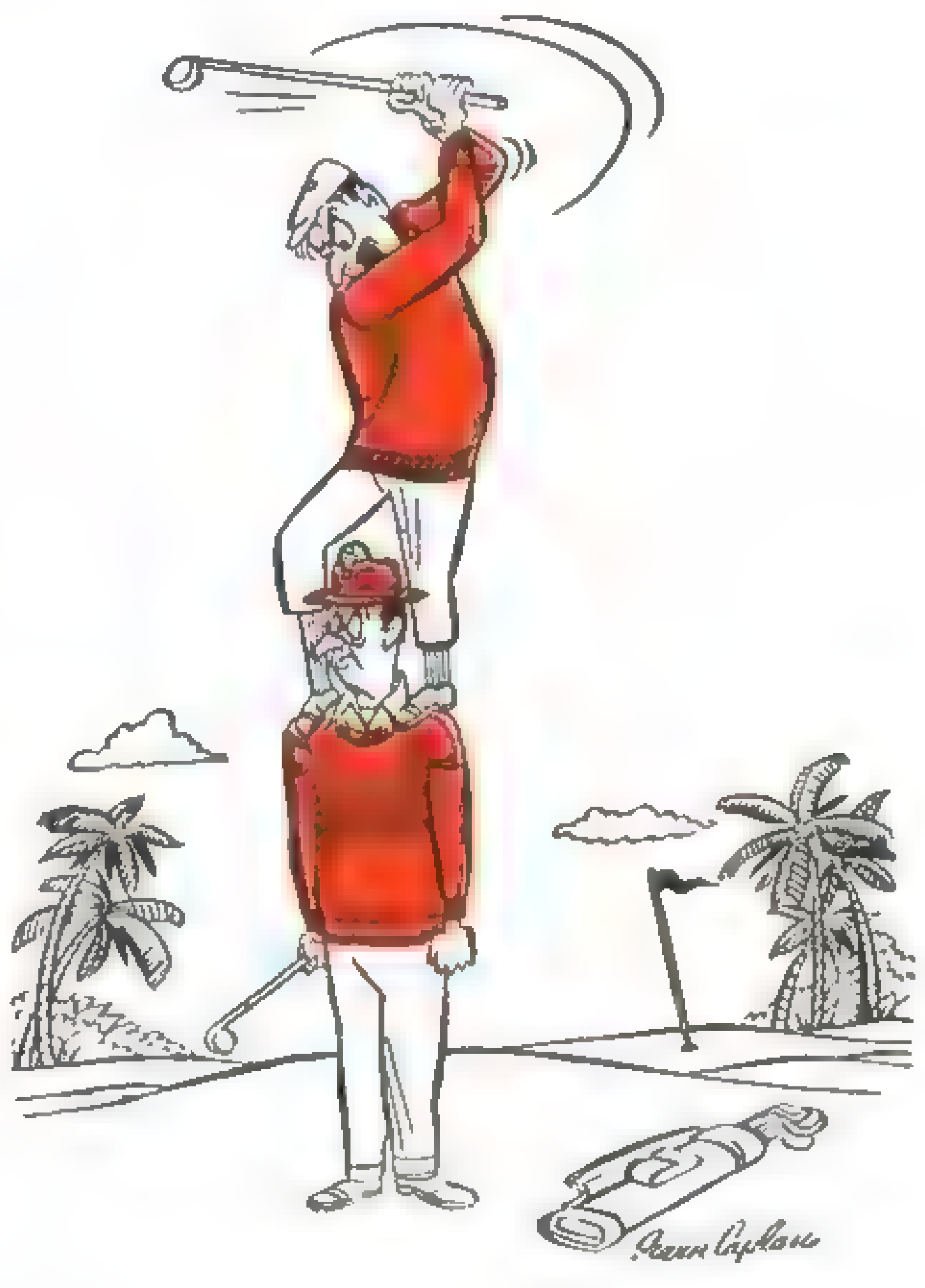
He came closer to the foot of the stairs . . . but not too close. "Sungail, listen to me! Don't be a fool. You haven't a chance. Come down those steps with your hands up and I guarantee you won't get hurt."

"No."

Whispers from below. Then: "You get exactly two minutes, Sungail! If you're not down by then, you get blown into the next county!"

". . . No."

Nothing more was said. Second by second those two minutes ticked by. Although the night was cool I could feel perspiration trickling inside my shirt.



"What are you beefing about? I didn't drive it up here on purpose"

Then I heard it . . . a creak on the stairs. By straining my eyes I made out a dim shape almost halfway up. I leveled the gun at a point three feet too high and pulled one trigger.

The noise in that confined space was like thunder in a cookie jar. Yellow fire lighted up the hallway, glass clattered as the stair window went out and there was a bumping sound as the man rolled out of range.

I got an answer without delay. Riot guns, revolvers, tommy-guns—everything—opened up at the same time. Splinters of wood flew from the attic walls and the window in there collapsed inward. Evidently some of the officers were firing from the upper limbs of trees outside that window. Then, right in the middle of the barrage, something soft flew through the air and struck one of my hands.

My mind shrieked tear gas, and panic choked me. But not even fear could give me enough strength to roll away from the object.

Abruptly the guns fell silent. I lay there, paralyzed, waiting for the thing to explode, or whatever it was supposed to do. The tension kept building up until I couldn't bear it any longer.

It took a lot of doing but I managed to fish a book of matches from my trouser pocket. Blood kept running down my fingers, smearing the striking surface. I wasted two matches before one blazed up, throwing a thin yellow light against the darkness.

And then everything in the world ceased to exist for me . . . everything except the object on the carpeting no more than a foot away from where I lay. The "Bible."

Bullets had blown the case from its hiding place, ripping one side to shreds. Spilling through were banknotes—100's, 500's, 1000's. Some were separated from their paper bands; on others the bands were still intact. There were printed words on those bands. Acme Armored Express.

Laudermilk's holdup loot, buried hastily behind my house the night I had heard the car out there—the night the police were hunting him.

The match burned my fingers and I dropped it and put my head down on my arms. I thought: this is more than coincidence; this is a cosmic jest. Because in a mind filled with murder, there had been no room for curiosity. Grace Sungail and Lona Kennedy were dead.

A gray fog reached out to envelop me and I seemed to be sinking down . . . down . . . Those were the depths where death waited, but I did not care any more.

A man can take just so much . . .

* * *

It's after 11 o'clock and very quiet here in my cell. Father Carmody was in an hour ago and we talked for a while. Not that it amounted to much; I think he's a little disappointed in me . . . I get to thinking once in a while about what it will be like to die in the gas chamber. They tell me you're unconscious within the first second—dead within ten. But when you're blindfolded and strapped in that chair, waiting for that swirl of gas to rise up and envelop your head, what goes on in your mind? Do you determine to stay alive as long as you can by holding your breath so the fumes can't possibly kill you? And when you can't possibly hold back any longer, do you try sneaking a quick lungful . . . praying that they haven't released the gas yet so you can get in one last supply of clean air? Or do you start breathing deeply the moment they leave the chamber, determined to get it over with as soon as possible?

* * *

I've been dozing a little, sitting here at the table with this manuscript stacked in front of me. This time I didn't have that dream—the dream of Grace's voice saying those same words over and over. It's a dream I've experienced many times since that night Laudermilk and I broke out of jail. Oddly enough I never dream of Lona Kennedy . . .

There can't be much time left . . . minutes probably. I hope I don't crack up before it's over with . . .

Here they come. #

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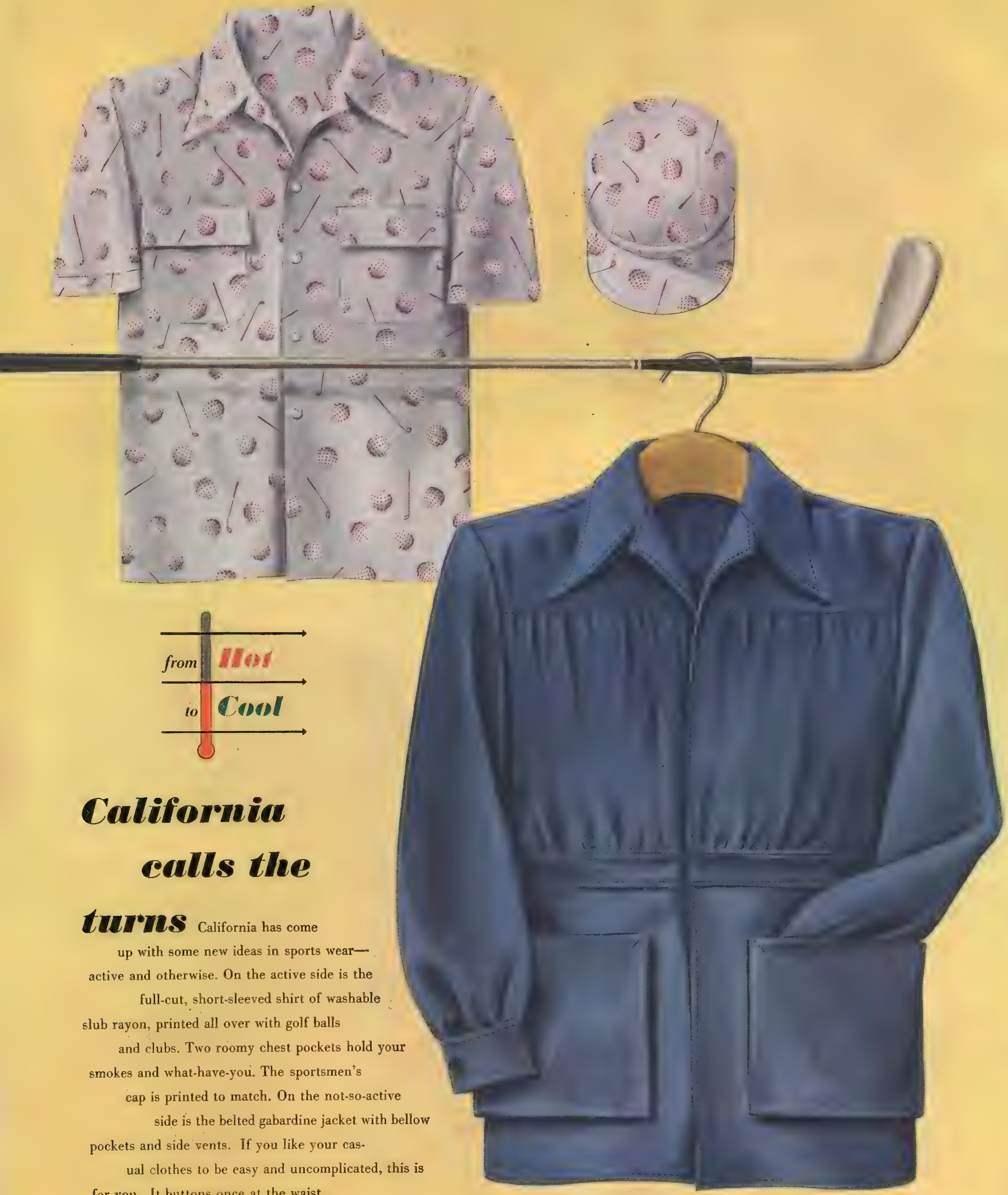

California calls the turns

California has come up with some new ideas in sports wear—active and otherwise. On the active side is the full-cut, short-sleeved shirt of washable slub rayon, printed all over with golf balls and clubs. Two roomy chest pockets hold your smokes and what-have-you. The sportsmen's cap is printed to match. On the not-so-active side is the belted gabardine jacket with bellow pockets and side vents. If you like your casual clothes to be easy and uncomplicated, this is for you. It buttons once at the waist—and that's all!

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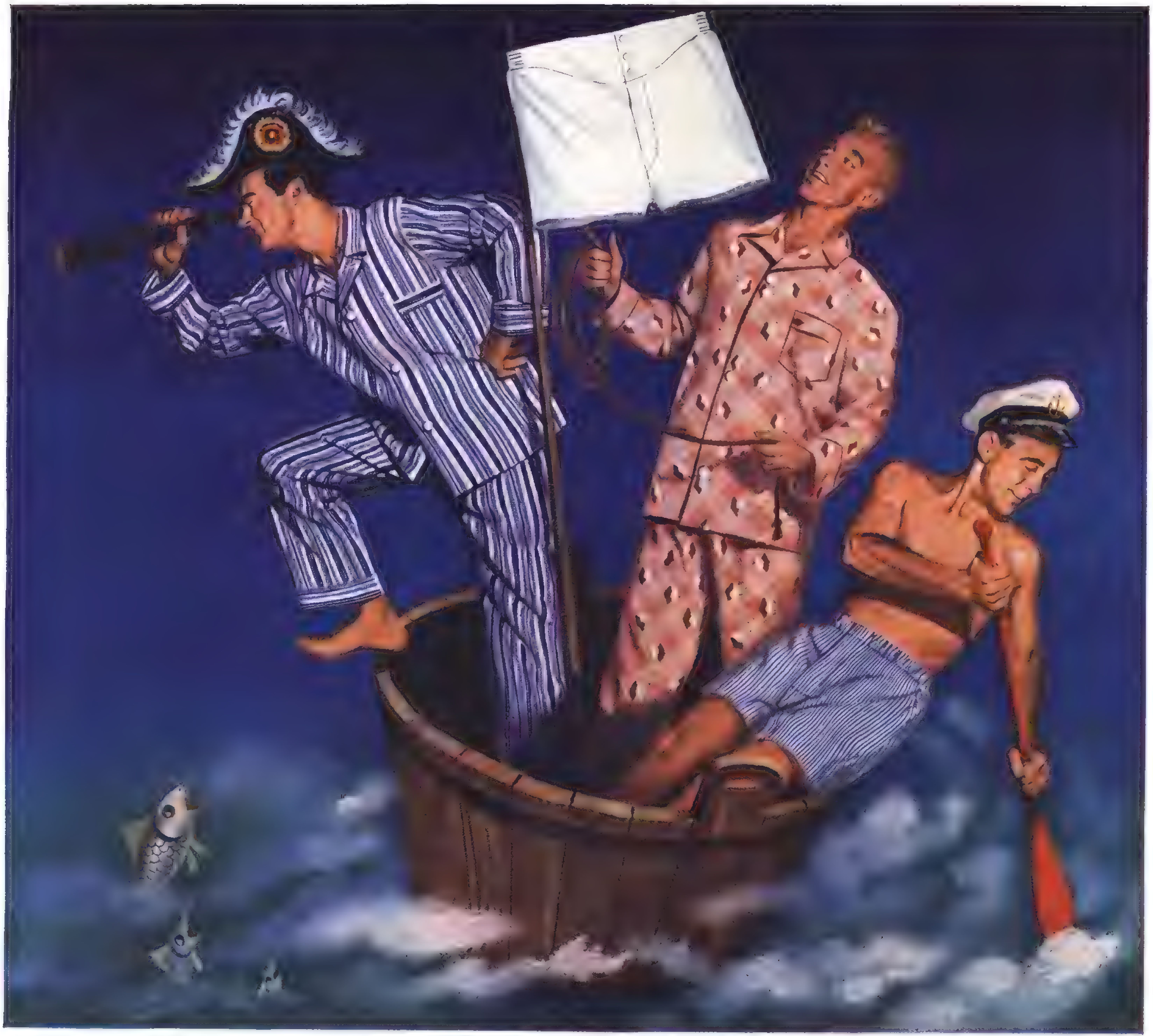

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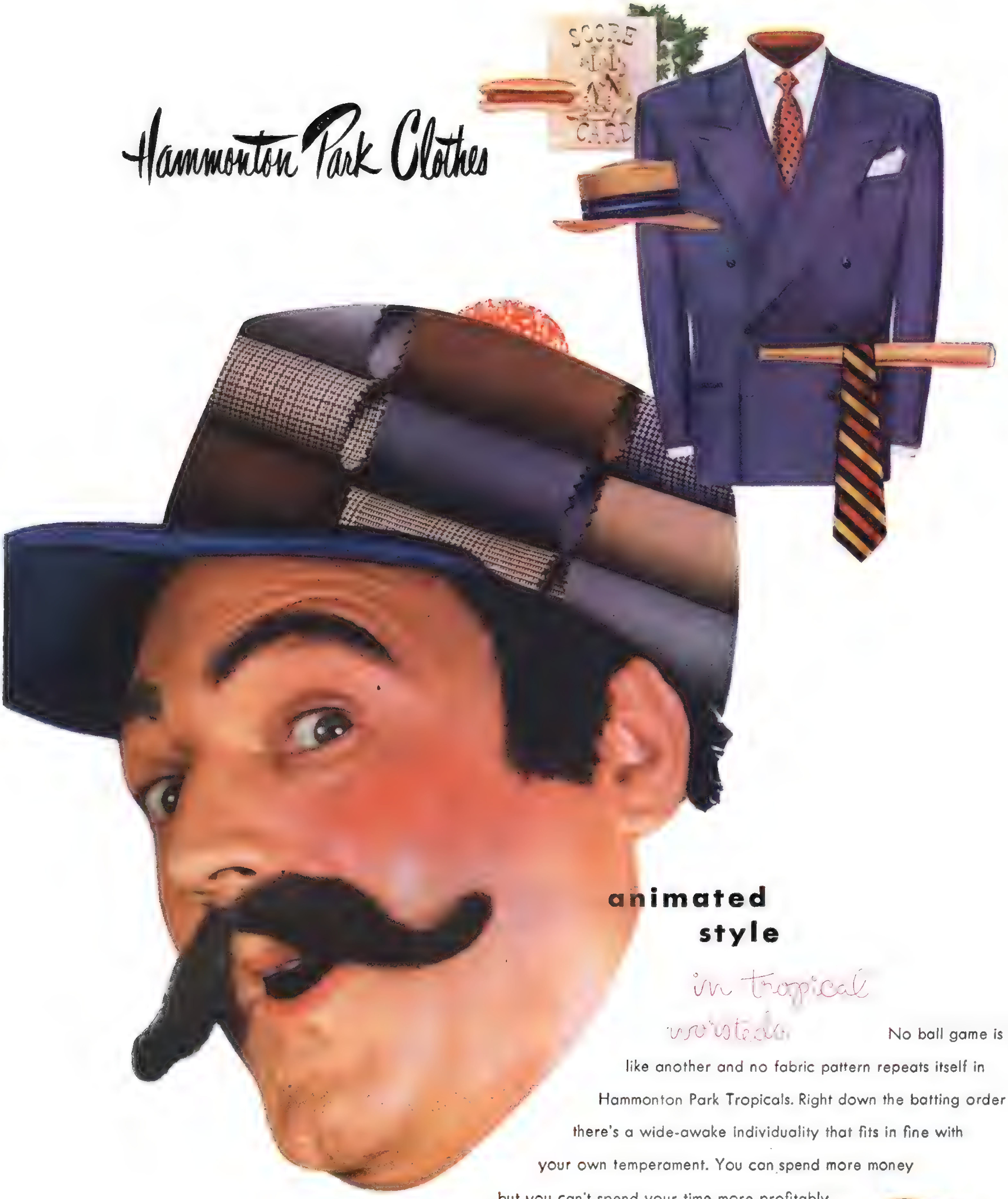

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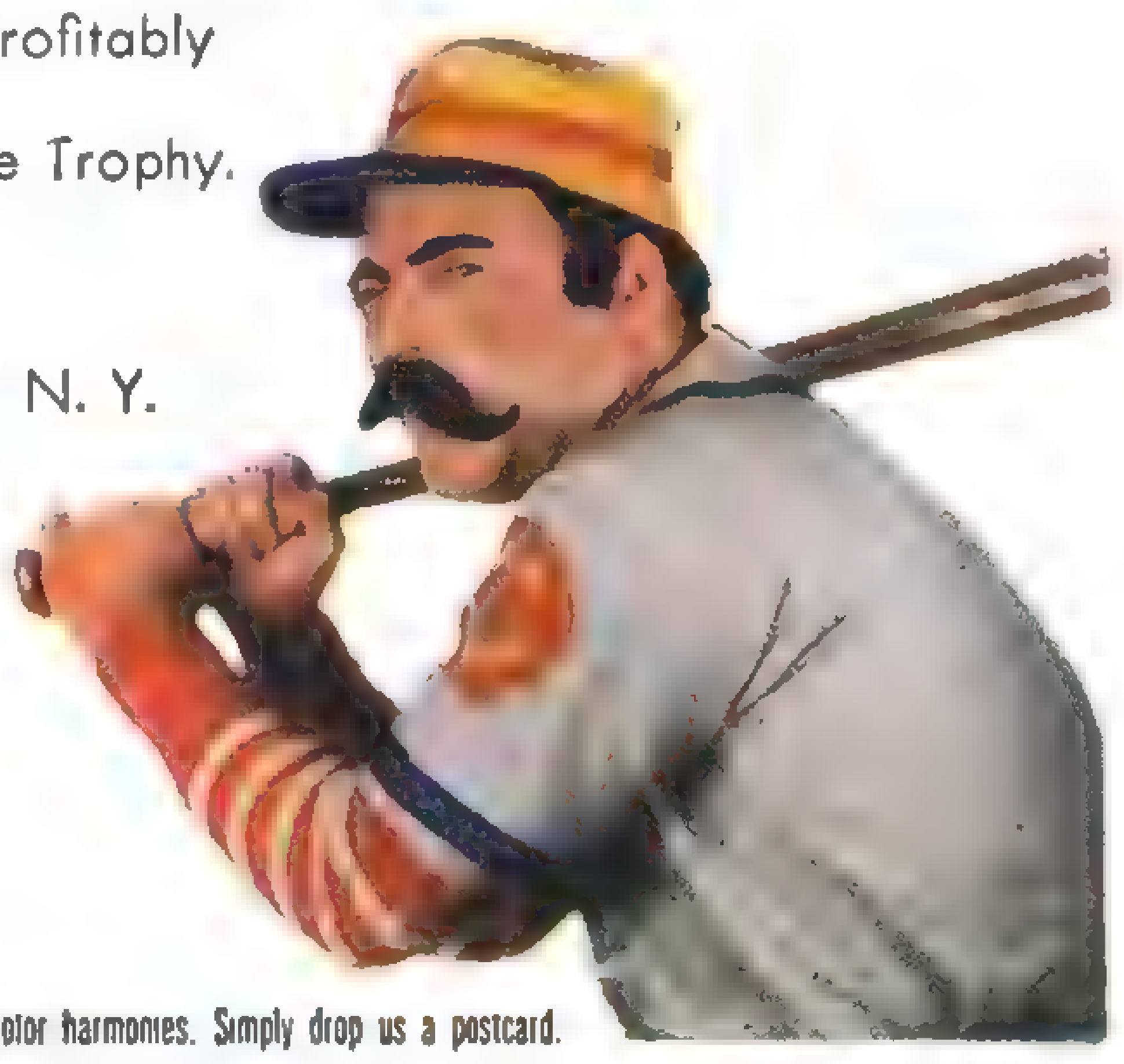

This trophy has been awarded to selected stores that have attained and maintained style eminence

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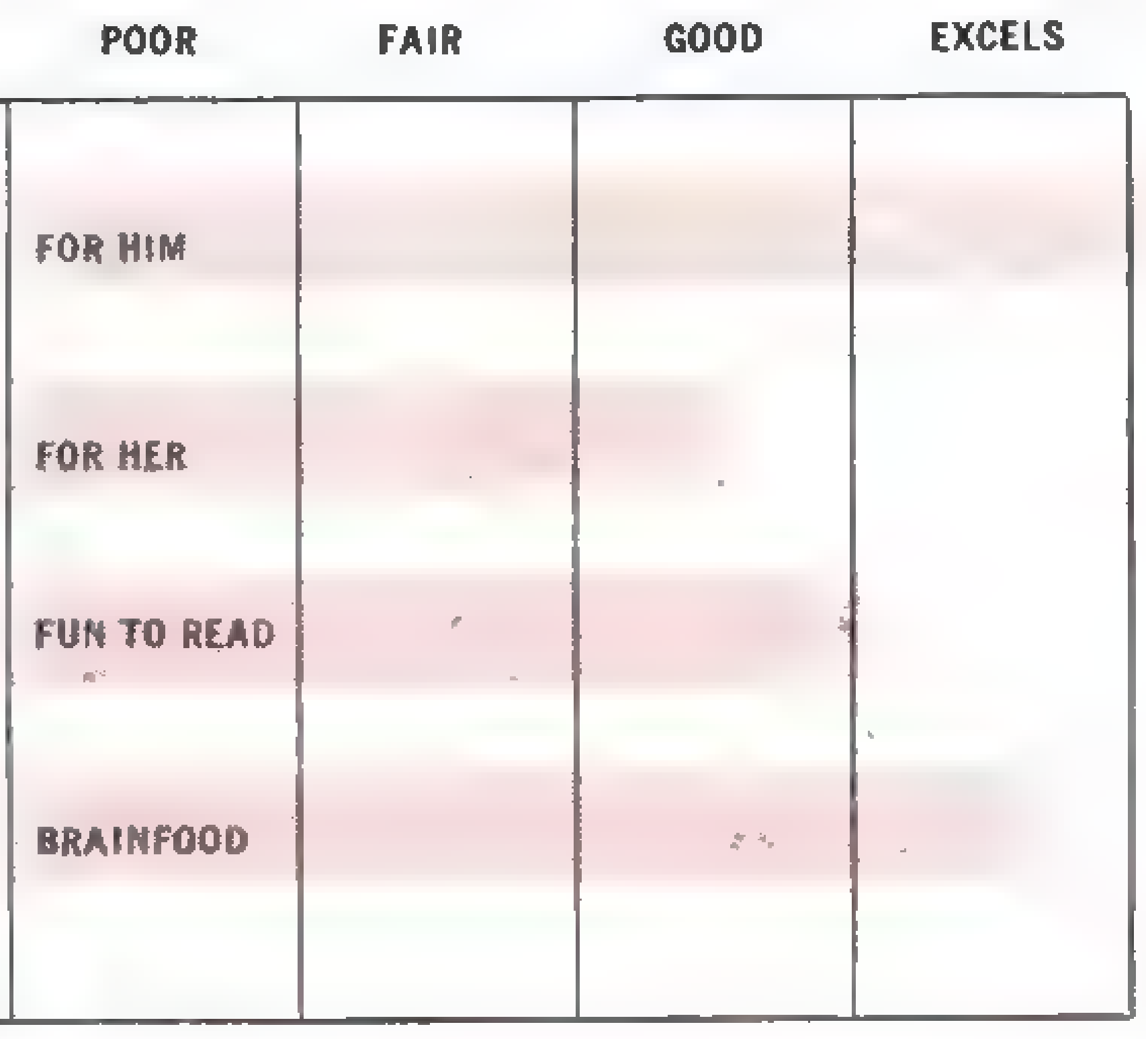
Book Briefs

It takes someone who was there to remember Paris in the '20s, but anyone can enjoy the flowering of the art of reminiscence

Paris Was Our Mistress

by Samuel Putnam
(Viking Press, $3.00)

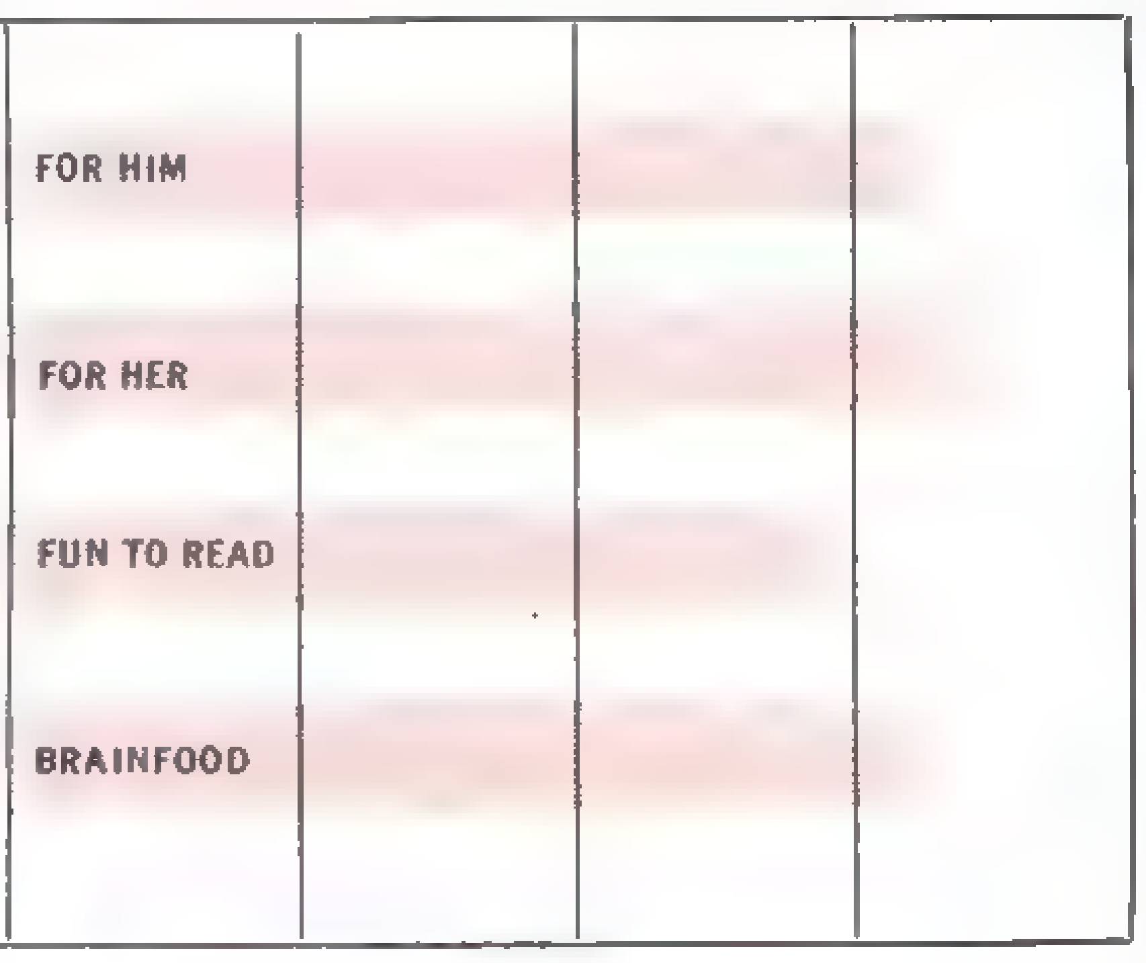
An account of Left Bank club and the "lost" generation. Contains anecdotes of Stein, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Picasso, etc., and many incidents of the salons and saloons of Paris in the days following World War I.



We Were Interrupted

by Burton Rascoe
(Doubleday & Co., $4.00)

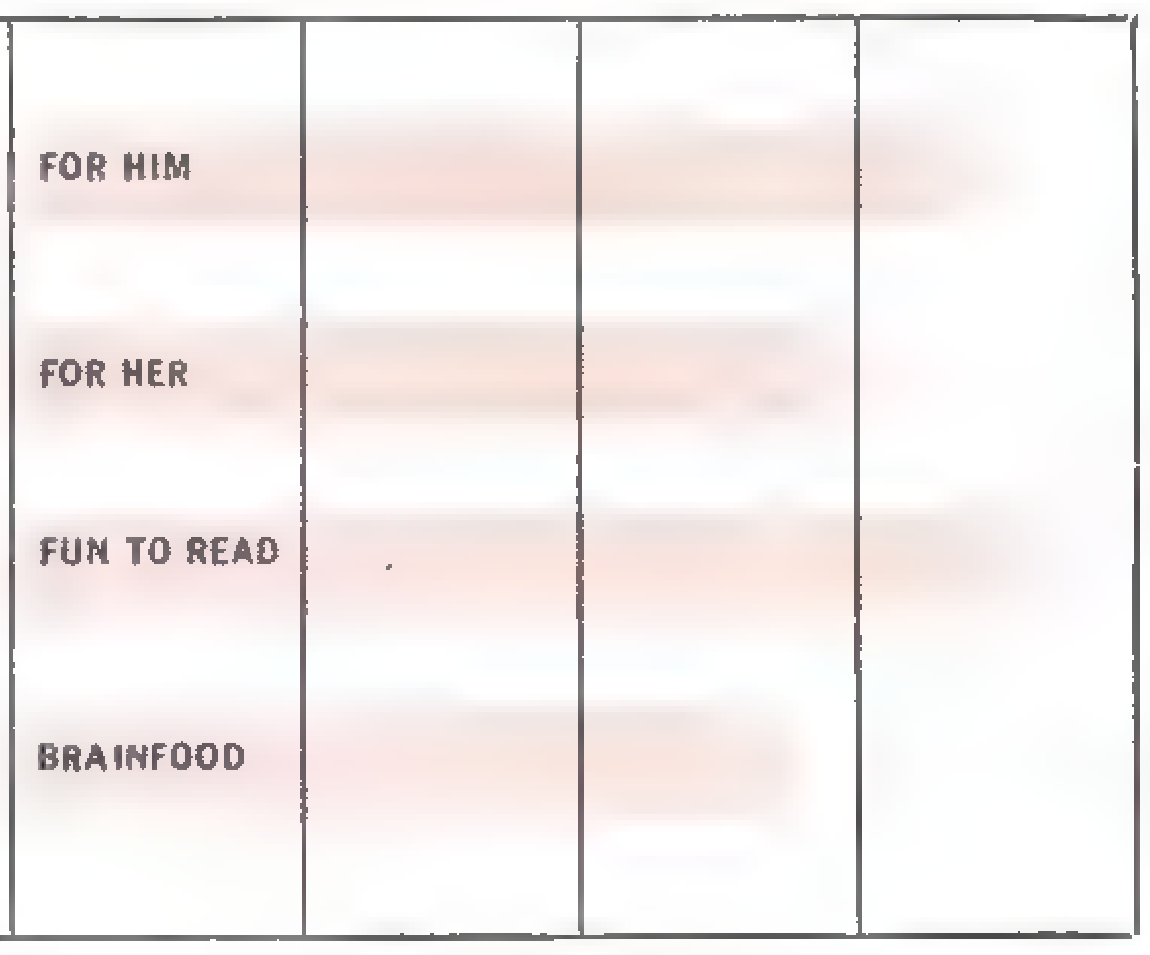
More tales of the '20s, including highly readable retrospections on New York in the jazz age, the Florida boom, gangster rule, speakeasies and the stock market.



Some Days Were Happy

by Louis Sobol
(Random House, $2.75)

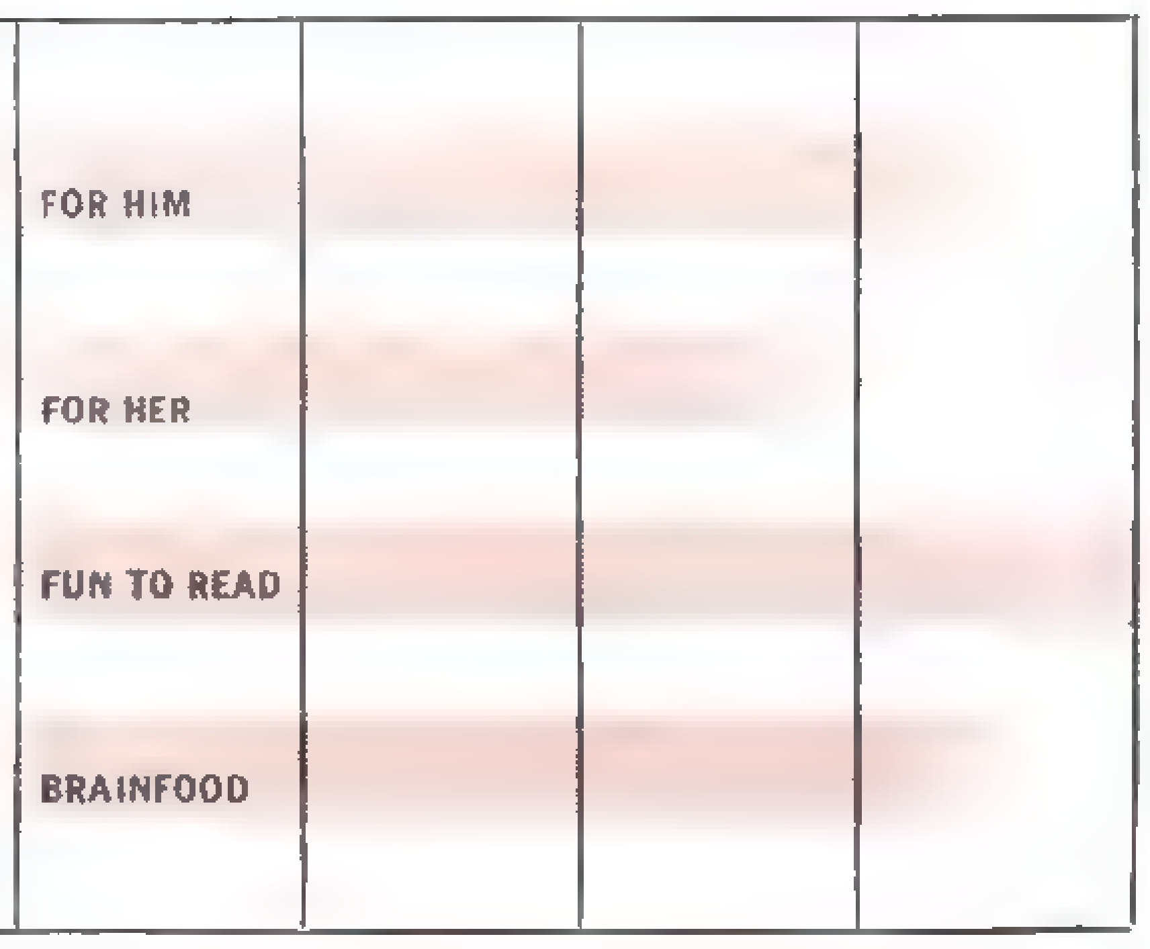
A collection of nostalgic memories of the author's humble boyhood in the East, the small-town life of the early 1900's. Chapters are interspersed with vignettes of current Manhattan.



Postscript to Yesterday

by Lloyd Morris
(Random House, $5.00)

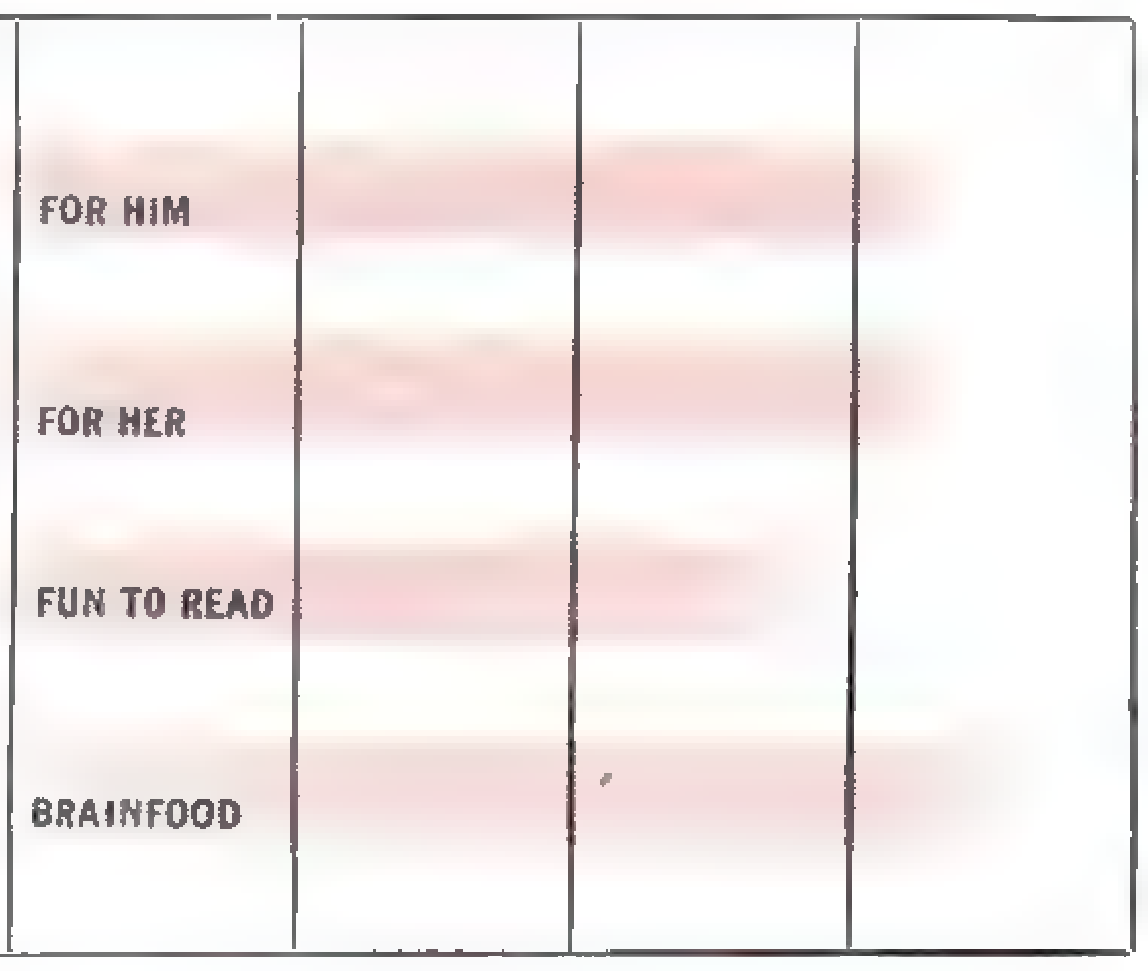
An informal history of America during the past fifty years, with social and economic interpretations. There are short biographies of such widely different fish as Dutch Schultz, Mrs. Astor and Isadora Duncan.

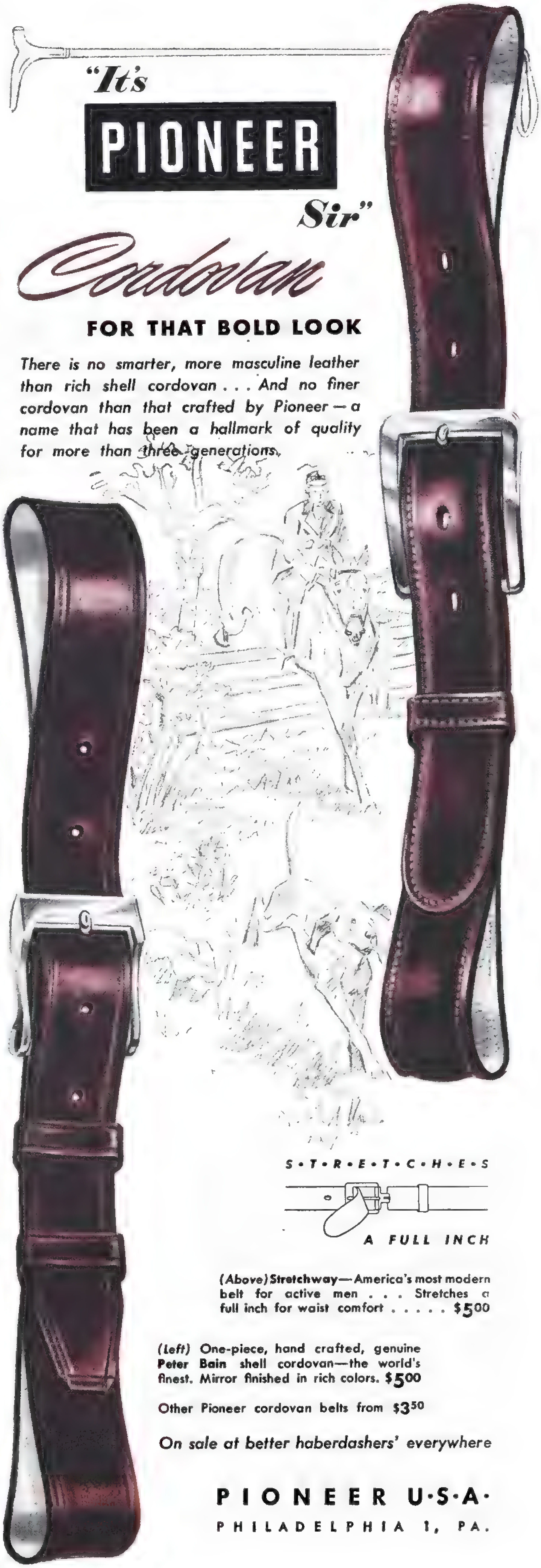


I Remember Distinctly

by Agnes Rogers and
Frederick Lewis Allen
(Harper & Bros., $5.00)

Volume contains 500 pictures and over 30,000 words of text on America from 1918 to Pearl Harbor. Some of the subjects covered: the model T, Rudolph Valentino, mah jongg, the crash of 1929 and the Dionne quintuplets.

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Wining Combination

Wise and happy is he who knows his wines and when and how to use them

by GEORGE KAUFFMAN

The following is SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) for American Wines . . .

Table wines are wines, usually dry, that are served with food.

Red wines go best with red meats.

White wines go best with white meat, such as chicken, or with fish.

Appetizer wines go best with before-dinner snacks.

Dessert wines are sweet wines.

Sparkling wines, like Champagne, are served during or after dinner, or at any other time.

Most red table wines are dry (not sweet). They are served in four- to six-ounce glasses and correctly at a cool room temperature.

All white table wines, whether they are of the dry or the semisweet type, must be served well chilled.

The principal red table wines are Claret and Burgundy. Most other red wines resemble one or the other of these two main types. Examples: Cabernet, Carignane, Grignolino, Mourestel, and Zinfandel are *Claret* type wines. Charbono, Duriff, Gamay, Petite Sirah, and Pinot Noir are *Burgundy*.

The principal white table wines are Sauterne and Rhine wine. Sauternes are usually semisweet. Rhine wines are paler and thoroughly dry. Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, and Malvasia Bianca are *Sauterne* types. Hock, Moselle, Riesling, Sylvanner, and Traminer are *Rhine* types. A California favorite, Chablis, falls in between both tastes.

Appetizer wines include dry Sherry, Vermouth, Madeira and Marsala. Serve in two- or three-ounce glasses, preferably chilled.

Dessert wines are Port, Muscatel, and sweet Sherry; these are the main types. Other wines for dessert include White Port and Tokay; Angelica, Aleatico, Malaga, Malvasio, and several special varieties of Muscatel, like Muscat Frontignan.

Champagne is the best-known sparkling wine; this wine is effervescent *naturally* by fermentation. So are Sparkling Burgundies (red), Sparkling Moselles, Sauternes, and Muscats (white). Other sparkling wines are made effervescent *artificially* and must be labeled as carbonated, together with the wine name.

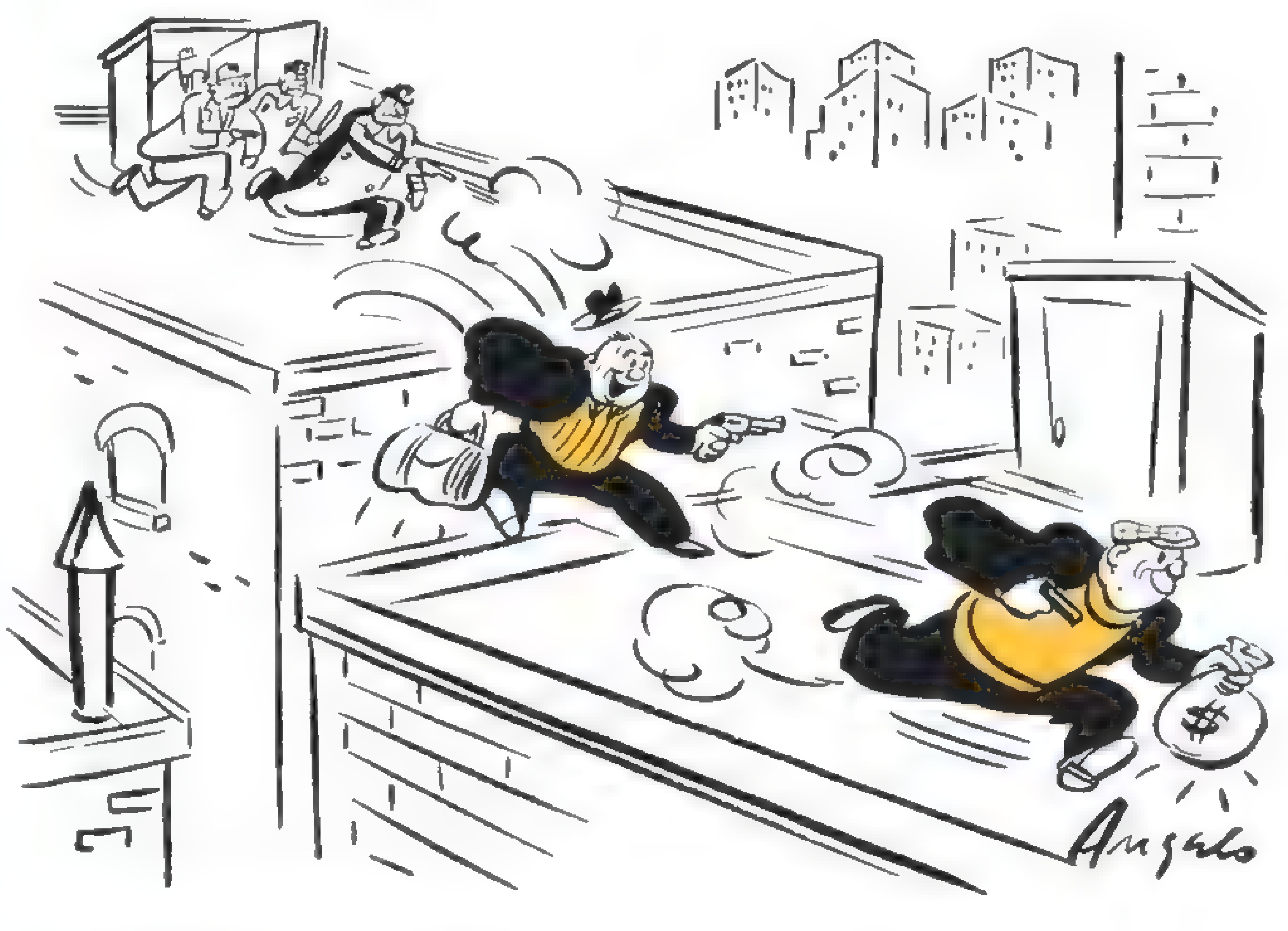
Note: A refreshing long drink that is very popular in the summertime consists of wine mixed with soda. Either a white or a red wine can be used. Wine punches are also excellent for the hot weather, and they are suitable and festive for large parties at any time of the year.

Wine adds flavor to all cooking. When making gravy, add a little wine as a finishing touch; red wine is best. And red wine added to stew just before it is taken from the stove makes all the difference in the world. Roasts basted with wine have just that much more flavor. Add Sherry to your chicken à la king.

Make fish sauces with white wine. Put red wine in clear soups and Sherry in cream soups.

"Marinating meats" means soaking tough, stringy, cheaper cuts of meat in wine, either red or white, for a few hours; this adds flavor and makes the cuts tender.

When buying wine, keep in mind that table wines are perishable, like milk, once opened, but dessert and appetizer wines, like Port and Sherry, keep almost forever; that is, until you drink the bottle dry. #



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When Will the Spirit Revive?

Continued from page 35

as errand lad, office boy, sweepout guy, or personal scribe, forget about the present and snoop into the goings-on on this battered planet a couple of thousand or tens of thousands of years ago.

Sure, I'd write about it. I'll always write because I gotta. And I'd have to turn over two or three years first to studying and reading up, but what's two or three years when you'd be preparing yourself for work on the biggest detective story in the whole world—Grandpa and Grandma back in the misty days B.C. What were they like? What did they think? What did they eat and wear? How did they behave?

Maybe I need to know as a sort of justification. One and all we are such stinkers today that maybe if one could get close to and really recapture a picture of the kind of stinkers we were five thousand years ago one might be less morose over the evaluation. One might even find that in five thousand years we had advanced one thousandth of a milligram in decency and civilization, and that if the curve of progress persists, within another half million or a million years, man—if he manages to survive—will become a creature at whose name one does not need to gag.

I will never forget the thrill the day I was wandering through the ruins of Pompeii with Frank Gervasi and came across a wall on which the boys had done a little electioneering during a local election in the year A.D. 79, or 1869 years before you and I began to take an active interest in politics. On this wall of a house in one of the better residential sections of the town, the campaign committee had lettered in red paint the Latin equivalent of the legend, "Vote for Marcus Pompilius, The People's Friend."

This would have been enough to slice away the intervening years for me and make it seem as though it were but yesterday, but to my joy I was led even closer to the hearts and minds of the Pompeiians by the fact that the opposition party had apparently arrived the next day and in blue paint had carefully stenciled underneath the line, in effect, "Marcus Pompilius is a Bum." How can we think that a gulf of years exists between those people and ourselves?

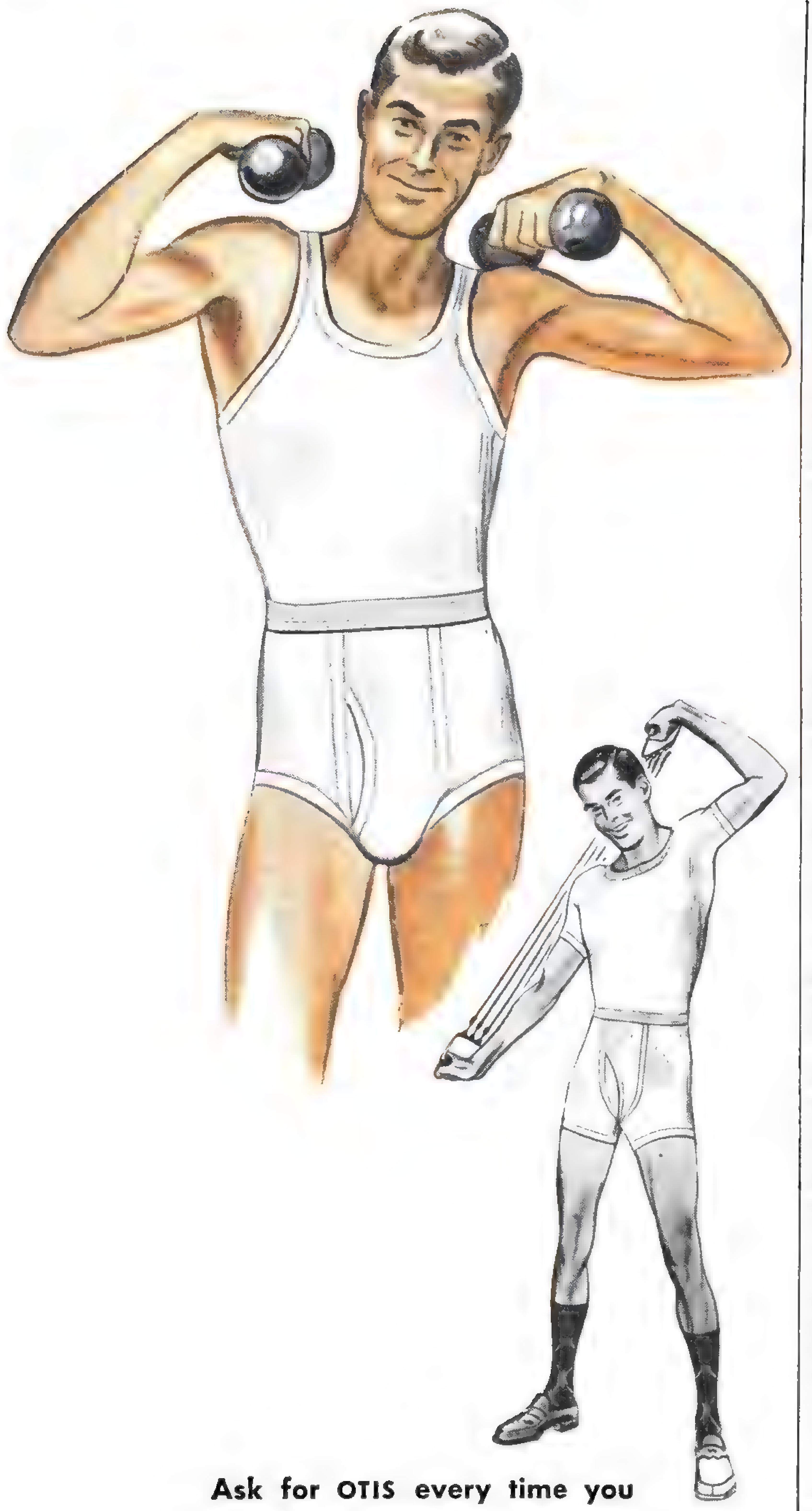
I'm dying to know more about the Boxing King of the Black Sea. In the Museo delle Terme in Rome there is a statue of an ancient warrior called "The Sitting Boxer." It is a wonderful life-sized bronze of a pugilist of the Hellenic era, a ring-battered Joe wearing the iron cesti laced to his paws. Back in 1938, when I first saw the statue, very little was known about it. But since then, archaeologists and antiquarians have found out a good deal more about him. For one thing he, or rather his statue, belonged to a group. They have found the two other statues that go with it—in another museum, oddly enough—two tall soldiers standing, armed with spears, who originally were placed on either side of the sitting boxer in the manner of a bodyguard.

And this bit of detective work opened up another story. The Sitting Boxer was none other than the Boxing King of the Black Sea, a real person, a potentate who lived and ruled in ancient times, and who is the first recorded genuine dyed-in-the-purple boxing nut. Shade of Joseph Louis Barrow, this guy just loved to fight. If you wanted to land in his territory and do a little business, you didn't need a passport or a visa, but just a useful knowledge of how to feint, slip, block and duck. It was also a good idea to come equipped with a fair punch, because before you could have your bags examined by the customs officials and check into the local hotel, you had to go three fast rounds or less with His Majesty.

The old boy could be had by a guy with a fast right cross—he was obviously a lefthander from his statue—because his face had been considerably battered apparently by an assortment of visiting traveling salesmen. One of

Continued on page 116

JUST DIVORCED



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Guide for
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which
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R.S.V.P.

*The wedding presents will be guarded by Pete Chambers, Esquire's own private eye, who will appear in the BEDSIDE murder mystery for June, **"SUICIDE IS SCANDALOUS,"** by Henry Kane.

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When Will the Spirit Revive?

Continued from page 114

them had busted his beezer and cauliflowered an ear and he was a mass of cuts and bruises. Also, sometime or another he had fractured his left hand on the skull of some applicant for a temporary or visitor's permit. One could spend a joyous year tracking down that goofy palooka and digging out his story. And there was a Roman Emperor who loved to fight, particularly with swords, in the arena, a guy named Commodus, about whom not nearly enough is known. He was supposed to have been one of the greatest athletes the world has ever seen. What fun it would be ferreting out his story.

In and about Tarquinia, just north of Rome, are hundreds of unopened tombs waiting to shed light on a civilization which preceded Rome and outshone it in culture and joy of living, an art-loving, fun-loving, sports-loving people, the key to whose language is still missing.

You cannot read their writing, but if you look on the wall of one of the tombs that has been opened and explored, you will find a painting of two boxers squared off, just as they square off for the cameraman on fight nights at the Garden or the Stadium, their hands neatly and expertly bandaged with leather wrappings. And to dissipate the centuries between then and now, one of them has his left thumb stuck out ready to jab it in his opponent's eye. Whereupon, even as today, he undoubtedly seized his opponent in a clinch, murmured "Excuse me" in Etruscan, then rubbed the injured optic the wrong way with the bandages and, while the sucker was blinking, boffed him with the right.

Still hidden away beneath the soil of the countries ringing the Mediterranean must be the answers to a million questions about the so-called human race. Somewhere under the sod of the Holy Land may yet be found the key to one of the most fascinating mysteries of all time, concrete evidence of the where and the when of Jesus Christ.

To Hell with the now of modern times. I'd like to go back and lose myself for five years in the then of the past, or at least putter around the rubbish heaps of the past and establish contact with the men of the dawn of civilization, who at least were men and not hypocrites, stand in their temples and market places, touch and feel the implements they used, try to read the story of their lives from the mute objects they left behind them, and then write pieces about them and bring them to life again. Golly, would that be fun. But I guess it would have to be soon before modern man pulls his civilization down around his ears and buries his past so deep no one will ever be able to dig it out.

It's screwy all right, but that's what lures me. I'd give up everything I had or was doing to be an archaeological buff or kibitzer hanging around the fringes of the Sherlock Holmeses of antiquity.

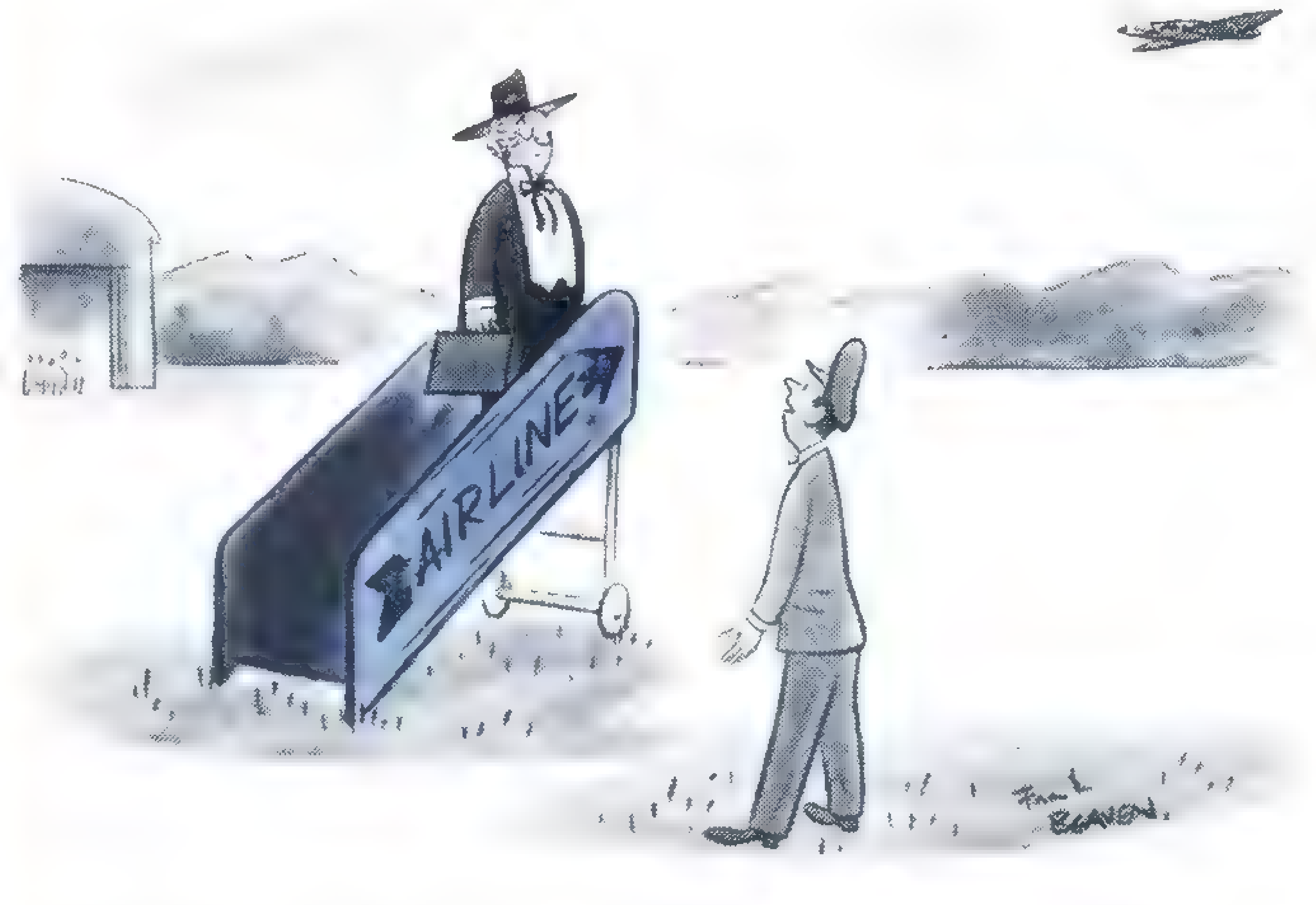
Sure, I know it isn't like that, glamour-stuff and wonderful discoveries, but instead long years of hard work and slogging and disappointments and trouble, with the jack pot turning up perhaps once in a lifetime, but a guy can dream, can't he? I'm only saying that if I could, that's what I'd rather be doing than what I'm doing now . . . By golly, if I had dough, it's what I *would* do . . .

There! I feel fine now, just thinking and writing about it. Sure, I know, it's pure escape from today's problems. I'm just letting you in on something. You can play too. If you had your way right now, what would *you* do?

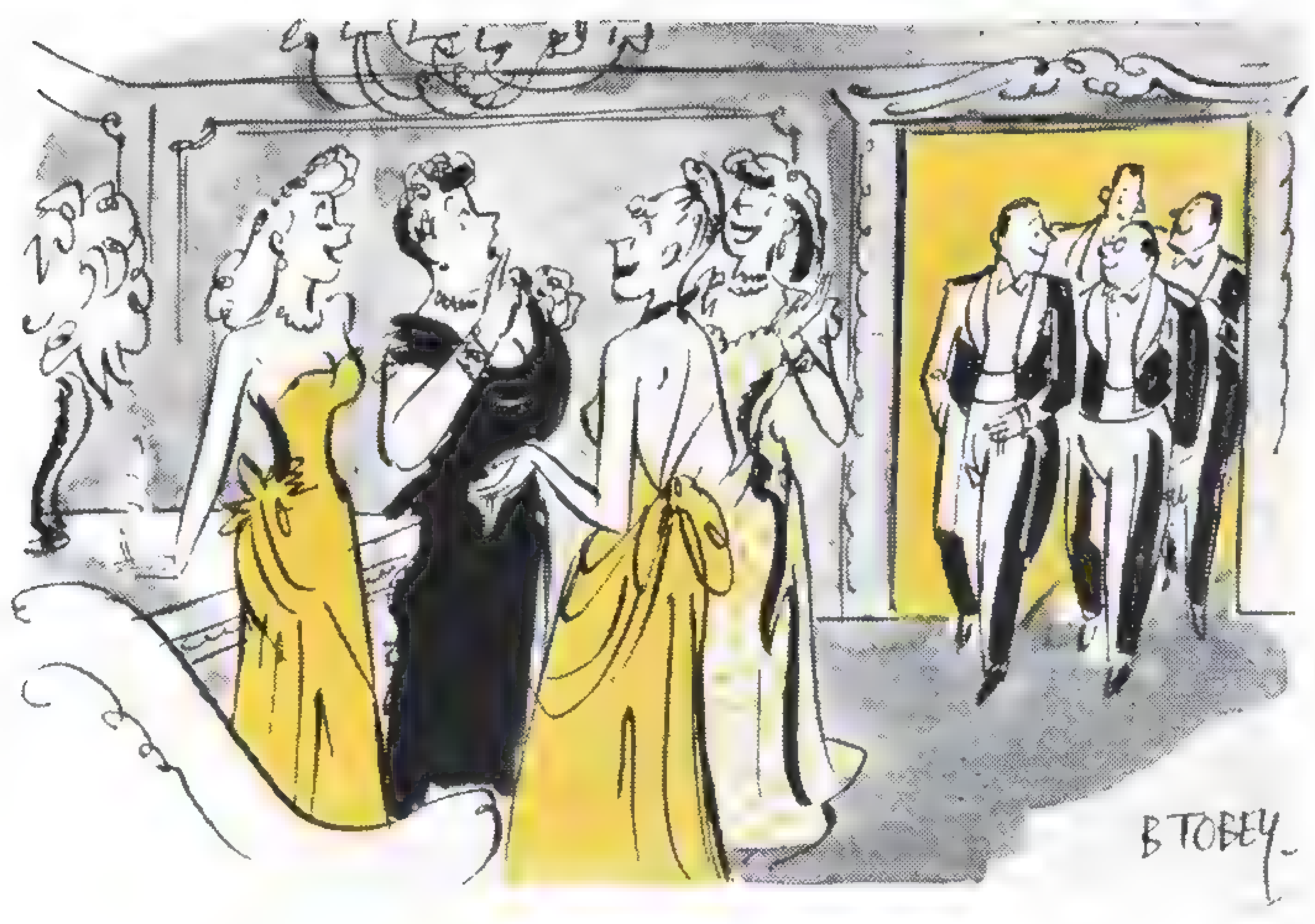
There Were Men in Those Days

A browse through *A Guide to Modern Cookery*, written by none other than A. Escoffier of the Carlton Hotel in London, composed and printed in 1907, leads me to inquire what has become of the lusty trenchermen of yesterday and also to ask politely: where in the la Helle did said trenchermen put it all?

The modern diner sits down to a gala meal of a half-dozen oysters,



"I'm sorry, Senator, but while you were posing for the photographers, the plane took off!"



"Shh . . . the men! No more jokes"

a cup of soup, slice of steak or roast beef with potatoes, gravy, and vegetables, toys with a mixed green salad and a bit of ice cream and cake and groans: "Phooo, I'm stuffed to the eyebrows." Stuffed? Why, boys, that wasn't even a warm-up for the kind of meals the lads and lassies could tuck in on gala occasions at the turn of the century. What has happened to our stummicks Anno Domini, 1948, that we can no longer pack away the kind of meal that people encompassed some forty years ago?

In the Appendix of his noble volume Brother Escoffier has listed some of the menus he served in his day, and just for the heck of it I have culled through a gala performance—a sort of light snack—that he whipped up for the local pigs or *gourmets* one evening in the year 1906, and with my little Oxford French Dictionary have got it sufficiently translated so that we can get an idea of the unholy amount of grub with which those folks stuffed themselves.

The performance began with something called *Frivolité* which, when translated, oddly enough turns out to be "frivolity—trifles, frivolous things." Just what that would be in the groceries line I do not know, but in view of what is to follow it better had be something light like maybe salted nuts or celery and olives or am I doing the great Escoffier an injustice? Anyway, I am content to let it remain a mystery, because what follows ain't.

After they had frivoled sufficiently, the customers then tied into a mess of fresh caviar with blinis followed by something called *Oursins de la Mediterranée*, which to my horror turned out to be sea urchins, a dish I have not encountered as yet in the process of stuffing myself from the cradle to the grave, and maybe it is just as well. After that they had native oysters with Mornay sauce.

The next item stumps us again. It is *Délices de St. Antoine*, which decodes merely to Delights of St. Anthony, but doesn't tell us what it was. The catalogue of Saints furnishes no clue. Anyway, whatever it was, they had it.

Followed first a clear soup, green turtle, and then immediately after a thick one entitled *Velouté de Poulet aux nids d'hirondelle*, which I managed to break down somewhat disturbingly to Velouté of chicken à la swallows' nests. I will only annotate here that it was probably delicious, but in my day I have looked into swallows' nests and I do not like the idea.

Comes in next young *Volga River Sturgeon à la Moscovite* followed by pastry boats filled with fresh roe à la something else.

By this time I would be just about ready to ask to be excused and step out onto the terrace for a minute for a breath of fresh air, but the old-timers haven't even begun. They were just mildly warmed up and ready to spit on their hands and tackle the main courses.

The first of these was a touch of capon garnished with truffles and with it a serving of small, prickly artichokes. Next, the staggering servitors lugged in saddle of venison *aux* cherries with a side order of purée of chestnuts. Right behind them another relay of varlets entered bearing spring lamb with sage dressing.

And while they were still bug-eyed from that barrage they fired something called *Sylphides de Roitelets* at them. My research staff gave that one a thorough frisking and came up with the meaning of *Roitelets* as either "petty kings," or (ornith.) wrens. Since this was not a cannibal feast I gather they mean the wrens. A Sylphide seemed to be a nice, light digestible way to fix them up as I gather from the master's recipe which calls upon one to butter some very small porcelain or silver *cassolettes* and garnish them half-full with *mousseline* forcemeat of wrens prepared with truffle essence. Set these *cassolettes* in front of the oven, that the forcemeat may poach. Cook in butter, for three minutes only, as many wrens as there are garnished cassolettes and proceed so as to have them ready when the forcemeat is poached. Place a wren in each *cassolette* and sprinkle them with nut-brown butter, combined with a little pale melted glaze and pineapple juice.

Hardly had the boys and girls

Continued on page 118

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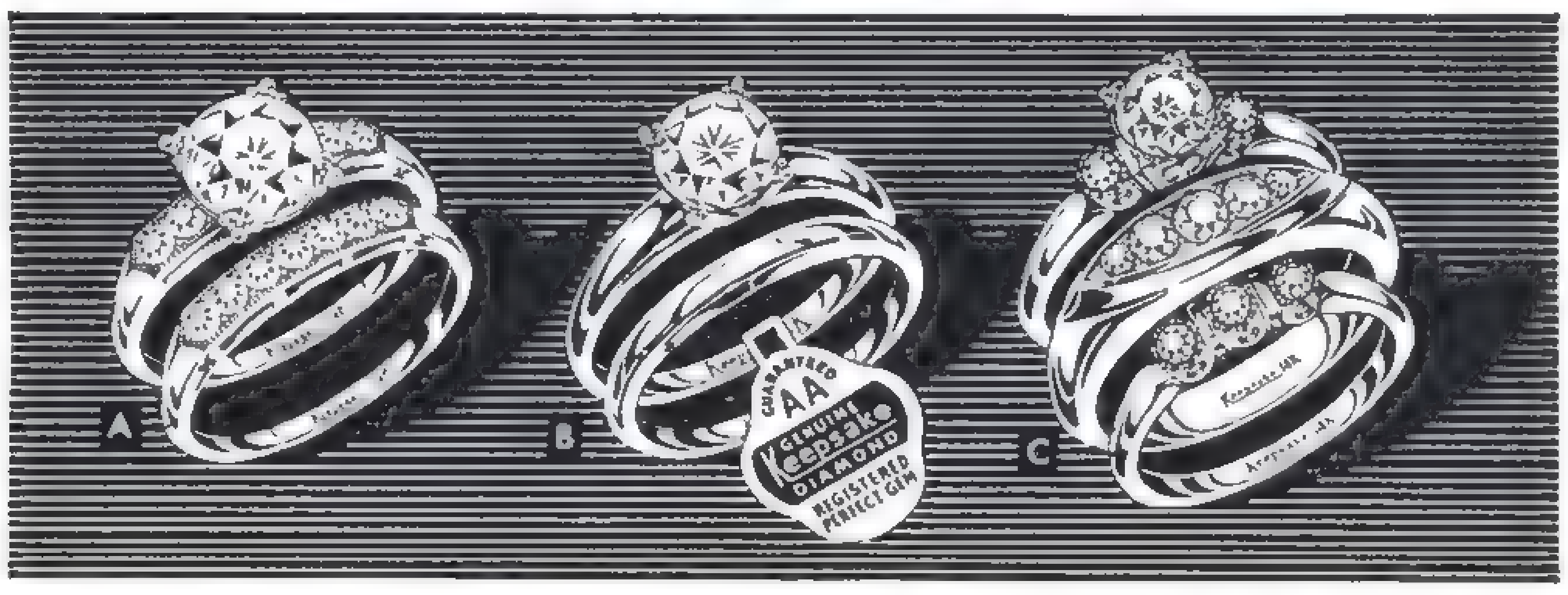
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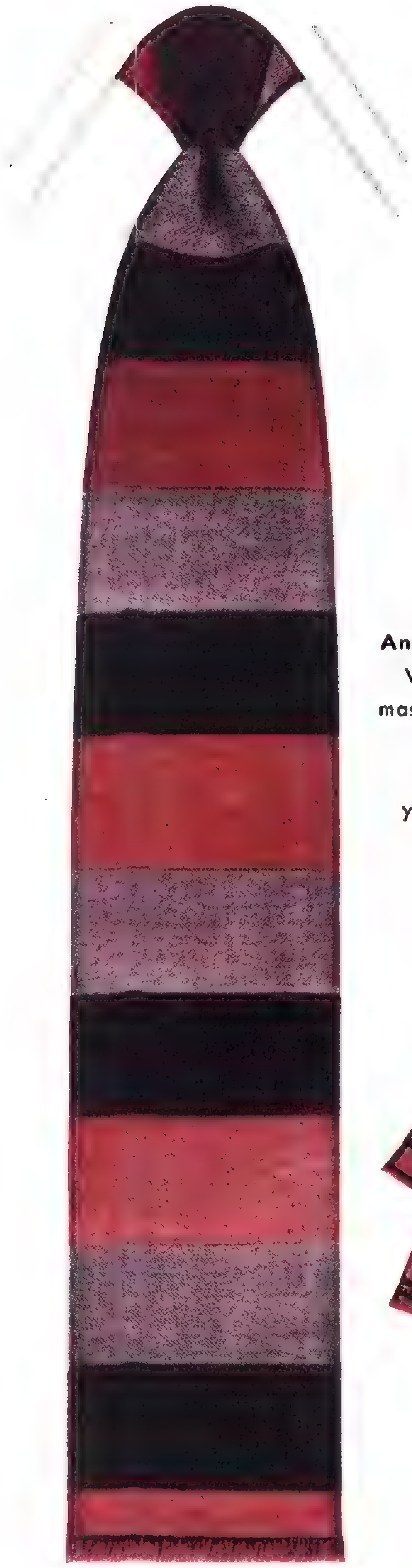

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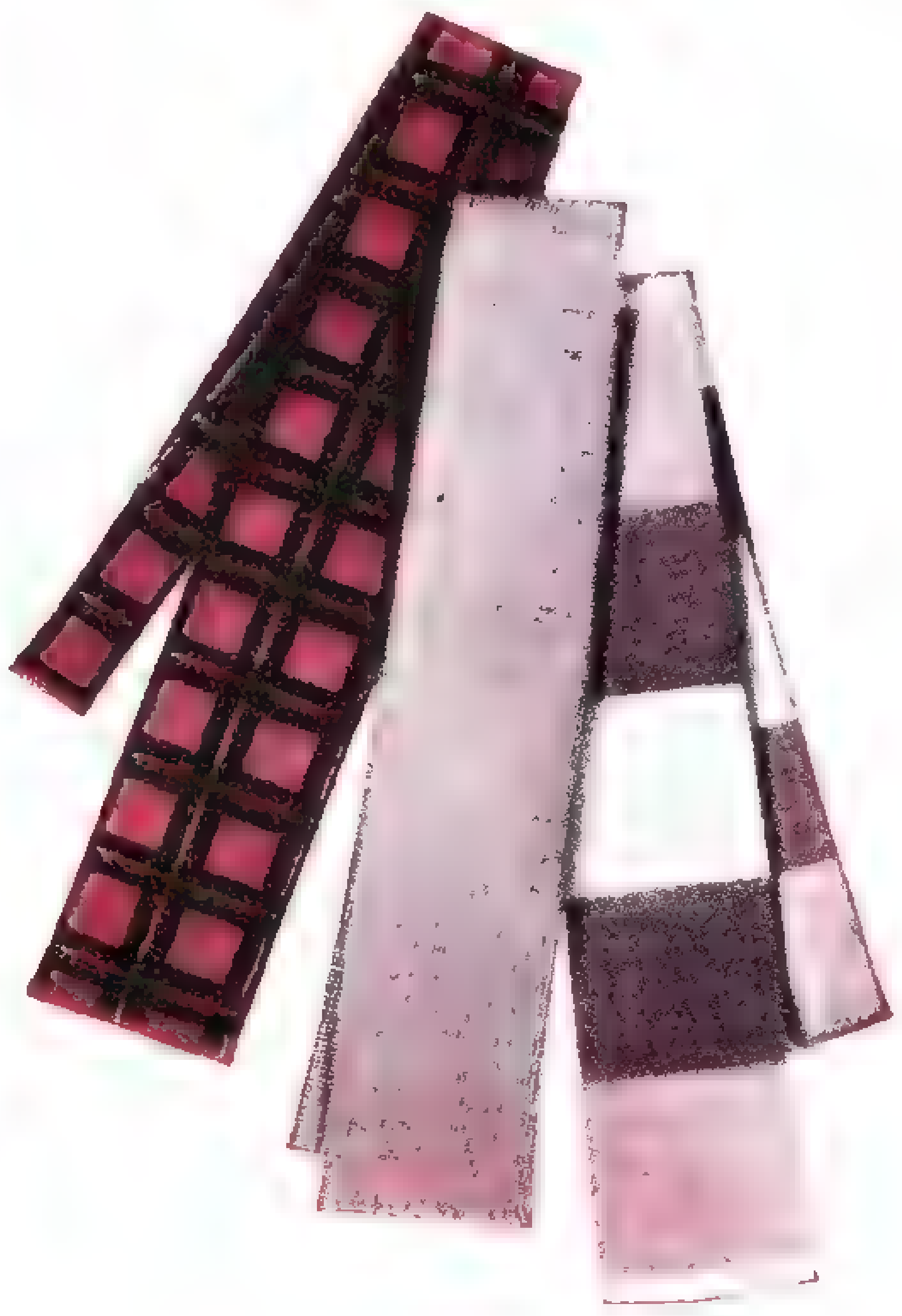

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Wembley*

Wears...and Wears ...and Wears

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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When Will the Spirit Revive?

Continued from page 117

got outside of this tidbit when the lackeys were back with a ring of jellied tomato and crayfish.

At this point the menu indicates a kind of merciful intermission. It called for a serving of *Fine Champagne* 1820, a type of French holy water which I am afraid would have arrived too late for me. I have already been carried out and am on my way up to Doctors' Hospital by ambulance for an emergency operation. But not my supermen of 1906. No sirs. They are sitting there sipping their Napoleon brandy, nibbling on some *Mandarines givrées*, which is French for iced tangerines, and waiting impatiently for the next course.

This is a nice tidbit for this stage of the game, namely quail, baked in hot ashes with raisins, followed by pink snipe roasted over a fire made of grapevine branches; at least that is my translation of *Bécassines rosées au feu de sarments*.

Greens were not neglected, for up came something called *Salade Isabelle* which I cannot interpret, followed by a serving of asparagus. Then to taper off and prepare your innards for the sweets, they let the customer down easy with a helping of fat goose liver poached in Moselle wine.

I dunno how you are doing. I feel lousy.

That rustle heard around the festive board at this point must have been the gents loosening their belts and the ladies letting out their stays because what they still had to cope with was a Bombe Alaska, Peach Melba, and a mousse served with little violet-flavored *petits fours*, cakes called Shephard's stars, hothouse fruits, Turkish coffee and *Grande Liqueurs*.

Thirty courses I make it.

True, they probably started eating at eight o'clock and were still at it at midnight, at which time they did not go off with loud detonations but quietly got up and went home, or if there was dancing and merriment, they would probably be wanting a light snack by three in the morning.

Aye, they were men and women, of the generation before mine, and they tell me compared to medieval or early Roman banquets they were practically on a diet. But I would still like to know where in the Samuel H. Hill they put it all. ⧺

Continued from page 35

Let George Do It!

by WILLIAM BARRY

It's an old slang expression—Let George do it—used by lazy guys who believe in taking things easy and letting the other fellow work.

Listed are indications to twenty men and women, all named George, who did not care for work any more than you or I do, but who pitched in to accomplish their goal and consequently became famous. Give yourself 5 for each correct answer: 75 is good. A hundred? Your name might be George too.

1. A former newspaperman turned playwright
2. A literary figure who has celebrated his 91st birthday
3. Tin-Pan Alley to Carnegie Hall
4. First in the hearts of his countrymen
5. Ran a laundry so successfully he bought a football team
6. A writer who confessed all when very young
7. A Grand Old Lady of the stage
8. An actor who waved the American flag
9. The old master of the great American game
10. An American poet, author, philosopher with a Spanish name
11. Hoosier Aesop
12. The Old Tiger
13. He took the Third into Germany
14. She wore trousers and smoked cigars
15. An English actor who specialized in character parts
16. He composed an opera which made a cigarette girl famous
17. An early American historian
18. Half of a famous radio team
19. She wrote *Mill on the Floss*
20. He knocked out a dragon

Answers

1. George S. Kaufman
2. George Bernard Shaw
3. George Gershwin
4. George Washington
5. George Marshall
6. George Moore
7. Grace George
8. George M. Cohan
9. George Herman (Babe) Ruth
10. George Santayana
11. George Ade
12. Georges Clemenceau
13. The late Gen. George S. Patton
14. George Sand (Baroness Dudevant)
15. George Arliss
16. Georges Bizet
17. George Bancroft
18. George Burns (Burns and Allen)
19. George Eliot
20. St. George

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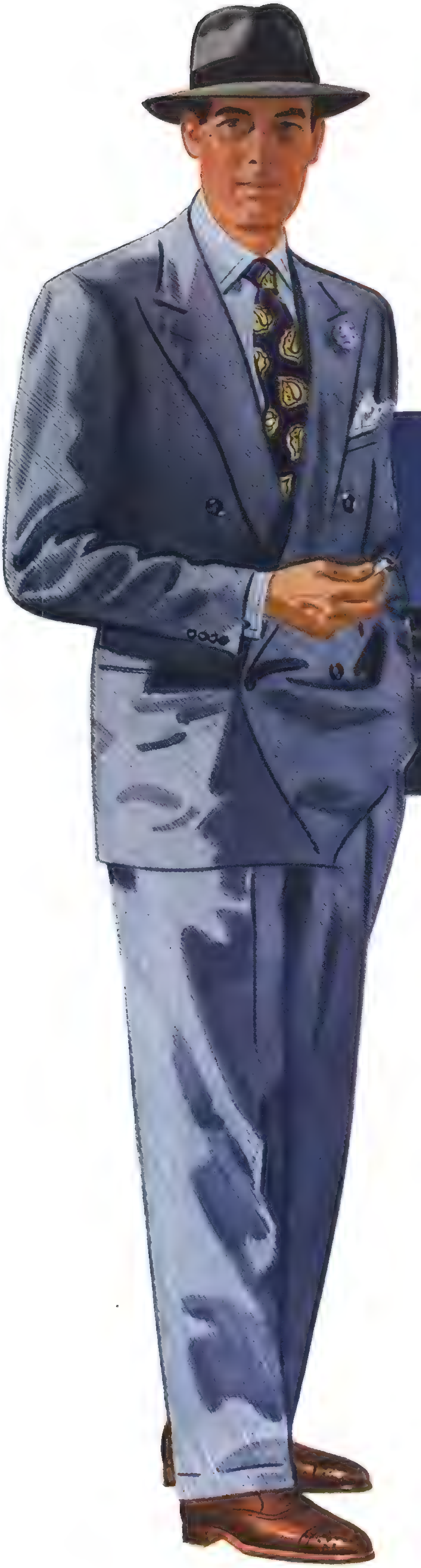
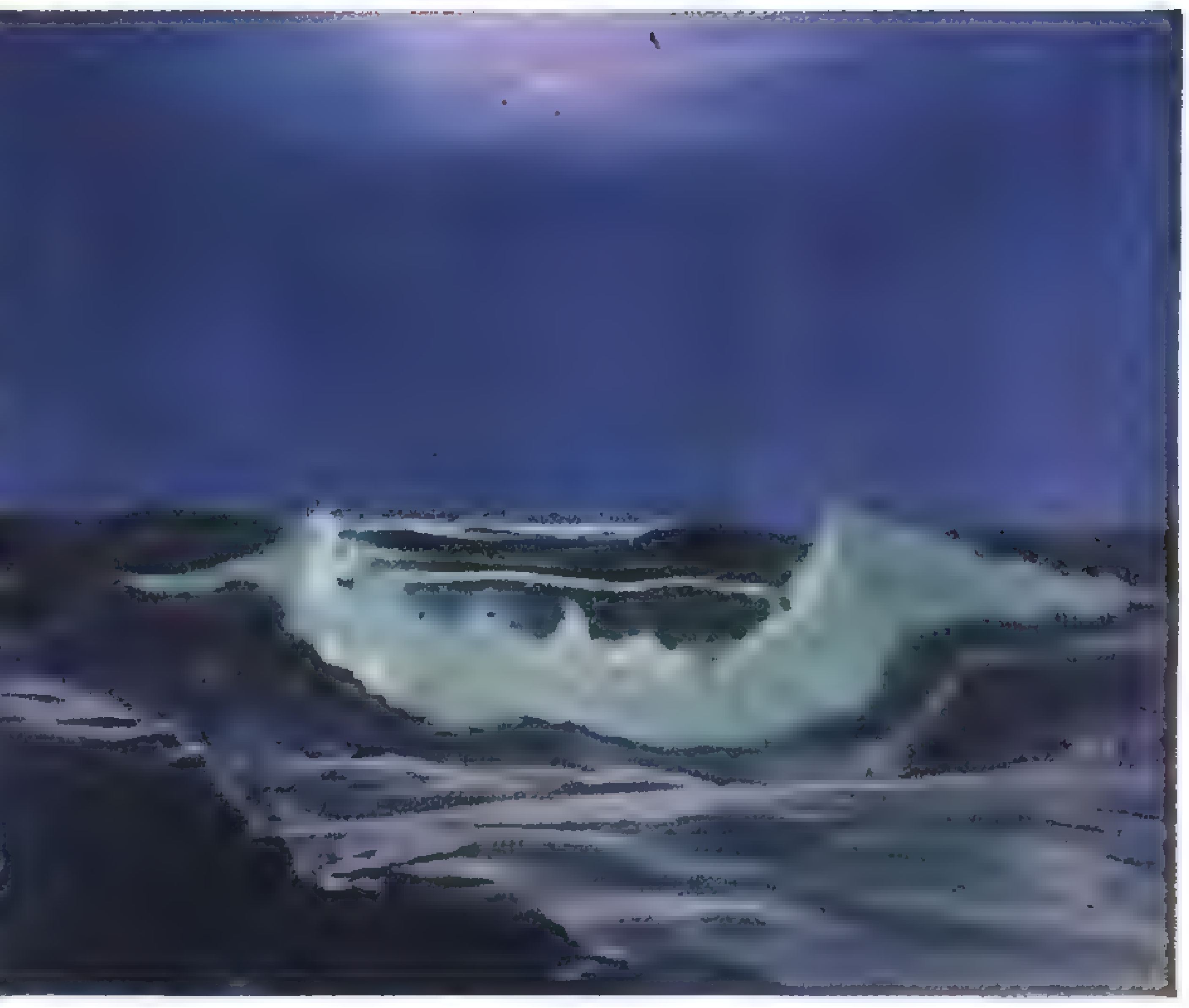


Channel Blue



a sure sign of spring

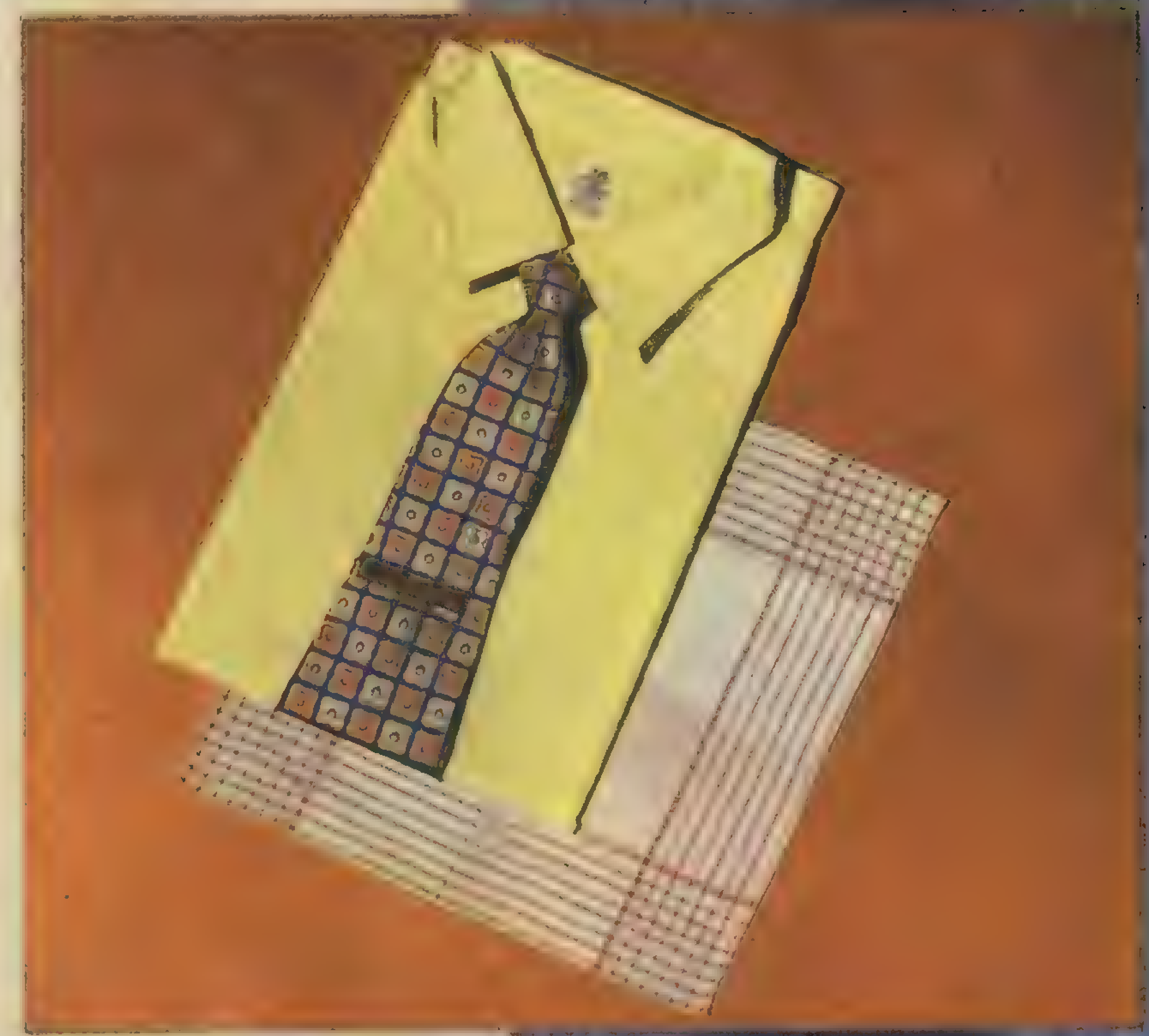
As practical as it is new, Channel Blue is the most fashionable of the lighter colors that are being worn this spring. Use it as the base of your wardrobe and you can't go wrong—it will go with so many of your B. L. (Bold Look) accessories. As such, it's as compatible a color as you'll find.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON
PAINTING BY HUNTER WOOD
(Courtesy of Harry F. Marks Galleries, N. Y.)

Painting by Hunter Wood (Courtesy of Harry F. Marks Galleries, N.Y.)

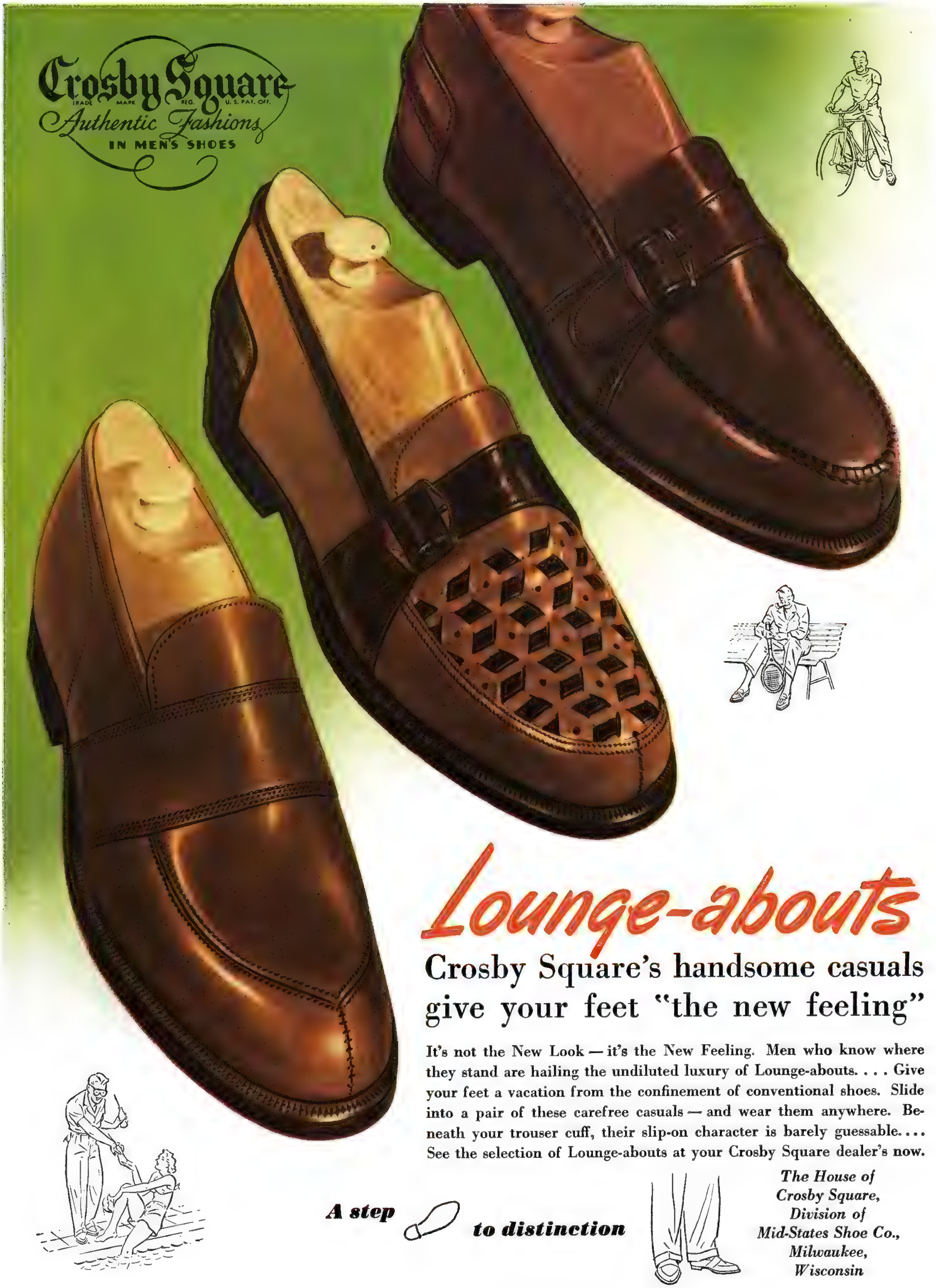
Good companions for Channel Blue

Here's an easy-to-take spring tonic—using the new Channel Blue for a base. The yellow spread-collar shirt, the blue-and-red-and-grey figured tie, the border-striped handkerchief—all smack of the new B. L. (Bold Look). So do the blue-and-maroon ribbed socks shown here with brown town-last straight-tip shoes, and the snap-brim lightweight felt hat.



KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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Crosby Square's handsome casuals give your feet "the new feeling"

It's not the New Look — it's the New Feeling. Men who know where they stand are hailing the undiluted luxury of Lounge-abouts. . . . Give your feet a vacation from the confinement of conventional shoes. Slide into a pair of these carefree casuals — and wear them anywhere. Beneath your trouser cuff, their slip-on character is barely guessable. . . . See the selection of Lounge-abouts at your Crosby Square dealer's now.

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Come to the Fairway

Memory takes you round the course in this chairborne golf tournament

by VINCENT D. LUNNY

Let's tee off on this nine-hole golf quiz. It's easy and, even if you don't know a divot from a duffer, it's worth a try. Credit yourself with a par for each correct answer; add two strokes to par if you are wrong. For instance, if you answer the first question correctly your score is four; if you are wrong, it's six. A score of 36 to 42 is excellent; 43 to 48 is good; and 49 to 54 is poor.

First Hole—Par four. This one is easy—so long as you keep your eye on the ball. One of these is an internationally known golfer:

(a) Eddie Arcaro
(b) Herman Barron
(c) Frank Brimsek

Second Hole—Par four. The diameter of a golf ball is:

(a) 1.25 inches
(b) 1.68 inches
(c) 2.54 inches

Third Hole—Par three. Which of these players won the 1947 U. S. Open?

(a) Byron Nelson
(b) Porky Oliver
(c) Lew Worsham

Fourth Hole—Par five. Here's one to use on opponents who don't know any better. It is illegal to carry more than:

(a) 10 clubs
(b) 14 clubs
(c) 18 clubs

Fifth Hole—Par four. Professional golf is becoming more and more profitable. In 1946, for example, Ben Hogan earned:

(a) $42,550
(b) $62,700
(c) $87,300

Sixth Hole—Par three. Golfers who can't answer this had better go hide in the rough. How many holes are played in the U.S. Open?

(a) 36
(b) 72
(c) 108

Seventh Hole—Par four. Admitting that the best club is the club you belong to, it's interesting to know that North America's first organized golf club was established in:

(a) Montreal
(b) New York
(c) Boston

Eighth Hole—Par four. What's "Jug" McSpaden's first name?

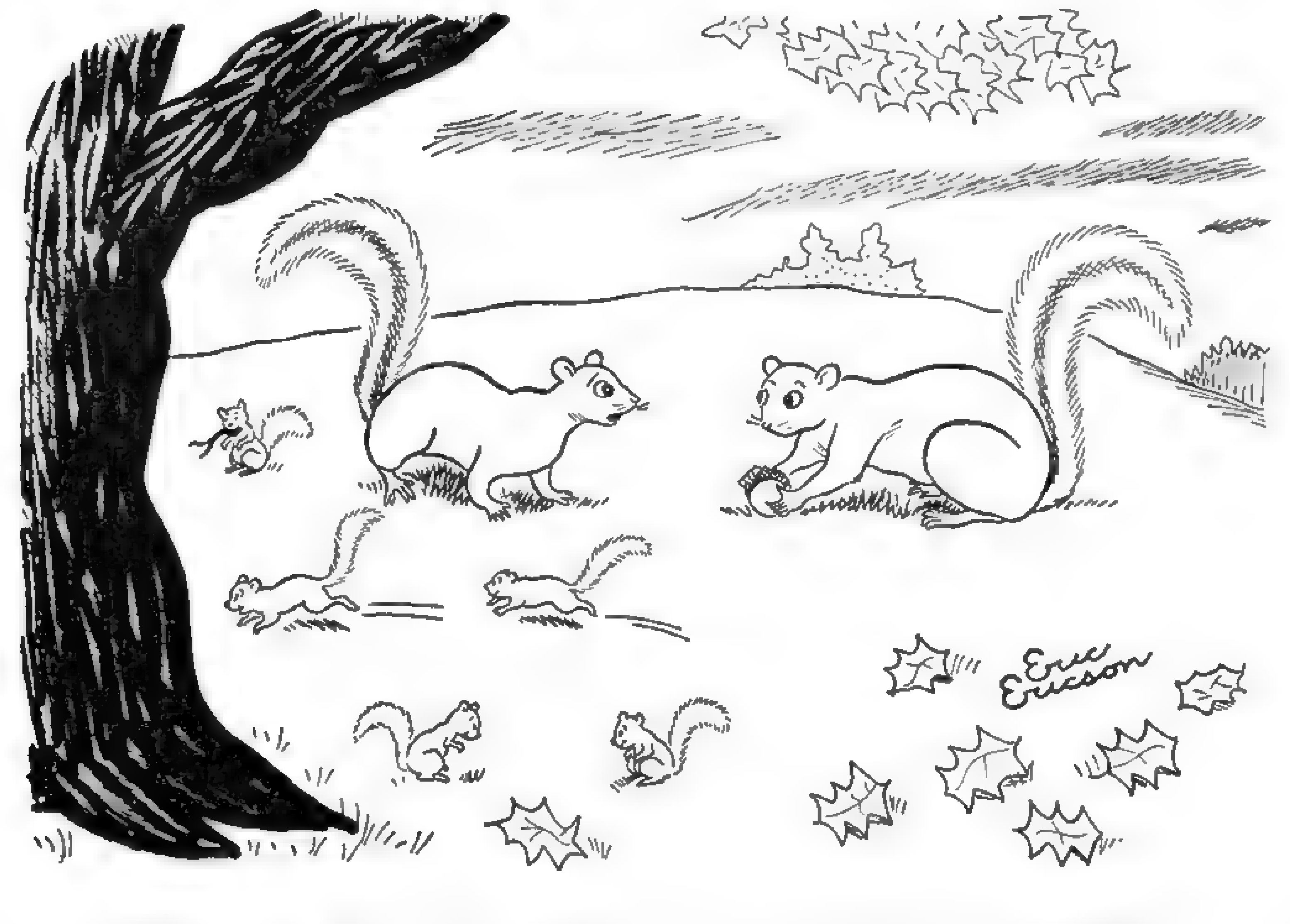
(a) Harold
(b) Thomas
(c) David

Ninth Hole—Par four. Take your time about this one—a flash answer is liable to land you in a trap. What countries play in the Lesley Cup matches?

(a) United States and England
(b) England, Ireland and Scotland.
(c) United States and Canada

Answers

First Hole—(b) Herman Barron
Second Hole—(b) 1.68 inches
Third Hole—(c) Lew Worsham
Fourth Hole—(b) 14 clubs
Fifth Hole—(a) $42,550
Sixth Hole—(b) 72
Seventh Hole—(a) Montreal
Eighth Hole—(a) Harold
Ninth Hole—(c) United States and Canada


Eric Ericson

"The way fur prices have gone down, it hardly pays to raise a family"

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"No, Fleischmann's Gin is 'DRY' DRY —without the slightest trace of sweetness!"

"No wonder FLEISCHMANN'S makes America's most delicious Gin Drinks!"

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Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
EST. 1870

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! One of 4 *Big Reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks.

Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly light, delicate *taste!*

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America's First Gin

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THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

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GOLD LABEL
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Always Be Prepared...
Get 2 Alligator Waterproofs
Keep One Home, One at Office

ALLIGATOR "MAGIC"
makes 100%
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of fine lightweight fabric!

All characteristics of fine clothing—soft, subtle "feel" and drape—yet 100% waterproof!

Alligator does it again!—with a remarkable *waterproof coat*. Featherweight, soft, pliable, packable—with all the qualities of fine clothing. Its base is fine fabric—thoroughly impregnated in the waterproofing process so that no water can possibly penetrate. See it! Try it on! For *complete* protection you'll want *two* . . . one for office, one for home!

Illustrated, the Alligator Featherweight Waterproof available in choice of styles and smart new colors.

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ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
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The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

The Waxworks

Ballads that say the lady is ever right and first editions of rarely heard symphonies

by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The Low

THE male of the species is a dastardly villain. His deflowering of virginal innocence is, next to violent death, the favorite subject of balladry the world over. Sometimes a hapless maid is completely undone. Having endured her fate worse than death, she must endure death too.

In the new album, *Blue Ridge Ballads* (Disc, 8 sides) ♪♪ Mrs. Texas Gladden, an exquisitely pure balladeer from Virginia, sings of Rose Connelly and Ellen Smith. Rose was in a family way when she was stabbed with a bloody knife "which was an awful sight," and Ellen was "shot through the heart with a .44-gun." It's a comfort to know both men were hung "on the scaffold high."

The ruin of many a poor girl is lamented in Woody Guthrie's version of *House of the Rising Sun* (*Sod Buster Ballads*, Commodore, 6 sides) ♪, an establishment in New Orleans where girls "wear that ball and chain." Burl Ives includes in his new collection (Decca, 8 sides) ♪♪ *I'm Sad and I'm Lonely*, the dirge of a broken-hearted mountain girl hugged and kissed by a faithless lover. The carefree male seducer is defended in *Deep Sea Chanteys* (Commodore, 6 sides) ♪. In the song *Haul Away, Joe*, the lusty mariner (Peter Hawes) sings "if I did not kiss the gals me lips would all grow moldy."

The undone maiden, Paris style, is woefully mourned by Edith Piaf, known as "the sparrow," who wrenched the hearts of sentimental G.I.s, and then came to America and filled a Broadway theatre with tearful ballads of love and sin. You can hear her in an album called *La Rue Pigalle* (Vox, 6 sides) ♪♪. Even if you aren't shattered by the sparrow's sufferings in *L'Accordéoniste* and *De L'Autre Coté De la Rue*, you'll still be shaken by her husky disregard for linguistic barriers and her pealing pipe-organ voice.

A more relaxed and less musical album has been made by America's many-faceted Jane (*The Outlaw*) Russell (Columbia, 8 sides), called *Let's Put Out the Lights*. The cover has a view of Miss Russell in a translucent negligee and listeners are advised that her thin-voiced recordings are for playing "incredibly close to your shoulder." She sings *Body and Soul*, *Love for Sale*, *Two Sleepy People* and *Do It Again*. The male is hardly the villain here.

Radio-thrush Jo Stafford takes a refreshingly merry slant on the whole sex problem in a ditty called *I'm My Own Grandmaw* (Capitol) ♪♪. An ordinarily refined young lady, Stafford takes this bit of Kentucky ribaldry with a chaw of terbacker cached in her jowls.

The High

SMALL record companies as well as large ones are issuing some astonishing first editions.

From Disc comes the first recording of Tschaikovsky's melodious and rarely heard *Winter Reveries, First Symphony*, played by the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, Jacques Rachmilovich conducting (8 sides) ♪♪. The same orchestra has made the first recording of Rachmaninoff's murky choral symphony, *The Bells* (Disc, 8 sides).

Mozart's *Symphony in D Major, K.133* is recorded for the first time by the Vox Chamber Orchestra, Edward Fendler conducting (Vox, 4 sides) ♪. The orchestra has also cut Henry Purcell's capricious 17th Century *Abdelazer Suite*, (Vox, 6 sides) ♪.

Composer Igor Stravinsky conducts his *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* (Keynote, 4 sides), a brittle mechanical piece which sounds as if pneumatic hammers were part of its orchestration. The bombastic nine-day wonder of Shostakovich, his *Leningrad Symphony No. 7*, is recorded for the first time by the Buffalo Philharmonic, William Steinberg conducting (Musicraft, 16 sides) ♪.

From 18th Century French composers François Couperin and Marin Marais, a Boston firm called Technicord has issued two rare suites for viola da gamba and harpsichord (10 sides) ♪♪, played with periwigged delicacy by Violist Alfred Zighera and Harpsichordist Putnam Aldrich.

The greatest wealth of previously unrecorded music is being cut by Concert Hall Society. In its current series are fifteen albums of first recorded performances by contemporaries Samuel Barber, Paul Hindemith, Igor Stravinsky, Darius Milhaud and Kurt Weill, and of old masters like Haydn and Scarlatti. Most rewarding is Schubert's seldom performed *Unfinished Piano Sonata No. 15 in C Major*, (8 sides) ♪♪♪ the last two movements of which were completed by Composer Ernest Krenek. In this performance by Pianist Ray Lev it is revealed as monumental in its field as the great *Unfinished Symphony*. ⧺

Rating of Recording:

♪ =GOOD
♪♪ =SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ =OUTSTANDING

This Prize-Fight Racket

Continued from page 42

would not accept him as a contender. He was a cautious man with little respect for his own ability. He had resigned from the ring many times to work as a handy man because doing odd jobs paid him more than he would make with his fists. He was a fair puncher and what the fight racket calls a cutie.

His style consisted of no style at all. He would run and hide, skip and loiter, occasionally punch with a right hand, pausing timidly in his constant flight. The State Athletic Commission of New York jostled the promoters into changing the billing for the bout and when the time came it was advertised as a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. It was considered a swindle and a humorless joke on the people who pay to watch fights. But I can't recall a fight which blew up more action among the gamblers. Only a few bet on the result because this is what they call proposition gambling. They bet that Walcott would or wouldn't last a round and spread their money down to the 15th, the odds changing with the rounds selected. At the end of the fight the majority of the people in Madison Square Garden thought Walcott had won the decision. I was one of them and I scored eight rounds for the challenger, seven for Louis. The referee gave it to Walcott, but the two judges overruled him and saved Louis' title. An inspection of their score cards showed that Walcott had won the fight on points, which is a system the New York Commission installed to prevent draws although not many understand it and I have not the space to go into it here. The verdict was heckled and all over the town people complained that Walcott should have won. But there was no sense of injustice among those who were steady patrons of fights in New York. They believe in the old tradition of the ring that a title can't be won by a man who runs away. They figured the judges had made an honest error and they let it go at that. If any other fighter had fallen heir to such an unexpected legacy of bad judgment the District Attorney probably would have had detectives out putting the sleeve on everyone mixed up with it. But this was a Louis fight and he is a special guy. All of them believe he was never party to a crooked fight and they respect him as a good man in a business dominated by thieves. Even a decision which they considered wrong could not molest their conception of him. They are absolutely right.

It is Louis alone without the aid of anyone else who made himself immune from the disease of greed which infects almost every other guy in the fight racket. The guys who do his business are all right in their way and up to now they have never made a wrong move in boxing. But it's Louis himself who has acted as though prize fighting was a sacred calling and not the ugly graft it is. Not once in the time Joe has been champion has he abused the office. In all the fights I have seen him make I can't recall him striking a foul blow. There were times when Joe could have used illegal tactics without any criticism. They tried everything against him, but it never agitated him out of his stately and always honorable fury. Max Baer hit him after the bell and this would have provoked the average fighter into retaliation. But Joe looked at Baer with disgust and shambled back to his corner, the contemptuous glance the only indication that he knew he had been fouled. He made Baer quit that night and I suppose that is the classic revenge.

The commercial anger of brutality does not recommend a man anywhere outside the ring unless you are looking for a guy to break a strike or roll a lush. It must make you wary of a man because if you are a good fighter you must inflict pain on another man and the chances are you may enjoy it. But Louis is more than a prize fighter and he is a promise that the equality promised all men in the basic documents of our free-

Continued on page 126

Eric Ericson

"Hoot mon! Didn't you know they're wearing them longer this season?"

Exclusively New York's...

The Empire State Building

Exclusively Freeman's...

THE CRADLE HEEL

Shaped like your foot for greater comfort

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This Prize-Fight Racket

Continued from page 125

doms may be achieved by all of us. Lena Horne, the great torch singer, said it better than I can. She is a sensitive girl who understands what is going on in the world. I met her when she was working the Copacabana and one night she asked: "When is Joe going to quit?"

"Two more fights," I said, because this was before they had made the Walcott match.

"I wish he'd quit now," Miss Horne said. "He means so much to so many people. I'd hate to see him beaten."

There are those who will tell you that Louis was an ordinary heavyweight who was erroneously accused of greatness because of the ineptness of his opposition. But you don't believe them. There were few as good in any age and that goes for all of them. You can start with John L. Sullivan and come right down to Jimmy Braddock, the one before Louis. There never was a heavyweight champion who took the chances Louis did. They were all alike to him and he fought them all. He never ducked anyone. There were nights when he was slovenly and could not solve the moves of his opponents, but always he went at them and tried to compel them to fight. The only plan he ever had was to go for a guy and stick with him until he could catch him. It will be remembered when a lot of things are forgotten that Walcott knocked him down twice. But Louis was always the aggressor. He never backed up. Walcott ran and hid and Louis pursued him even when he was rickety-legged and his left eye was a blood-flecked crevice in a lump of discolored flesh. If you looked at the course of the fight you would have believed that Walcott was the one who had been injured early and was trying to protect himself from further punishment. There is no doubt that Louis is done as a fighter of greatness. But it is my opinion he will have enough left in him to beat the likes of Walcott when they fight again this summer. I squandered no time in making this prophecy. On the day after the Walcott fight I picked Louis to win by a knockout next time around. I have no reason to change my opinion.

What happened with Walcott humiliated Joe and irritated his pride. He hid himself out in an apartment in uptown Manhattan and sat there with Manny Seamon, the trainer, dourly listening to jazz records. The telephone rang and no one bothered to answer it and the doorman in the apartment house denied there was any tenant by the name of Joe Louis. I was the first newspaperman to interview him after this fight. On a wind-cleansed day we stood at the window of his apartment and looked down at the Harlem River through the weather-stripped trees. Joe pointed to a small frame building.

"George Washington slept there," Louis said.

"He slept in a lot of joints," Seamon said.

"Sleep all the time," Joe said. "Must of had some second lieutenant run the army for him."

We discussed jazz and then he told me what he thought had made him slow and tired-looking in the Walcott fight.

"I made the fight for myself," he explained. "He didn't make it tough for me. He did so many wrong things. I saw every opening. But I couldn't go get him. It was such a lousy fight. I saw him when he made the mistakes. It's like a guy running. You can't make a sprint at the end. Your legs feel you can go, but you feel bad in the pit of your stomach."

I said this sounded like a rundown of the symptoms of old age.

"Diet and drying out," said Louis who came in at 211 for Walcott. "I wanted to weigh '12. I should have weighed '14 for the fight. I dried it out of me. I killed myself taking off the four pounds. But that ain't no excuse. It was a real lousy fight."

The first time I ever saw him was with Primo Carnera and he was a myth already. They said he was the best to come up since Gene Tunney, but a lot of us were careful and waited until we saw him. If you saw him that night and still doubt his claim to greatness then you are afflicted with amnesia or you are a liar.

Primo Carnera was a big but harmless man. At one time he was moved around by a syndicate of gangsters and they pushed guys off the raft in dives which many thought were square fights. Primo was agile in a big-footed way, but his arms were impotent when they laced the gloves on his hands. He could not punch and what he knew had been taught to him because he had none of the instincts a fighter must have to survive. But they had protected him and some of the opponents had been bribed not to hit him and there were still some who believed this grotesque man with the picket-fence smile could take a punch. Louis had a stately manner beyond his years when he came into the ring that night. He was blank-faced and quiet as he sat in his corner and he appeared to be a concentrated man. The first left hook Louis hit him was a solid one. It smeared Carnera's spit-wet lips and the mouth seemed to open and swallow his face as the blood spread like a grimace he could not control. The punch amazed Carnera. Never before had he been hit that hard. The terror seemed to wither his gross features because his eyes became large with astonishment. They had guarded him from beatings, but this one was on the level and the guy who was hitting him was the best puncher of his time. Louis was fast then. It was not the speed of body and feet. It was a swiftness of the arms. He would jab, hook and then suddenly the punches started and they didn't stop until you fell. He knew you were hurt before you did and that is when he commenced to let them go with a reckless accuracy that reminded you of Dempsey. In those days they were shaken up with the first punch and frapped with the flurry that followed. There were some who were in there to stay and they did. They did not try to win, but wanted the dubious honor of going the limit. They disgraced themselves, but this made them attractions because a guy who went fifteen rounds with Louis was accused of being a hell of a fighter. They fooled him once, but never twice and the next time around he caught up with them and they finished on their backs.

When the Max Schmeling match was rigged I was a reporter on the New York *American*. There was a young fellow named Joe Di Maggio in his first year as a big-leaguer and I liked to travel with the Yankees because this was a great team and your story figured to lead the sports section every day of the baseball season. Schmeling had retired. They had run out of opponents for Louis and they sent for Schmeling because he had been heavyweight champion of the world and this would give the match the appearance of a contest. The *American*'s sports editor was the late Ed Frayne and he asked me if I wanted to hang around for the Louis-Schmeling fight or go West with the Yankees. I figured Louis would take Schmeling when he wanted to and I wanted to see what Di Mag would do against Western pitching. So I went out of town with the Yanks. We were in Detroit when Schmeling knocked him out. So I have never seen Louis beaten. But I was there the next time they fought and that night Louis was the greatest fighter I have ever seen. I wasn't there when Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in Toledo. But I have seen the movies of that fight and this is the only other heavyweight I would have made an even-money shot with Louis on the night he destroyed Schmeling in one round.

There is little malice in Louis. The only men he fought whom he truly hated are Schmeling and Walcott. Schmeling degraded him by declaring that Louis had quit in the first fight. Walcott insisted that he had knocked down Louis while working as his sparring partner and had been fired for what he did. I remember sitting with Louis and talking about Schmeling on the night before the second fight.

"Why he say I quit?" Joe asked. "He looked to quit hisself in the seventh round. I hit him in the belly and I seen 'quit' looking out at me. Why he say I quit?"

"He's trying to steam you up," I said.

"Who you pick?" he asked.

"You," I answered. "By a knockout."

"How many?" he asked.

"Six," I replied.

"One," Joe said. "It go one."

"Why one?" I asked.

"That's all it go," Joe said. "It go one."

The first punches Louis reached him with were jabs. They made Schmeling's neck jerk as though he had run into an invisible wire. Louis never paused after that. Schmeling screamed and turned his back to Joe, holding onto the ropes. Louis had a fury which is seldom seen in the ring. It was a calculated rage and one controlled by intelligence. If ever a fighter made a perfect fight Joe did that night.

It always has been Joe's theory that a champion does not defend his title. He puts it there for them to take. They never have to search for him. Always he comes at them and he tried to get them out of there as fast as he could. There never was any stalling to make the other guy look good. If he caught you he nailed you and his pursuit was always hurried. In the first fight with Billy Conn many thought Louis was too far behind and only a knockout saved him from defeat. On my scorecard it was even, although the officials had Conn out in front. The truth was deformed because it made a better story, but never in this fight was Louis in any real trouble. But if you read the memoirs

Continued on page 128

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This Prize-Fight Racket

Continued from page 127

of some sports observers you would think that Joe was on the border of insensibility all evening. Conn was not a powerful puncher and his skill as a boxer was exaggerated. Billy was a fast fighter. He got around with a wise nimbleness. But Conn couldn't force you out of your style with false moves as a good boxer is supposed to do. He depended on quickness and this scheme took him into the 13th round. It is the popular conception that Conn made the decision which got him knocked out. Some insist he broke his diagram of movement and decided to knock Louis out instead of jabbing and running. But that is not true. Conn made a mistake. Louis caught up with him. Those were the years of Louis' greatness and you were only entitled to one error. Joe stepped in and the next thing you knew a guy had smelling salts under your nose.

There have been a lot of guys who could fight better than Jimmy Braddock. But there were few who came into the ring the way he did. He approached a fight the way a clerk goes to his desk every morning. It was the job he worked at to make a living for his family and he did the best he knew how. It was his philosophy that a fighter goes as far as he can. It is the referee's job to count you out and you are supposed to get up if you can. The night Louis took the title from him Braddock fought with the calmness of a man with great pride in himself. In the first round Braddock knocked Louis down. It wasn't much of a punch, a right uppercut, and Louis ran into it. It sat Joe down, but it didn't hurt him. After that it was obvious that Braddock didn't have a chance. The people in his corner demanded that Jimmy quit. But Braddock said no and Louis took care of him and gave him a terrible beating. He lay in the ring with the blood running all over him and there were many in the ball park who believed he was fatally hurt. I was supposed to have filed a humorous story of the fight, but I asked them to let me out of it because I could locate no comedy in the butchery of a guy who was brave according to the rules of his profession. I tell you this because Braddock was better than the record in the book. I doubt if Jimmy ever considered himself a valorous man, but he was when you compare him with some of those who made more money by running and holding. So you must take his opinion of Louis seriously and appraise the champion by what he says.

"Nobody hits like Louis," Braddock said.

"What about Max Baer?" I said.

"A joke compared to that Louis," Braddock insisted. "A punch is a punch. But that Louis. Take the first jab he nails you. You know what it's like? It's like someone jammed an electric bulb in your face and busted it."

"What about the right hand?" I asked.

"It ain't like a punch," Braddock said. "It's like someone nailed you with a crowbar. I thought half my head was blowed off. I figured he caved it in. I felt it after he hit me and I couldn't even feel if it was there."

I talked with Louis about Braddock after the fight. "I like to fight old Jim again," Joe said.

"I thought you liked him," I said. "You want to murder him?"

"He make me the money," Joe said. "I like to make old Jim the money."

The second Conn fight confused the authorities. The years had begun to rot Louis, but we believed he was as good as ever. They watched him hunt down Conn in a desperate chase. But Conn was so bad that night it was impossible to detect what time had done to Louis.

"Billy not even half the fighter he was," Joe said. "I knock him out any time after the first round. I feel him out and come back and say I can get him. But Manny Seamon say to take it easy. Manny say I punch myself out and lose him. Manny say I may have to go fifteen. Billy wasn't like a heavyweight."

The one after that was with Tami Mauriello. On the morning of the fight they weighed in at the Garden and again Louis asked me the old question.

"What you pick?" he asked because I had called the round in the second Conn fight. "How long I fighting tonight?"

"Three," I answered.

"You must be in a mood for a long fight," Joe said.

It went only one, but Joe was fortunate to get by. Tami Mauriello was never much. He is a fat man and that makes it difficult for him to train. But Tami hit him and the punch jostled Louis into the ropes. Mauriello was amazed by what had happened. He took a tourist's look at the champion hanging on the ropes and that cost him any chance he had of winning. Mauriello went down with the first hook Louis hit him and he never was able to get going again. Then came the Walcott fight and when you saw it you realized Louis had come to the end of the line. Jersey Joe is a guy who had one good night and it almost made him champion of the world. But Louis was the greatest champion that ever held the title. No one ever fought more. Not one of them ever had his grace as a guy. When I say Joe is the best I am not defending my generation. The book will tell you how good he is and all the fights were won without the edge most fighters need to build a reputation. But if Louis doesn't quit after this one he will be beaten by the first young guy who conquers his fear and stands up to him. #

Continued from page 42

My Old Myopic Kentucky Home

Continued from page 53

other reason for going overboard on Broker's Tip because he never had won a race in his life.

Like all Kentucky Derbies, however, this one generated just as much traditional excitement. The same carnival spirit was in the air, the same eager and bustling crowds, the same feeling of feverish anticipation and the same sensation of brittle tension as the horses began their solemn parade to the post. There even was that same peculiar tingling along the spinal column as the band played *My Old Kentucky Home*.

Once again the thunderous cry of "They're off" echoed and reechoed as it cascaded down from the white stands with their steepled towers and rumbled across the crowded infield to the barns scattered along the backstretch. From the gates at the head of the grandstand straightaway the thirteen starters leaped in a mad scramble which saw them all edging gradually over toward the rail in a frantic rush to be first to the turn.

Head Play, breaking from the middle of the pack, flashed around that turn on top, while Broker's Tip had to struggle to keep from the parade's rear guard. There's no point in mentioning the contenders in between. These are the only two who are important.

Into the backstretch the field whirled, the rataplan of hoofs on the hard and cuppy Churchill Downs track swallowed up by the excited hum of the crowd. Fisher kept Head Play in front into the final turn, but Meade kept saving ground on Broker's Tip by clinging to the rail. The distance between them, once almost ten lengths, had dwindled to two and a half around the far turn. They hit the homestretch a head apart.

The din of the shouting, straining crowd was terrific. Men and women stood on tiptoes, on chairs, on boxes, fighting to get glimpses of the action far down the track. But high on the grandstand roof in a radio booth was Bryan Field, cool and detached. His high-powered binoculars brought the two horses right into his lap and he called 'em as he saw 'em. And he saw plenty.

Just beyond the three-sixteenth pole Meade veered out from near the rail to force Head Play to go wide. Simultaneously Fisher swung his mount in to squeeze Broker's Tip against the pole. And it was Meade, who later was to become one of the turf's stormy petrels, who was the aggressor.

The two steeds bumped and everything that happened thereafter happened within the fleeting space of some fourteen or fifteen seconds. Fisher's left arm shot out from his shoulder as he pushed Meade off. Meade grabbed Head Play's saddlecloth with his right hand and Head Play seemed to falter. Fisher's whip angrily flashed down on Meade's head. Meade retaliated in kind. The two jockeys flailed each other with their bats and they swept over the finish line with Fisher clutching the saddlecloth of Broker's Tip and Meade grasping Fisher's shirt at the shoulder.

Into Bryan Field's microphone poured a vivid description of every gesture and every act of the two roughriders. He announced the winner as being Broker's Tip by a nose, but added: "However, the fouling was so flagrant that I'm sure there will be a disqualification."

Intently he watched the horses return to the saddling enclosure, paying particular attention to Fisher because the number of Meade's mount was going up on the board as the winner. He saw Fisher look bewilderedly around him, tears of anger streaming down his face. Crowds were pouring across the track to the infield where the presentation ceremonies always take place, the traditional draping of roses around the neck of the winning horse.

The stewards now do their observing from the grandstand roof, but that year they operated out of a tower in the infield. And Fisher was trying to find the stewards to lodge his protest. The little jockey pushed and fought his way through the milling multitudes. But as he approached the stewards he met only with rebuff. The observant Field noted one of them gave Fisher a backward wave of his hand in dismissal. There was to be no disqualification that day. Fisher tried to take it out of Meade's hide in the jockey room afterwards. Their fight was ferocious but brief as willing hands pulled them apart.

However, the instant the race became official Broadcaster Field changed roles. He became Reporter Field, The Gentleman from the *Times*. Downstairs he rushed to his typewriter, pausing only to pick up a copy of the official chart. Unbelievingly he stared at the footnotes. There was no mention of even the slightest foul.

"That was the most flagrant fouling I ever saw," he muttered.

"You're crazy, Bryan," scoffed a writer. "I didn't see any foul."

Cautiously and still unbelievingly, he asked a few questions in the press box. Nope. No one had noticed any foul tactics. The rival broadcasters came downstairs. Nope. They'd neither seen any nor mentioned any on the air. The unanimity of opinion was enough to shake the confidence of even the most stubborn.

But Bryan Field is nothing if not tenacious. After all he'd seen it all with his own eyes, hadn't he? So he doggedly began his story with the phrase, "In a bristling, fighting finish on horseback . . ." and in the first paragraph dropped the phrase, "flagrant foul."

The sports editor of the New York *Times* then was the late Colonel Bernard S. Thomson, a man who knew the turf better than any sports editor in the

Continued on page 130

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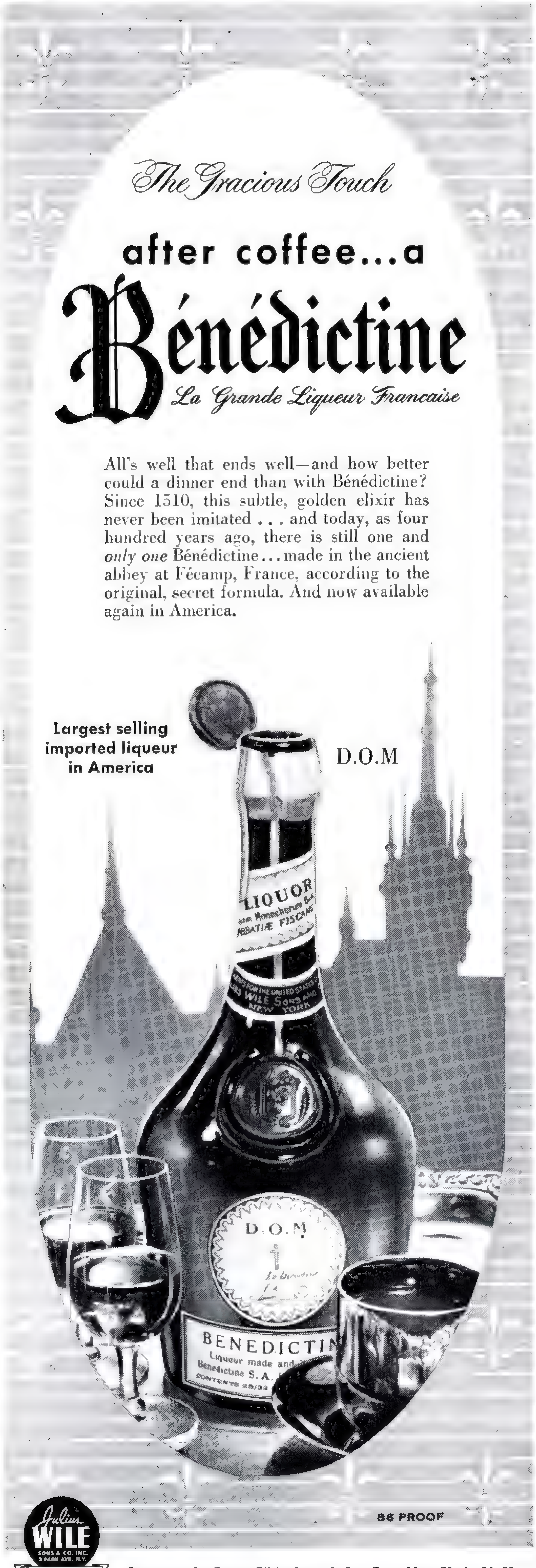

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My Old Myopic Kentucky Home

Continued from page 129

country. He also knew the dangers of indiscriminate, unsupported charges of foul, and the telegrapher sending Field's story suddenly stopped as his wire went dead. A message was about to come from the New York end.

"Are you sure of your finish?" clicked the keys. "What's this foul riding and whips? The Associated Press story makes no mention of fouls. Are you sure?" It was signed simply, "Thomson."

"Tell him I'm sure," snapped Field to the telegrapher, but he was aware his confidence had been severely shaken. Could he have been that egregiously mistaken?

It didn't help any when a message from his boss arrived a few minutes later, bearing his pointed warning, "I fear your zeal has been excessive."

Hours afterward Field had finished writing. He'd poured forth some 6000 words and with each sentence his bubble of confidence was getting a new pricking. Churchill Downs was deserted, looking like a picnic grounds after the picnickers had departed. A scared and worried Bryan Field gathered his notes. Suddenly that long-silent telegraph key began to click a new message.

"Neither the first edition of the *Herald-Tribune*," it began, "nor the *Racing Form* mentions a foul on the stretch. I'm afraid you are in error. Please phone me long distance tonight." Field waited for the tip-off word. Col. Thomson always prefaced his signature with the word "Regards," unless he was in anger or displeased. It did not come.

"That's it," said the now very frightened reporter. "I'm going to be fired for this."

He walked to the dining room where steak dinners were awaiting Gentlemen of the Press. Again he asked his fellow reporters about the foul. Again no one had seen such a thing. A waiter whisked a succulent steak in front of him. Field pushed his chair away from the table. He hadn't eaten since breakfast, but he had no appetite.

Silently and alone he made his way from Churchill Downs. There were no trolleys at the main gate, no taxicabs. Nothing.

Field began to walk the long, long way back to Louisville, accompanied by agonizing thoughts. He saw his career nipped, jobless, with a wife and two sons, too disgraced ever to get another job anywhere. No newspaper or radio station will put up with an inaccurate reporter.

A taxicab driver finally hailed him and brought him to his hotel. He went to his room and reached for the phone. Vast was his relief when he was told all the long-distance lines were busy.

For ten minutes he paced madly up and down his room. Then he asked the bell captain to send up all the newspapers he could get. The bellhop handed over the papers perfunctorily and instantly was startled out of a year's growth.

"Yowie!" screamed Field in an involuntary gasp of elation. To this day that bellhop still talks about the crazy man who gave him a $5 tip for a newspaper.

That newspaper was the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Field tenderly and gratefully kissed its rotogravure section before spreading it out on the bed for his eyes to devour. Most of one page was occupied by a picture. And what a picture it was!

Newspaper photographers had long wanted to snap a Derby picture from the infield, right near the finish line. However, there was a long-standing rule at Churchill Downs that pictures were not to be taken from this point. Wallace Lowry of the *Courier-Journal* decided to take a gamble and bootleg his picture.

His plan was to wait until all attention was centered on the horses at the post for the Run for the Roses, then walk across the track and plant himself for the shot. It was his intention to lie flat on his stomach, focus his camera at the horses coming down the stretch on their first time around, then roll under the fence as the horses went by. When the horses neared the finish line, he planned to roll out again, check his focus, and shoot the picture as they crossed the finish line. He had tried this experiment in 1932 and it had failed.

In 1933 the racing gods were kind to Lowry—and, in a left-handed sort of way, to Bryan Field, who reached for the phone, anxious to get through his long-distance call to Col. Thomson in New York. The old fire and confidence gushed through his veins. Now he had the proof he'd lacked.

Spread boldly across the *Courier-Journal* was the picture, so clear that there could be no mistaking it. Fisher's left hand was clutching the saddlecloth of Broker's Tip. Meade's arm was grasping Fisher's shoulder.

That first edition of the *Courier-Journal* turned the newspaper world topsy-turvy. The racing experts had to rush back to their typewriters, kill their stories and write new ones. The stewards, confronted by evidence they could not ignore—they could ignore Field's broadcast and original story because he could not prove them—unprecedentedly met on a Sunday. They suspended Fisher for thirty-five days and Meade for thirty days.

But they disqualified no one. Bryan Field was the only one to get disqualified, being set down for two years as a broadcaster before he was permitted to resume for the 1935 Derby. As for Meade and Fisher—well, don't be silly. After all, neither of them shot the Governor of Kentucky at the sixteenth pole nor Col. Matt Winn at the finish line. Anything less than that was too trifling a matter to be considered. #

Continued from page 53

Q.

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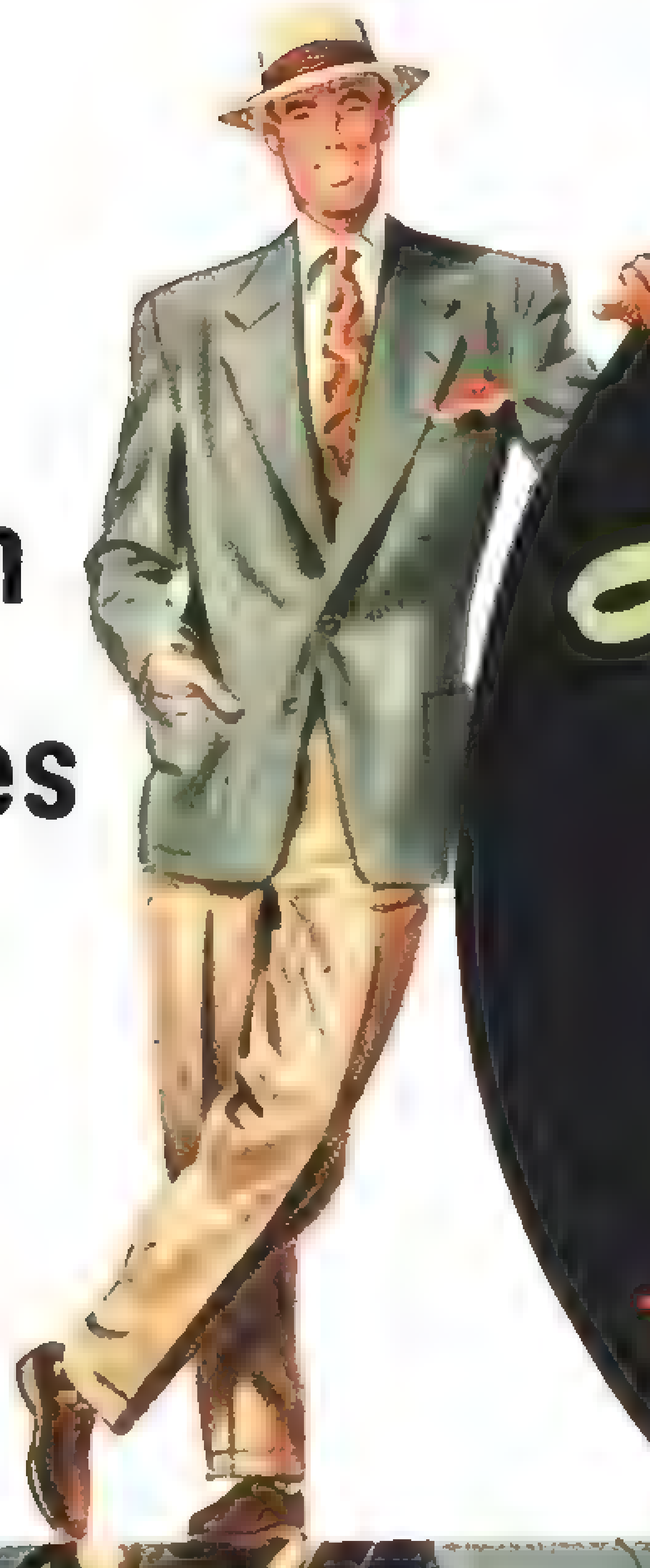

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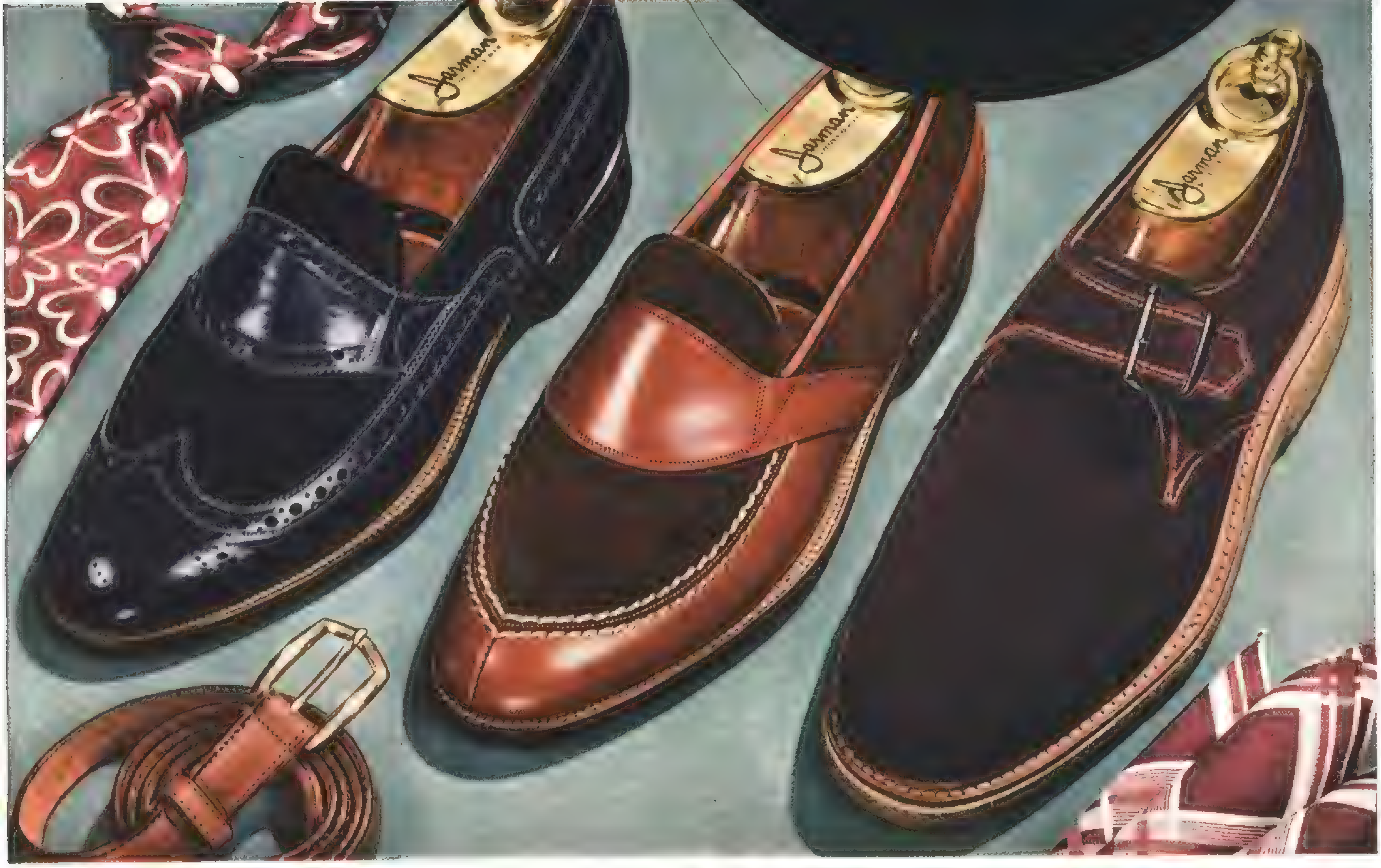

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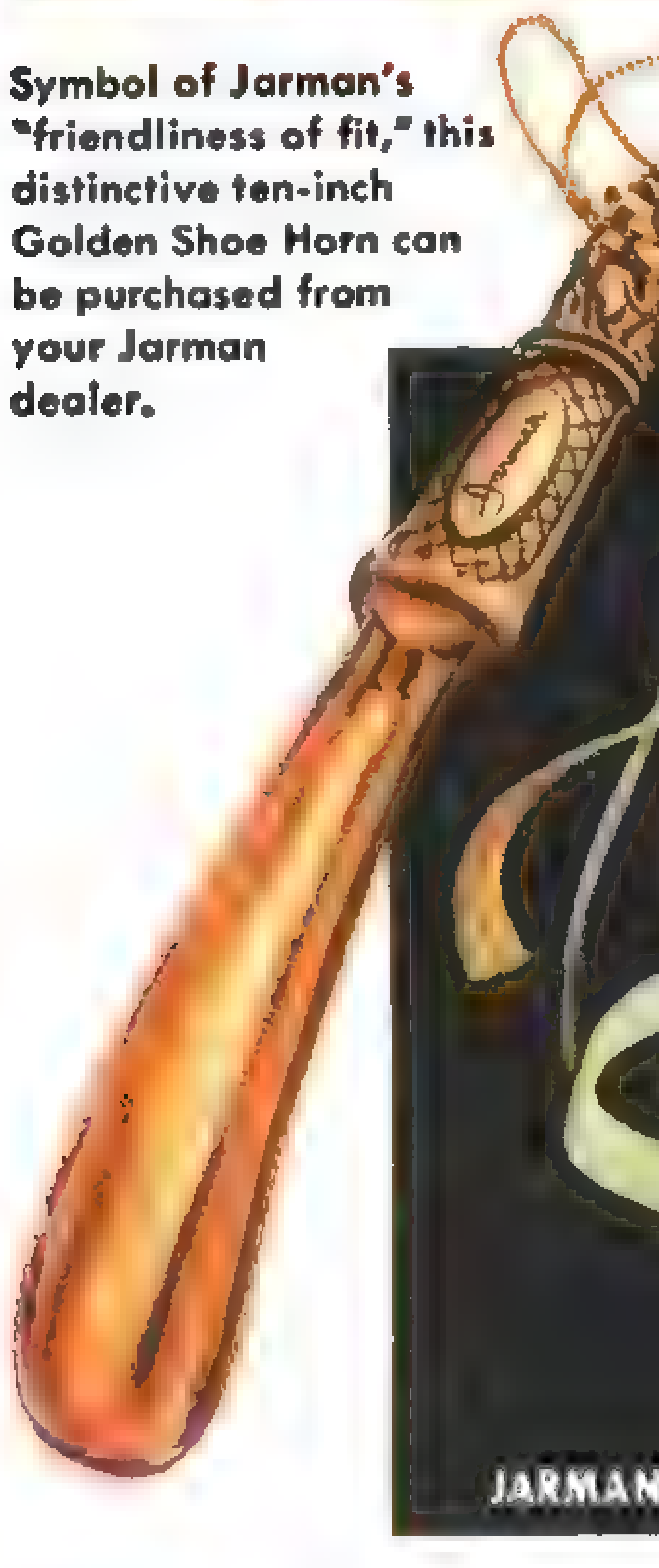

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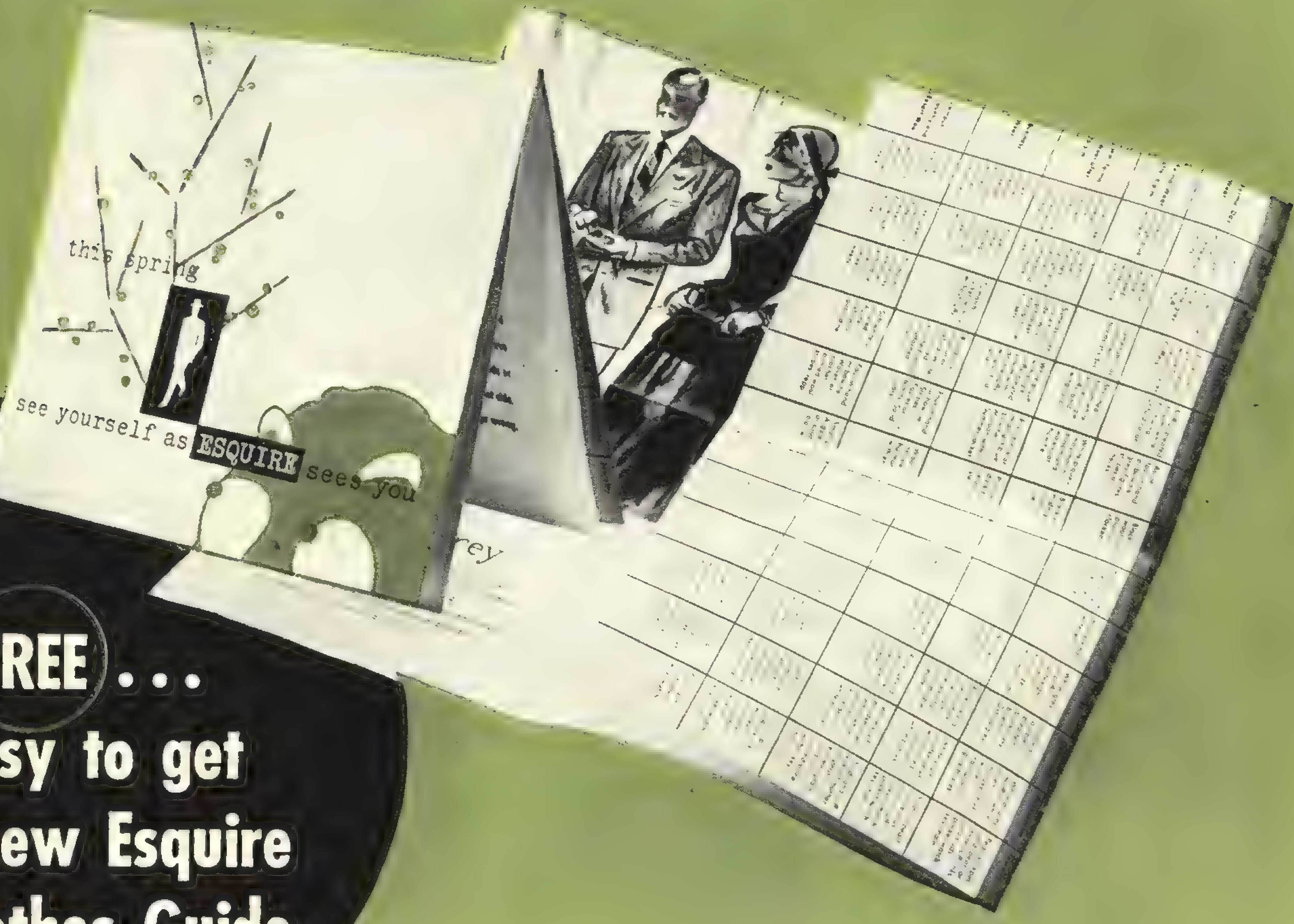
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Floperoo Mécanique, 1927

Continued from page 58

stood by to draw caricatures upon Antheil's landing in America. It was difficult to find a magazine or a newspaper feature section without seeing something about our concert.

And then I had another brainstorm. I commissioned Joseph Mullen, the set designer, to execute two backdrops for me . . . one for the jazz symphony and one for the *Ballet Mécanique*. The first two numbers on the program were to be played in front of the house curtain. For the symphony he conceived a backdrop of a gigantic Negro couple dancing the Charleston, the girl holding an American flag in her left hand while the man clasped her ecstatically around the buttocks. For the *Ballet* he planned a sort of cyclorama, with a futuristic city of skyscrapers as a background; in the foreground a series of enormous noise-making machines—whistles, riveting machines, airplane propellers, spark plugs, excavating machines; in the left-hand corner a man jumping off a diving board which seemed to be attached to a curved pipe of the sort generally used in connection with a toilet.

Early in March Antheil arrived on the *Ascania*. When I went down the Bay to meet him I found that eight of the top ship-news reporters were on the tug with me. Antheil and I had never met, and when I saw him on deck and recognized his youthful face from his pictures I had a difficult time making him believe that I was really the man who was putting on his concert. He had, I gathered, expected me to be an old man with a long white beard instead of someone actually a year younger than his twenty-six. The reporters insisted on his playing some of his music for them, and we went down to the salon, where he did the best he could with a typical ship's piano.

There were rather unflattering stories in all the papers next day. One editorial, in the *World*, disturbed me. It condemned Antheil and his music on the basis that there was no melody in modern music, and declared he deserved no consideration since he dealt only in cacophony. This editorial had been written by James M. Cain, and I called Cain up and invited him to my apartment to hear Antheil play. To my surprise he accepted my invitation. He listened to Antheil playing for almost an hour and then wrote another editorial, taking back everything he had said the previous day.

We called the first rehearsal of the *Ballet Mécanique* and asked the xylophonists and drummers to bring their instruments to Liveright's apartment for a preliminary run-through of the music. I got to the apartment a little late, and found a very bewildered Antheil trying to persuade eight hard-boiled union musicians that the music they had before them could be played. They were reading it gleefully to one another, exploding with impolite laughter. I explained that the embarrassed young man at the piano was the composer, and we managed to get the rehearsal started.

A lot of people had been invited to stop by to meet Antheil and have a drink, and they kept arriving. Meanwhile the musicians were manfully trying to go through the score, with Antheil doing his best to play the mechanical-piano part for them and to hum the sections of the score for which the ten pianos were lacking. The noise was deafening, and we were finally requested by the management to stop it at once. There were only a few pages of the score left to play when this message came from downstairs, and Liveright told us to ignore it and finish the rehearsal. So the rehearsal went on. All through the previous hour there had been a constant tinkling sound which, we discovered, came from a windowpane which vibrated in unison with one of the bass drums. Now as we came to the crashing finale of the *Ballet* the vibration proved too much for the windowpane. With the final notes from the two bass drums, the six xylophones, and the piano, it crashed into a thousand pieces. That ended our first and last rehearsal in an apartment.

Things went better with the pianists the next morning at the Welte-Mignon Studio. The eleven grands made a magnificent picture and Goossen's practiced hand brought order out of chaos.

The xylophonists and drummers recognized his authority at once, and it was obvious that we would have no trouble with this number.

We were even cockier after a rehearsal of the string quartet, and later with Jacobsen and Antheil playing the sonata together. Here were accomplished musicians functioning together as accomplished musicians miraculously do, and we knew that we need have no worries in connection with these two numbers either.

It was obvious that a composition like the jazz symphony needed

Continued on page 134

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Floperoo Mécanique, 1927

Continued from page 133

a great many rehearsals; many took place in Harlem, in the hospitable home of Alelia Walker, the daughter of the woman who had invented a method of hair straightening. She was delighted to have us meet in the ballroom of her house day after day, with our three grand pianos and our twenty other instruments. And gradually the symphony took shape.

Carnegie Hall, except for the lower-tier boxes, was sold out within twenty-four hours of the time that the tickets were placed on sale. Then I had the bright idea of using the unsold boxes for complimentary tickets. The night of the concert I found there were not enough seats in all the boxes to take care of the people who had been invited. The solution, however, was very simple. I had extra seats put in. But I forgot to tell the ushers to be sure not to place any of these extra seats in the six boxes which had been sold. These boxholders were none too happy to find their best seats suddenly pre-empted by people they were certain they had never met socially before. It took quite a bit of work on my part to make them feel better.

But that was still in the future.

The last few crowded weeks before the concert was a hectic period, made doubly so by a constant round of parties. Everybody wanted to meet Antheil and I doubt if there were five nights during his entire stay in New York when we did not end up at some large gathering. Two of these parties were really memorable.

There was the night that we all went up to Theodore Dreiser's enormous studio on Fifty-seventh Street. As usual the huge living room was crowded with the heterogeneous group who came to these weekly gatherings . . . a form of open house presided over by the massive grey-haired Dreiser sitting in a thronelike chair. He refused to take the boyish-looking Antheil seriously. But he was willing to be convinced. He called for silence, and turned to Antheil. "Go on," he said. "Play. Let's see what this is all about." And Antheil played for almost an hour. When he had finished Dreiser smiled. "I take it all back," he said. "Sit down here and talk to me." And in the deeply probing way which was almost uniquely his, Dreiser talked with him until the last guest had gone, asking questions as if to assimilate all the knowledge and ideas Antheil had managed to acquire.

The other party took place in my apartment. I had been approached by a saxophonist in the orchestra assembled for the jazz symphony. "I understand," he said, "that you're giving a lot of parties for Mr. Antheil." That was true, I said. "And," he continued, "there are lots of important musical people at these parties." Yes, I said, there were. "Well, would you mind," he asked, "if I brought my choir to sing for you at your next party? I have a chorus of thirty-five voices, and we do a lot of singing in Harlem. It would be a big thing for us if we could sing for some of the critics." We set the date for the following week.

I had twenty-five guests that night, chosen for their interest in things musical. The choir brought the number of people in my not overly large living room to almost seventy. We sat at one end of the room, and the singers ranged themselves along the far wall. And then they started to sing. I had never heard spirituals sung so beautifully and my guests seemed to agree. They would not let the choir stop. They sang until they were exhausted. And so were we, from the beauty and power which the saxophonist—his name, by the way, was Hall Johnson—had instilled in his group.

Through these mad days of rehearsals, interviews and parties Antheil drifted in a daze. He was completely amenable to anything I suggested, overcome, I later learned, by my sheer exuberance. The trouble was that I was doing for a musical event what I would normally do for a book. I did not realize that one by one I was alienating all the critics, all the people who had contributed toward making it possible for him to write his music without any financial worries, by turning a serious performance into a circus.

It became increasingly obvious that there would not be any profits. The twenty-five rehearsals of the jazz symphony were enough to make that point certain. And the backdrops took their disproportionate share of the receipts. This meant that the Antheils would have made the trip and he would have given the concert for their expenses only.

We had a final dress rehearsal in Carnegie Hall at ten in the morning. We hung the backdrops, set up the wind machine, rehearsed the stage crew and the piano movers and ran through the whole program. Everything went beautifully.

There was one thing, however, which still bothered us a little. We had as yet not been able to secure a fire siren. Every time we had reached the climactic point in the

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Ballet Mécanique when it was supposed to come in, the very capable man who operated our mechanical devices would go through the motions of cranking an imaginary siren. But we were sure we had nothing to worry about. One of the xylophonists had a brother connected with the fire department in a New Jersey town. In exchange for two tickets he swore he would bring a genuine fire siren to us that night.

When we got to Carnegie Hall after the Philharmonic was over we found the shiny red siren and mounted it on its stand at once.

By the time we had prepared our elaborate setup, the audience was beginning to fill the auditorium. I went out into the lobby, and was astonished to find it jammed with people desperately trying to buy tickets. All the standing-room tickets had long since been sold out, and their holders formed a solid mass at the rear of the orchestra and flowed down into the aisles. I found out later that the printers had made a mistake and printed three times as many standing-room tickets as were ordered.

The minute the string quartet started to play I realized that we had made a hideously bad choice of an opening number. Played against the deadening house curtain it was completely lost in the vast reaches of the hall. The same was true of the sonata which followed, except that Antheil's practically simultaneous playing of the piano and the drum brought on a wave of amusement which threatened for a while to drown out what little music could be heard. And when the curtain went up on the orchestra in front of the billowing buttocksy backdrop of the colossal Charleston, the audience broke down and roared with laughter.

I felt better a few minutes later. The audience liked the jazz symphony. I hurried backstage (where I should have been all along), to suggest that the orchestra repeat the number. I was too late. The curtain had been rung down and the stagehands were setting up the piano for the *Ballet Mécanique*.

The backdrop for the previous number was raised and the cyclorama adjusted. And then we discovered that we had miscalculated the space that would be available to us, so that we had to raise the curtain and work in full view of the highly amused audience. It spoiled the dramatic impact we had counted on: the raising of the curtain on the full depth of the Carnegie Hall stage, with the eleven pianos and all the other instruments grouped in front of the really effective cyclorama.

The first few minutes of the *Ballet* went off smoothly, and the audience listened with care. Then came the moment for the wind machine to be turned on . . . and all hell, in a minor way, broke loose. Someone had made a mistake, and instead of having the propeller point into the air, where the breeze would be dissipated before it reached the back of the house, it now was aimed at a point in the eleventh row of the orchestra seats. People clutched their fluttering programs, and women held on to their hats with both hands. Someone in the direct line of the wind tied a handkerchief to his cane, and waved it wildly in the air as a sign of surrender. The man in charge of the mechanical effects did the only thing that could be done. He turned the machine down to a point where it would not blow the poor people in the eleventh row completely out of their seats, and hoped for the best.

But the damage had been done. Laughter is contagious, and besides we had spent weeks building up the fact that there had been riots in Paris at the first performance of this number. Now everybody, to quote Durante, wanted to get into the act. The riot they put on, however, was completely synthetic. Goossens turned to glare at the noise-makers, and they shut up at once. But then the more conservative members of the audience decided that they had had enough. They started to leave in droves. It was an agonizing experience for Antheil, and I knew he wished, as I did most fervently, that we had never heard of each other.

The *Ballet* finally drew to a close. And now came the moment for the fire siren to sound. Goossens gave the cue, and the mechanical-effects man turned the crank wildly, while the audience burst once more into uncontained laughter. But there was no sound from the siren. The man turned the crank more and more wildly, and still there was no sound. The moment for it was by now long past, and Goossens was turning to the last page of the score. Disgustedly the effects man stopped turning the crank, as the last bars of the *Ballet* crashed out. And then in the silence which followed there came the unmistakable sounds of a fire siren gathering speed. Louder and louder it came, as the last notes of the *Ballet* died away . . . and as Goossens turned to bow to the audience and Antheil rose from the piano it reached its full force. We had all of us completely forgotten that a fire siren does not start making any sound until it has been energetically cranked for almost a full minute. Now the wail from the infernal red thing on the stage dinned in our ears, drowning out the applause of the audience, and the sound of the people picking up their coats and hats and leaving the auditorium.

I got up to go backstage again. As I came out of my box I ran into a friend, a wit in high standing at the Round Table in the Algonquin. "Too bad, Donald," he said. "You tried to make a mountain out of an Antheil."

I just managed a mechanical smile. ⵌ

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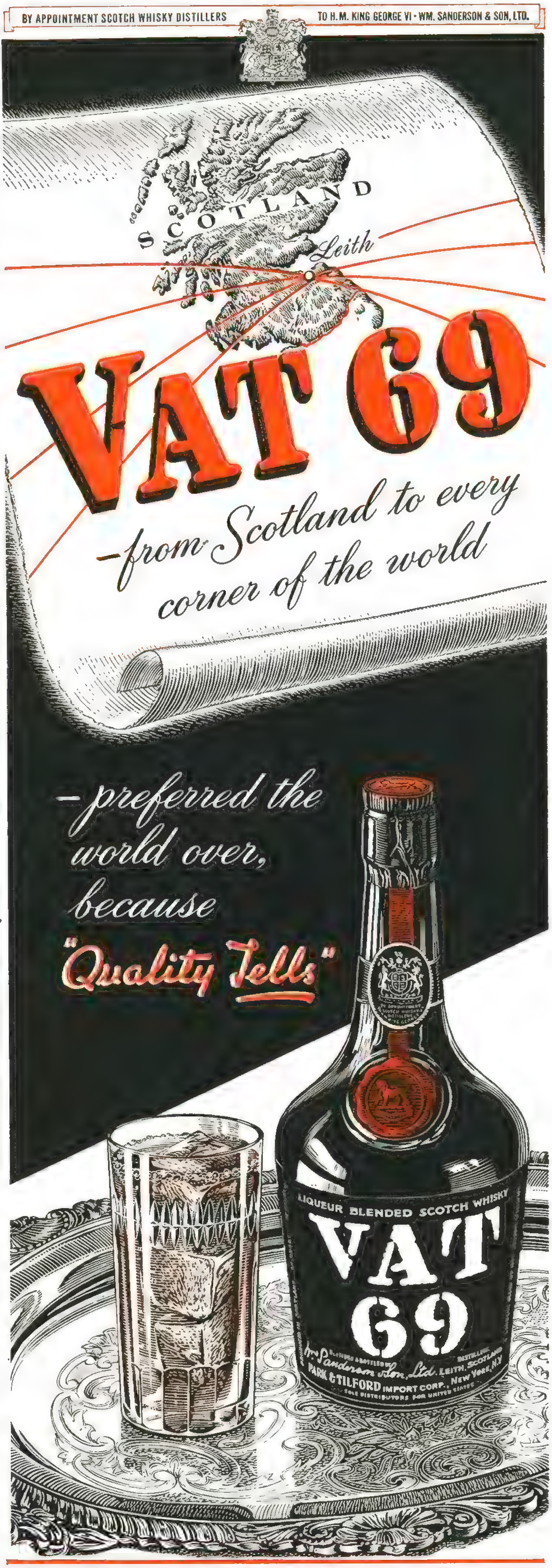
Continued from page 58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"Ex" Marks the Sore Spot

Continued from page 65

with glee. "Look! The chap at the back."

Horace took one glance at the hired operative impersonating himself. Then he stared in horror at his companion.

"He wrote me," chuckled the breezy small man, "he wrote me a stiffish letter saying he was Emma's second husband and had heard a lot about me and he wanted to see me. Nothing openly nasty, you understand, but the idea was plain. Emma's told him I was a damned brute, and he's filled with the noble and tender resolve to beat me to a jelly for her sweet sake! So I hired an amiable bruiser to meet him and . . ."

Horace swallowed. He said weakly, "No, Marvin, I'm Horace."

There was silence. All about them rose the clatter of china and cutlery and the sound of voices. But at the table where Horace sat with his wife's first husband there was silence. The two small men gazed at each other, appalled.

"My husband is violently against the new fashions!"

"I," said Horace unhappily, "I'm Emma's second husband. I hired a man to meet you, because your letter sounded belligerent to me, too. I didn't have any plans for battle," he added with a sigh. "I—just wanted to meet the masterful brute who was her first husband. I'm glad to meet you, Marvin."

The little man with the jaunty mustache looked at Horace and his expression softened. It changed from blankness to compassion.

"How do you do, Horace," he said soberly. He put out his hand. Horace shook it limply. "Well, well! And how is Emma? In the pink, I trust?"

"Yes," Horace said numbly. "Only—I think she regrets having divorced you. She talks of you constantly. I—I had the impression that you were—different."

The dapper small man looked at Horace's clothes. At his necktie. And his wholly forlorn and browbeaten air.

"Yes," said Emma's first husband awkwardly. "I was dif—say! Did you think I was a big hunk of brute like the chap I hired to appear for me?"

"Naturally," said Horace. He regarded his predecessor and physical twin with envy. "She's always talking about how masterful you were."

"Masterful!" Then Marvin stared at him in shocked sympathy. "She's pulling the same trick on you that she did on me! Fella, am I sorry for you! Does she say I always flattened taxi drivers?"

"She does," said Horace gloomily. "Did you?"

"Does she say I picked her up and carried her? She pulled that on me as the footballer's trick and I nearly busted a gut trying to duplicate him!" Then, in horrified realization, "And she's talking to you about an ex-husband! My heart bleeds for you!"

"Thanks," said Horace. "I guess you know the setup."

The dapper small man pulled a wallet out of his pocket.

"My second wife," he said, showing a photograph. "She was my secretary. This's the two of us on our honeymoon right after Emma took the cure at Reno. Get a load . . ."

Horace saw that Marvin's second wife was no taller than he was. She had a wide, placid grin. She looked like somebody who would like to have fun. Who might enjoy beer and pizza and musical comedies and night clubs and might even go fishing. She looked like somebody.

"Get a load of me, guy!" said Marvin proudly. "Sally hadn't really cured me of Emma, then. You can see what I used to be like!"

Horace regarded his companion in the photograph—and the picture could have been of himself. The mustache was still a toothbrush. The costume still showed Emma's paralyzing influence. Being married to Sally had produced a miraculous change in a creature much like himself. But at the time the picture was taken, Marvin hadn't yet fully spread his wings.

Now Marvin had changed like a grub emerged from the cocoon of matrimony with Emma. The lilies of the field were not arrayed as Marvin. And that was not all. Horace knew that Marvin would sleep in violently colored pajamas and have beer in the refrigerator and very probably a cocktail before dinner and that nobody counted his cigars to see how many he'd smoked today. He could tell from Marvin's utter self-satisfaction that Marvin played poker when he felt like it, and if he won he was able to brag to his wife about it, and if he lost she would lend him some of the housekeeping money for lunches. He knew that Marvin had another blonde secretary now; that his wife was justly unafraid of her, and that Marvin was the most wonderful human being in the world.

Horace regarded Marvin Bruce with the reverence a small boy would give to Dick Tracy in the flesh. And it showed. Marvin saw it.

"Gosh!" said Horace, in stunned worship. "It's—wonderful!"

"But it used to be bad!" said Marvin complacently. "I'd been married to Emma for three years."

"I've been married to her for two," said Horace.

"Tsk! Tsk!" said Marvin. "After three years I was thinking of suicide. One day I was looking at a revolver in my desk drawer. Sally—she was my secretary then—came in and saw me. And she said, 'Mr. Bruce, it's not that bad! If you want to change things . . .' I did! So she gave me a snapshot of herself in a bathing suit. That was all. I put it in my wallet, Emma found it, and demanded that I fire Sally, or else she'd divorce me! Can you imagine a man throwing away a chance like that?"

Horace sighed wistfully.

"She went to Reno and got the divorce. In sheer gratitude I took Sally out to dinner. To my intense astonishment she was a nice kid. So I married her."

Horace swallowed, sighed again. "Gee," said Horace yearningly. "It's wonderful just—just to hear about such things!"

Marvin expanded visibly. Then there was tumult. A tall, athletic man two tables away had socked another tall athletic man. The second stalwart person socked back. The ersatz-Marvin Bruce and the pseudo-Horace Wayne tangled splendidly in the middle of Jones' Chop House. Waiters rushed. Police would shortly be on the way.

"Hmm," said Marvin. "They'll be telling who hired them. Let's get out of here and have a drink somewhere else."

He rose, briskly picked up the two checks, and swaggered past the scene of carnage where the hirelings battled for the sake of a lady neither had ever seen.

"You know," said Marvin expansively, as they reached the street, and Horace still regarded him with impassioned admiration, "we're a lot alike . . . Hm . . . I tell you, Horace! You come out to my house to dinner tonight! Sally'll be glad to meet you. We'll talk things over. And, by George," continued Marvin, beaming, "you seem like a pretty good fella! I'll introduce you to my wife's sister!" #

Glamour Girl from Bresse

Continued from page 67

la crême, a straightforward and palate-caressing dish that enjoys high repute the length and breadth of Burgundy. Roughly, the method of preparation is as follows; a fattened hen is carved up into its component parts; these are seasoned with onions, garlic and salt pork, and browned in butter, then cooked over a slow fire and served in a sauce made of thick cream, the yolk of eggs and a dash of dry white wine.

Assembled in this fashion and consumed in a little Bressan tavern, *poularde à la crême* provides an experience you are not likely soon to forget. The rest of the meal should be light and simple. A dozen oysters, half an iced cantaloupe or an *hors d'oeuvre* of raw vegetables, accompanied by a dry white wine, will do nicely as a starter. With the *poularde*, a full-bodied red Burgundy should be drunk—any of the good vintages will fill the bill, but, unless you have an idea of your own, you might try a bottle of 1937, 1934 or 1929 Moulin-à-Vent, from the near-by Beaujolais district. When the chicken has been disposed of, a light salad or some cheese is in order—probably both. Incidentally, the local goat cheese is worth sampling. For dessert, take a dish of plain vanilla ice cream, or, if they are in season, a bunch of the excellent *chasselas* grapes of the region. And top it all off with champagne.

What is this *poularde de Bresse*, and why is it superior to all others? In the first place, you must know that Bresse, as defined by the tribunal of Bourg-en-Bresse in 1936, is an oblong strip of territory, twenty-five miles wide and about sixty miles long, near the Swiss border. It lies between the Saône River and the Jura Mountains, and extends from some distance north of a line from Chalon-sur-Saône to Lons-le-Saunier, to a little south of Macon and Bourg-en-Bresse. Of the chickens raised within these limits, only those of the pure Bresse breed are legitimately entitled to be called *poularde de Bresse*.

The breed, divided into black, grey and white varieties, is the product of painstaking selection over a period of several centuries, and its "Standard" was defined in the minutest detail in 1914 by the Fédération des Sociétés d'Aviculture de France. The distinguishing characteristic of the entire breed lies in the legs, which are of a light steel-blue color. The Louhans variety, whose plumage is jet black with a greenish sheen, is raised chiefly for its eggs—the hens are the best layers in France, averaging 180 to 200 eggs a year. The grey variety of Bourg is on the way out. Practically all the authentic *poulardes de Bresse* sold for the table are Bény Whites.

These Whites are beautiful creatures to behold. If you are a city boy, you may think, in your innocence, that chickens are just chickens. Not so. There is no more resemblance between a Bény pullet and the biddy that scurries crazily in front of your car amid an eruption of cackles and squawks than there is between a champion race horse and the broken-down nag which belongs to the junkman.

A thoroughbred White has dig-

Continued on page 138

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Glamour Girl from Bresse

Continued from page 137

nity, bearing and class. Its body is a sleek job, plump where gastronomy and aesthetics decree it should be, slim and trim where no padding of flesh is required. From a back that is long and as straight as a line drawn with a T-square, its neck and tail raise smartly at an angle of 45°. Its feathers are immaculately white and slicked down like a gigolo's hair-do. If you take one in your arms, you'll find that the down beneath the feathers is as soft as the belly of a newborn rabbit. Dumb? Don't you believe it. A Bény pullet is the glamour girl, the intellectual, the aristocrat of the barnyard—and the graceful way she struts and preens shows she knows it. As a matter of fact, the pullet, with its cute body design, its clean blue shanks and the baby-blue pigmentation of its beak and ear lobes, looks a lot more like a slightly overgrown dove than it does like a future hen.

The choice *poulardes* and *chapons* of Bresse have carried the renown of that district to the four corners of the earth. Although their price is astronomic, they are snapped up the moment they go on sale. In other days they formed *the pièce de résistance* at the Christmas dinners of kings and princes. Nowadays a few go to favored presidents and statesmen, but France's new aristocracy of the black market gets most.

High-grade poultry has been raised (largely on grain from other regions) for centuries in the Bresse country, where the soil is too poor to permit the peasants to gain a livelihood from the usual farm crops. Many factors combine to account for the excellence of the *poularde de Bresse*, but, according to Professor Richards, an English scientist who made an exhaustive study of the question at the turn of the century, the most important is to be found in the soil of the whole 1500-square-mile area, and particularly the small circle of territory around Bény and Saint-Etienne-du-Bois. Here, it appears, are granules of a special limestone which are easily assimilated by the chickens and contribute to their vigor and rapid growth. None of the many attempts to raise this breed in other countries has quite come up to the French standard of perfection.

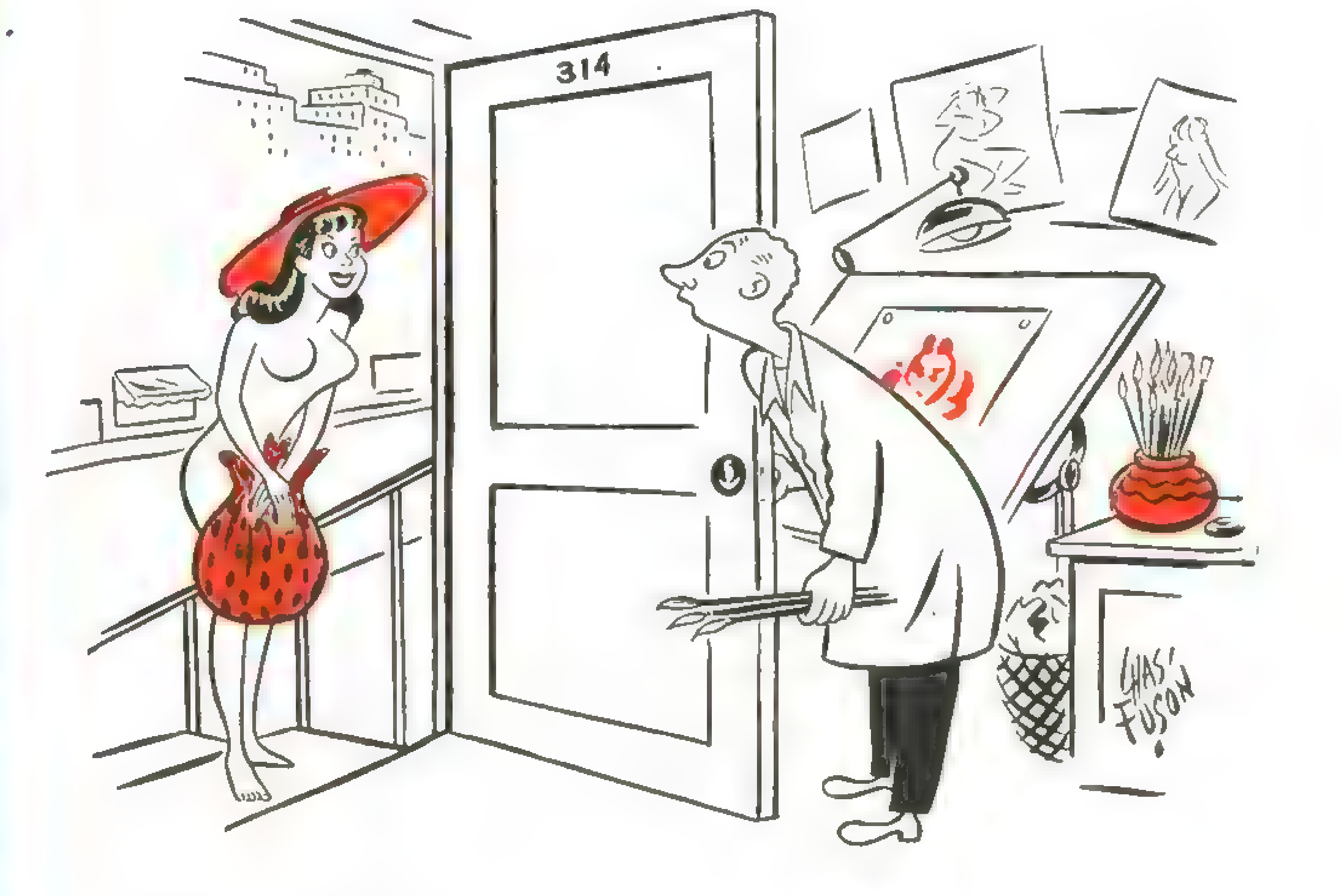
Although poultry from the Gâtinais district, southeast of Paris, has its qualities, it is rated below that of Bresse. The only part of France that offers any serious competition is the Le Mans-La Flèche area, between Normandy and Anjou. Gourmets usually concede that a good *chapon de Mans* can hold its own against a *chapon de Bresse*. But they agree to a man that no chicken anywhere can come up to a *poularde de Bresse* from Bény or Saint-Etienne.

In fact, the whole matter was pretty definitely settled back in the days when our forefathers were fighting the Civil War. At the 1864 poultry show, held in Paris' Palais de l'Industrie, the judges quickly eliminated all entrants except a capon from Le Mans and a *poularde* from Bresse. Two hours of heated argument over the two ensued, and in the end the prize was awarded to the *poularde*.

A certain Monsieur de Kergolay, who was on hand to defend the interests of the Le Mans poultry raisers, flatly refused to accept the verdict. Lodging an appeal immediately, he invited the judges to a sumptuous dinner at the Hôtel de Louvre. While corks popped pleasantly, the judges went to work alternately on the finest capons Le Mans could produce and the cream of the Bressan *poulardes*. They drank deeply and deliberated lengthily—and then started over again. At midnight, according to a solemn account in the official *Moniteur*, they handed down their decision. The original verdict was confirmed.

Since that memorable evening fourscore years ago, no gourmet, native or foreign, has ever come forth to contest the supremacy of the little white glamour girl from Bresse. ⌗

Continued from page 67



"You phoned for a model?"

Karata in the Morning

Continued from page 79

mouth and throat. There seemed no way of making the girl understand. He'd have to go back to the man at the warehouse. He turned to the girl. "I didn't pay for the food I got this morning."

"Pay?"

"I didn't give him anything for giving me food."

"Oh? Why should you? Everyone has food."

Bronny laughed. "How did you learn English?" he asked.

"From the men in the big houses."

"What do they call you?"

"Bilavi. They call me Bilavi because I was born there. The men in the houses called each other Texas and Memphis because they were born there."

"I was born in Whiting."

She shrugged. "If you walk along the beach that way," she nodded, "for a full morning you come to Bilavi. If you walk the other way you come to Pika first and then Karata."

"In Bilavi and Karata are there more people than here?"

"Yes. You have yellow hair and blue eyes."

"Do large boats come to those places?"

"I've never seen yellow hair before. The men in the big houses have white skin like yours, but not yellow hair. Will you sleep in one of the big houses?"

"No, they don't belong to me."

"You can sleep in my house."

"Thank you."

She smiled and asked, "What sons-o-bitches sent you here?"

Bronny laughed. "No one sent me."

"The men who come to live in the big houses, they are always sent here by sons-o-bitches and they don't like it."

"I came to find adventure."

"Adventure?"

"Because I was not happy where I came from."

"The men in the houses say they are happy only to go away."

Bronny twisted his cup. "Where I was before people didn't like you unless you had gone away and come back."

"That is foolish. No one here has ever been away and we all like each other."

"But I had never done anything."

The girl raised the palms of her hands. One of the men at the tables asked her a question and she smiled. "He wants to know if you can make the box work." She nodded at the piano.

"No."

"No one can. Some men came here before I could talk and tried to show us how to grow bananas. They brought the box."

"That's a piano."

"I know. We have papers to go with it." She brought him a thin package of sheet music.

Bronny looked at the yellowed covers of the songs and read aloud, "*You're Driving Me Crazy, Time on My Hands, The Peanut Vendor, I Found a Million Dollar Baby, All of Me, Someday I'll Find You, When the Moon Comes over the Mountain.* The first men were here about 1931, I guess."

"I don't know. Are those words like the white men write?" she asked pointing at the titles.

"Yes. With one finger I could play the melodies on the piano."

She talked to the men excitedly and they crowded to the piano.

Bronny studied the chorus of *Time on My Hands.* He picked out the melody slowly. The room was still until he finished and then the men inside and the women and children outside broke into roaring laughter. The damn fools were like people everywhere. You do something for them and they laugh. He was about to swing on the man nearest him when Bilavi grabbed his arm. "They like you. They like you very much. They want you to do it again."

He turned to Bilavi. "They laughed when I sat down to play." The words and his laugh trailed off as they waited. He fingered the melody again and again. They wouldn't let him stop. And then in his rough baritone he sang the words and the crowd became hysterical.

The men placed a bowl with a wick in tallow at the end of the keyboard. Finally he turned to Bilavi. "I'm thirsty and hungry."

The men waited impatiently as he ate fruit and drank more of the muddy liquor. Bilavi kept her arms around him while he ate and when he finished she took her place beside him and he played the song again. He played it in octaves and Bilavi, hearing the words over and over again, sang it with him. Then everyone chanted the melody as he played.

Everyone was drunk when they at last left the corrugated shack for their huts. Bilavi led him to a tiny thatched hut back at the edge of the clearing. They entered and she placed the lighted bowl she had been carrying on the floor.

"We sleep here." She slipped off her dress and began to rub herself with strong-smelling grease.

She touched his clothes. "Take them off. Rub yourself. The bugs will bite you."

He stripped and rubbed his body with the grease.

She laughed. "You're white all over." Then she spread out a pile of palm fronds and threw a woven mat over them. "We sleep here."

The sun was burning through the thatched hut when Bronny woke. Bilavi stood beside him. "Come, we wash now." He pulled on his trousers and followed her to a sandy beach beside a river and she took off her dress. She lay down and rolled in the sand and dived into a pool in the river. Bronny did the same and swam lazily in the warm water. When they had dried in the sun, Bilavi picked out roots and fruit in the jungle and they carried them back to the hut. They fished from the

Continued on page 140

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Karata in the Morning

Continued from page 139

end of the pier and helped the men in the small plots of sugar cane, rice and tobacco. And that night Bronny once more played the piano and sang and got drunk.

When they worked with the men during the following days, he would stop and laugh as he heard the Indians and Negroes singing the melodies of *Time on My Hands* and *I Found a Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store*. Bilavi asked him why he laughed and he said he was happy.

"Why are you happy if you weren't happy where you came from?"

"Because I didn't fit, I guess."

"You didn't fit what?"

"I didn't like my job. I worked in the refineries."

"The refineries?"

"Yes. Whiting has the world's largest refineries."

Bilavi wrinkled her nose. "What are refineries?"

He laughed again. Here the refineries were nothing.

Bilavi wanted to know something else. "Did you sleep in a house by yourself there?"

"No. I slept in a house with my father, mother and brother."

"Weren't you happy with them?"

"No. I had nothing to talk to them about. My father talked about nothing but the things they did or said at the Sokol . . ."

"The Sokol?"

"That was a place he went to each night like we go to the old man's."

"Why didn't you go?"

"I didn't like it."

"And your brother?"

"He went to his places too. His places were called bowling alleys and pool halls. But everyone there talked about nothing but the war they had fought in and I had not been in it."

Bilavi put her arms around his neck. "I would not be happy there either."

Bronny Kalenski's hair was bleached white, his skin was a golden brown and he was content. Like the natives, he avoided the unhappy man who lived in the big house and went each day to the office in the warehouse by the pier. At first the man sought Bronny out and invited him to go to Karata with him where they had what was almost real whiskey. Bronny wanted to go, but Bilavi told him if he did the people in the village would think he didn't like them. The only reason anyone went away was because they were not happy. Months went on and Bronny saw less and less of the man.

One night the man joined the party in the corrugated shack. He sat with Bronny and Bilavi at their table. Bilavi was still the only woman who entered the building. The man asked, "Do you have money, Bronny?"

"A couple hundred dollars, but what good is it?"

The man smiled. "Here, none, but if you come to Karata with me tomorrow, a ship will be there to take us back to the States. My company's sent for me. They're convinced at last!"

"Back to the States? I'll be by as soon as the sun is up."

The man got up and left.

Bilavi looked at him. "You're going to Karata?"

"You bet. I'm going to Karata tomorrow."

"Will you be back to make the piano work tomorrow night?"

"No." He did not want to leave Bilavi but now he would have more to tell at the bowling alleys and pool halls than anyone else. Bronny Kalenski would be somebody.

"Why are you going away?"

"I'm going home."

"But you weren't happy where you came from."

"I'm somebody now. I've done something. Don't you see, I've got something to tell about now."

"And after you've told?"

Bronny thought of the men in the Sokol hall and in the bowling alleys. All the rest of their lives they would tell about the things they had done in Prague, and on leave in Paris. All their lives they would try to recapture what had been for a moment. They were nothing in Whiting and each night after work they tried to be someone again for a few minutes. Each one pitted his most exciting memories against those of his friend. It was a cockfight without life, without blood.

He turned to Bilavi. "Tell the old man to get more rum. Let the women come inside. We will have a bigger party than the ones you told me you have when the winds go and the rains stop."

He was so drunk he could barely see the notes on the music in front of him. The men and women were laughing hysterically and beating the rhythm of the music on the floor with fists and heels. The building trembled with the wild throbbing and the savage shrieks of laughter. Bilavi twisted and turned in an abandoned dance in the circle of old men and women while the younger men held their women willing captives in the dark corners.

Bronny stood on the piano bench and yelled for quiet. When the room was silent he sat down and opened the music of *The Peanut Vendor*.

He played it through twice and then, with Bilavi's help, he taught the men and women to shout, "Peanuts!" He played the song, chanting "Peanuts!" each time the call came in the music. He gave the sign and a frenzied tumult crashed about him. The men and women beat the rhythm and shrieked, "Pea-nuuuuuts!" with the music. Bronny leaned his forehead on the keys gratefully, prayerfully. He sat up and laughed until his body ached and people laughed and sang and danced all about him. ⌗

Continued from page 79

Neighbor to a Nightmare

Continued from page 88

liam was interested in some woman, and did he expect her to believe those fairy tales about working late at the office when he got home at two-thirty in the morning with grass stains on his knees and mud on his shoes?

Actually he was spending his evenings in a very damp swale in an untenanted portion of Sunnylawn, watching Hamilton's house.

On the third night of his vigil, when the clock in the Sunnylawn carillon tower was striking the half-hour before twelve, Hamilton came softly down the steps. He crossed the street into Sunnylawn (Sunnylawn is a modern cemetery, unwalled), passed Carr's hiding place, and turned to the right.

Carr did not dare get very close. This may have been why he lost Hamilton's trail after the other got near the chapel. He decided to wait.

A little more than an hour later Hamilton returned. As he came abreast of Carr he put up one hand and with its back delicately patted his lips.

Three nights later Hamilton visited Sunnylawn once more. He was gone rather longer than on the previous occasion, but as Carr caught sight of him Hamilton raised his hand and made, once again, the gesture of the well-fed.

Carr stayed home the next night and the next, lying in a miserable, rigid trance. He did not go to Sunnylawn on the third night either, and when, a little after two, there was a whirring outside his bedroom window, it seemed he had been expecting it.

Next morning the girl at the *Gazette* reception desk took a preliminary look at Carr and hesitated. He looked normal enough, but the expression of his eyes . . .

"Somebody to see you, Tom," she said into the phone, cupping her hand around the mouthpiece. "It's about that piece you wrote last winter about the vampire."

Thompson listened to Carr's painful verbal stumbling for several moments and then suggested that they go out and have a spiced rum. Over the second drink Carr managed to get to the point.

"Well, of course, Mr. Carr, you've got to remember that sometimes newspapers print things that, unh, one has to take with a grain of salt . . . Two more of the same, please . . . I don't quite get the point about the dripping noise you heard in his cellar, though. What would it be?"

Carr shook his head. "I don't know. I can't imagine."

"But whatever it is you feel it's something sinister? Um-*hum.* Well, I've got to admit, Mr. Carr, that his visits to the cemetery do look suspicious." (No use discouraging the old goof too much, Thompson thought; he had a highly developed news sense, and he could almost smell Carr's potential newsworthiness.)

"Yes." Carr fingered the handle of his heavy china mug. "The main problem, of course, is what to do about him."

"Well, why don't you try putting garlic around your place? They say that keeps them off. Like moth balls."

Carr was not amused. "He killed my niece," he answered soberly. "Do you think, after that, I want to fool around with garlic?"

"I've got it!" Thompson said suddenly. "Why not try silver bullets? They're poison to werewolves and things like that."

Carr picked up the check and started toward the cashier. "Thank you," he said.

It occurred to Thompson that the interview had been a mistake.

When Carr went home that night he had in his brief case three silver pesos, a pair of calipers, and a file. Besides these items he was carrying a small alcohol blowtorch and some garlic bulbs. He already had a gun.

It took Carr nearly a week to prepare the bullets satisfactorily. He wanted the bullets to fit well enough so that the gun would not blow up in his face.

Tuesday night with the gun and six silver bullets in his pocket he walked toward Sunnylawn. It was not quite dark as he got to Hamilton's place. He went up to the front door and rang the bell. When Hamilton answered he told him that he wanted to discuss the securities again. They went into the house.

"By the way," Carr said when there was a lag in the talk, "did you stop the leak in your cellar?"

"The leak? Why yes, yes, I did."

"I wondered if I could take a look at it. There's some seepage in our cellar, and I'd like to see how you've fixed yours."

"I'm so sorry, but it wouldn't be convenient just now. You know how basements are, Carr. Mine is in a dreadful mess."

"You're quite sure?" Carr said. He drew the gun from his pocket and fired. "You filthy vampire!"

He hit Hamilton in the chest six times. The bullets went into the plaster behind him with a splintering sound.

Hamilton laughed. His body seemed to boil out around the places where he had been hit, frothingly, and then to knit itself around them and grow solid again.

"I'm not a vampire, Carr," he said. "What a stupid mistake! Do you think I like blood?" He was so close that Carr caught his body stench above the smell of toilet water and saw, behind the dark glasses, the tiny flames that flickered where his eyes should have been.

"Why, I can't stand the stuff. I won't touch meat until it's been *thoroughly* bled. That was the dripping you heard in my cellar."

Hamilton laughed again. He put his hands—his talons—around Carr's throat. "Your instinct was right, but your conclusion was wrong," he said. "I'm not a vampire, Carr. I'm a ghoul." ⧻

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The Man in the Blizzard

Continued from page 51

his way from under the snow and groped back until he felt himself against the incline. He worked very hard at thinking. What had he fallen into? It had to be fairly deep or it would have been filled in. The river! In places, the riverbanks were high enough to have not yet been filled in.

The river ran roughly east and west and passed within a hundred yards of home. If he could follow the river until he came to the bridge he'd be practically home.

He had come upon the river from the south. This, therefore, was the south bank, he told himself. Turn left and follow the river home.

What he did not know was that he had already crossed the river at a spot where the banks were so low that the river bed had been completely filled in. He did not know that what he supposed was the south bank was really the north bank of a twist in the river. And so as he followed the river it turned back upon itself and he was heading away from home.

He noticed, of course, that the wind direction was all wrong but he told himself that the wind would mean very little now that he was following the windings of the river and anyway the wind might have changed.

Staying with the incline of the riverbank was very difficult. He had to be able to feel whether or not he was on a slope and the slope was often slight. He had moments of terror when the bank seemed gone. And steadily his strength was draining away.

He tried to move more quickly, to get somewhere while he still had some strength, but that lasted for only one panicky minute and then he settled down again to what would have been a plod if he had been able to lift his feet higher. A long time passed.

He became childish. He made silly noises. Once when he fell face first into the snow, he said, "Oh," and when he struggled his feet beneath him again he said, "Ah," and for some time after that he was saying, "Oh-ah-oh-oh-ah," over and over in a sort of simple rhythm. Then he was saying, "Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff," in imitation of a locomotive but he caught himself at that and stopped, feeling vaguely ashamed.

The childishness passed and an enormous fatigue took its place and he knew beyond any doubt that this fight was not worthwhile. He quit trying. He was too tired. He was getting nowhere. Enough was enough.

Only he did not quit. He just pretended he quit. As he had pretended he was a locomotive because a locomotive was power, he now pretended he was resting because resting was the wonderful thing he was not going to do. He was too far beaten to be bothered with being afraid of death.

He realized dully that he had lost the river. That was too bad. So the river was gone the way the road was gone and the way the telephone poles were gone and the way the fence was gone and the way the whole world was gone and it was all too bad. Everything was gone under the snow.

He was not fully aware of it, but as he battled his tiny way through the blizzard, he was still working on his position, ignoring the absolute impossibility of being able to locate himself. Assuming the absurdity that his directions had been true and that he had been traveling in fairly straight lines, he figured that he was about a mile from home, and since he had probably wandered away from the river without crossing it, home should be slightly to the right of him. He made a quarter turn to the right and inched on.

Actually, he had crossed the river so he was wrong even on this. He was getting farther from home all the time.

His strength of muscle was now so nearly nonexistent that the blizzard had become a force from above that tried to flatten him into and under the snow. Before he had had to fight to make any forward progress; now added to that was the battle against the downward crush of the wind. He was sick with cold. His hands had become frozen. He did not know when.

So, some time later, when he bumped into something he was very stupid about it. He tried to push his way ahead but could not. He started to work around it.

It's big, he thought, and then with no excitement, it's a house, he thought, and then he was pawing wildly at the house. He quietened, and worked his way along the wall, pressing himself to it because he did not want to lose this house as he had lost everything else. I'm home, he thought, and he did not understand how fantastic that was. I'm home! he bellowed in his mind, I'm home!

He knew by the depression in the wall that he was at the door. He could not find the doorknob. The snow was piled against the door so that the knob was buried but that did not really matter because his frozen hands could not have grasped or even felt it anyway. He pushed against the door with his shoulder and with his forehead. He tried to fight his way through the door and suddenly the door was flung open and he collapsed into the room.

Old Swansen heaved the door shut against the blizzard and for a moment stared in astonishment at the prostrate white figure of the man who had left here five hours ago, and it was not until twelve hours later, after the short dead sleep, and then the million white-hot needles of thawing his hands and face, and then the long dead sleep that Old Swansen and the man from the blizzard appreciated the marvelous joke of how a man's reasoning led him to safety. ⌗

With Eyes Wide Open

Continued from page 39

wheels; they didn't know anything; they'd always paid in cash and they were going to keep on doing it. They'd trusted Carton, they were shocked, and they were no help. I got to the Grill about ten minutes before Clara. I picked a back booth and told the waiter I was expecting a redhead. I ordered two Scotches with plain water; Clara looked the Scotch-and-water type.

I saw her come in; she looked around, and then the waiter brought her back to the booth. She didn't seem particularly nervous. And she accepted the drink without comment.

"Well?" I asked

"May I have a cigarette?"

I found one and lit it for her and she took a few full drags before she spoke. "I don't know . . . I mean, I find this rather hard to say."

I didn't help any.

"I thought I could keep quiet about it, but I suppose you'll find out anyway; at least you're asking a lot of questions."

"I'm not getting many answers," I said.

"I hope you'll keep quiet about it," she went on. "It doesn't have a thing to do with Mr. Carton."

"So?"

"It's just that I wasn't alone at the cabin." She didn't blush.

"Figures," I said. "What's his name?"

"Do you have to know?"

"I won't know until I know."

"Oh. Tom Bellow. He owns the cabin. I . . . We're . . ." She shrugged and let it go.

"Did he drive up with you?" I asked.

"Oh, no. He was there when I got there."

"And it was no surprise?"

"No surprise."

"What time did you get there?"

"Around eleven. I left my apartment at eight. I left the office at seven-fifteen. Mr. Carton was just finishing up when we left, Evans and Lewis and I."

"According to your application at Benton, Hurley," I said, "you were unemployed for about eight months before you started working there. Right?"

"Well, yes."

"You don't seem sure."

"I just don't see what makes you so interested in me."

"Mainly the disguise you're trying to get away with."

"But . . ."

"Want to tell me about it," I said, "or do I have to spend a lot of time digging it out?"

"I don't have to, you know," she said and she smiled.

"They used to tell me that in the Army. 'You don't have to do anything but it'll be pleasanter if you do!' "

"I see. Well, during the war I worked in the office of a defense plant. Along came reconversion and I was let out. I got a job in a little night club on the Strip; small, exclusive, and often after-hours. They had a game room in back; I worked there as sort of a hostess. The police finally closed it up and I applied at Benton, Hurley. I knew they wouldn't like the club as a reference so in that space I just put unemployed. Satisfied?"

"That where you met Bellow?"

"Yes."

"What's his address?" I asked.

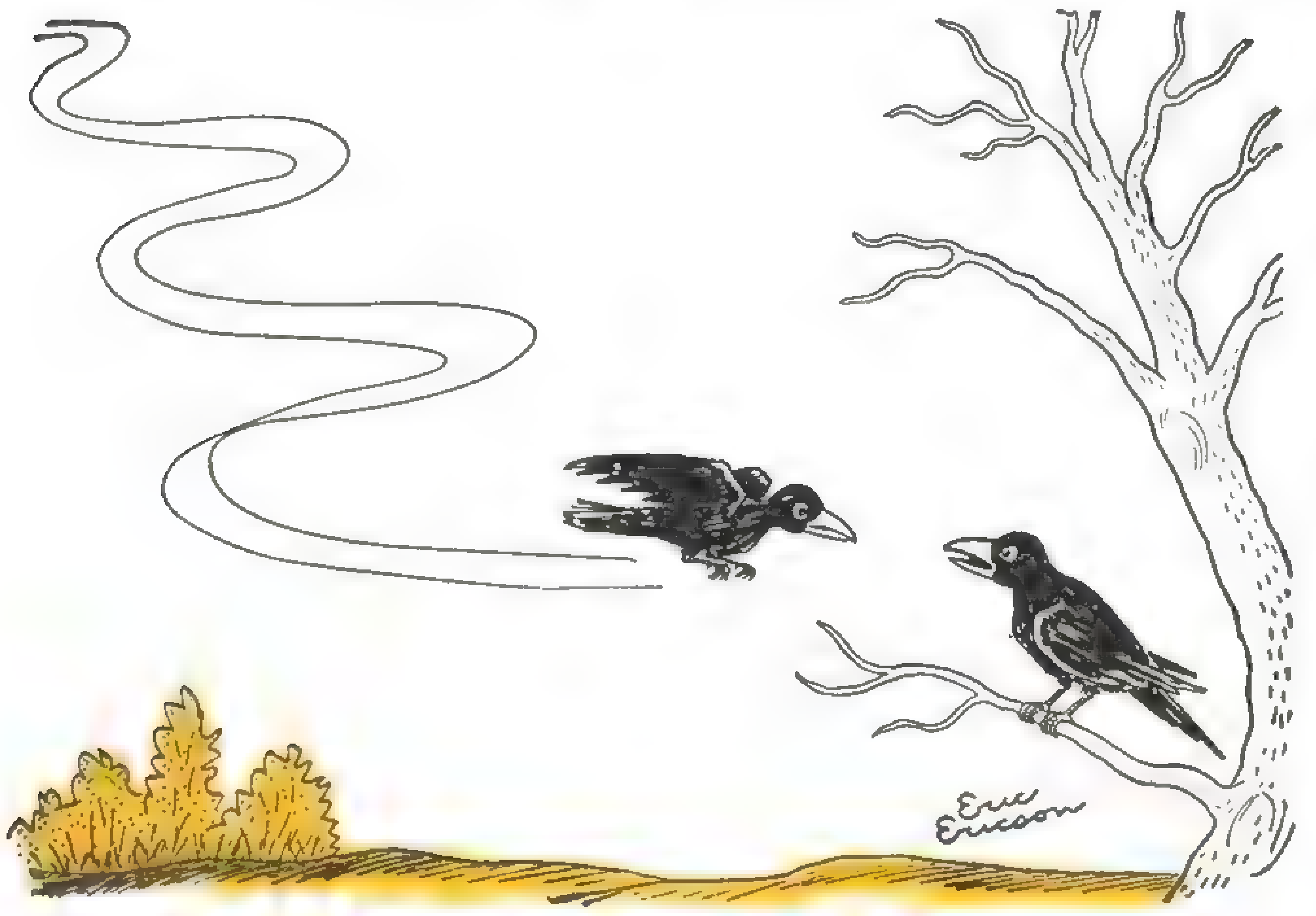
She was coy about it, but finally came through. And for nothing I got her assurance that Bellow hadn't known Carton and Bellow wasn't paying her rent and that if I felt like it I could visit her at her apartment where she lived alone. The disguise angle was just as simple; Benton, Hurley was conservative and she was trying to fit in okay.

She refused another drink and stood up.

"I'll expect you . . . any time," she said. I watched her hip movement as she walked to the door. It was nice.

I got back to the Agency office in time to keep one of the girls overtime looking for Tom Bellow in our files. We didn't have him, at least under that name. A call to Police Headquarters got me some information. Bellow was a small-time gambler; races, dice,

Continued on page 144



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With Eyes Wide Open

Continued from page 143

an occasional floating card game. He peddled sweep tabs and middle-manned some bets, but he hadn't made their blotter for anything worse than "held on suspicion." They had never been able to hang a charge on him. So he was crafty.

I reread the Agency reports before I went to bed that night.

The next day I spent rechecking Carton's exit. The Agency had done it and I didn't get any further than they did. What it added up to was that Carton walked out of town, that he hadn't left town, or that he was helped out. I liked the last one best.

At five in the afternoon I checked in with Healy.

"So far nothing on Carton's Thursday nights," he said. "Do any good?"

I shook my head. "There's Tom Bellow . . ."

"I know," he said, "the girl you had search the files told me. I've had a man checking him; just got the report half an hour ago. I don't think he's in it."

"No?"

"Absolutely no contact with Carton."

"How about Thursday nights?"

"Well," he admitted, "we haven't traced Carton on them, but we got Bellow for a few. They weren't together. By the way, Bellow isn't too thick with the redhead; friends but not playing house."

I didn't tell him differently.

"I got the connection from the report," he explained, "and I figured you got it from the redhead."

I nodded. "She tossed his name in," I said. "I thought it might be worth a play."

"Nothing in it," he assured me.

From my hotel I called Clara. She was free and she'd like dinner. I could call at eight. I cleaned up and took a taxi. She had a nice apartment, at least it looked nice when I got around to looking at it. Mostly I looked at Clara. Without the glasses and the braids, with her hair curling around her shoulders and a gown fitted to the curves of her body, Clara was something to look at.

She held my hand a second too long and squeezed it just a little too hard. She gave me a healthy Scotch and water and lit my cigarette and when I held her coat for her she stood too close to me and leaned into me too much and the look she gave me over her bare shoulder offered me too many things too cheap.

But I took them.

And afterwards, when I woke up in the bed alone and saw her note telling me she'd gone to the office and would see me after work, I remembered that not once during the entire time we were together had we mentioned Carton, or Benton, Hurley, or Tom Bellow. Or the sixty-odd-thousand clams.

So, while I felt like a heel doing it, I searched the apartment. I did it as carefully as I could and it took me a long time and at the end of it I'd located two things that might or might not mean something. One, I found at the bottom of the dirty-clothes hamper, was a man's white shirt, size 15½-33. It had a monogrammed "T B" on the pocket and all it proved was that it might be possible to play house in that particular apartment house without it being general knowledge. And the other, I found in a black patent-leather purse, was a ticket stub from a movie house in Pomona. It seemed a hell of a ways to go to see a show.

I spent the day helping Healy check the crank answers to the thousand-dollar-reward handbill. As usual they added up to nothing. At five-thirty I met Clara at the Grill. We had a drink together and then she went home to change and I went back to the hotel. I was taking her out to dinner again.

She was ready when I got there. We went in her car, a '41 Ford coupé. We ate on the Strip and then toured the night spots. Sometime during the evening she reminded me that it was Friday and she only had to work half a day Saturdays and I suggested we go someplace for the week end.

She said, "Maybe," meaning "Yes." I suggested Lake Arrowhead because I knew I'd have to make the trip sooner or later anyway. She told me she had the key to Bellow's cabin and he was up north and so it was all settled. For the sake of her reputation I agreed to taxi out to a bar on Huntington Drive with my bag and she'd pick me up there at one-thirty the next afternoon. She even left me a note in the morning reminding me of the arrangements.

I went to my hotel and packed a bag and my shoulder holster and about a quarter to one I headed for the bar on Huntington. She picked me up there at a quarter to two. She was the Clara of the night; no disguise.

"I hope nobody steals anything and this trip makes the front page," she said.

"The other one didn't," I told her. "You and I and Bellow know about it, nobody else, unless you told or were seen."

"I didn't and I wasn't," she

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said. "Thanks for keeping quiet."

"Only a cad would have told."

She drove all the way and we made it in a little under three hours. The cabin was well along a side road that left the main highway about four miles from the village.

"How do you like it?"

"Fine," I said. "But you couldn't expect anyone to believe you'd come up here by yourself."

"I didn't think the police would come and look."

She had two bags and I took them and my own and carried them into the place behind her. I didn't get a chance to look around because as soon as I put the bags down she was in close, her arms tight around me and her teeth nibbling on my lower lip. If the guy hadn't been nervous and awkward it would have worked fine. As it was I heard him and managed to turn slightly so that the sap hit my shoulder instead of my head. He must have put a lot into his swing because it hurt like hell. It threw him off balance and he stumbled against one of the bags and that gave me enough time to draw and plant one with the butt behind his ear.

I must have pushed Clara hard before the sap landed because I remember a thumping noise and, when I looked for her after laying the guy out she was standing against the wall rubbing her fanny.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Bellow. He must have found out. I didn't think he was jealous. He must have found out and come up here before us. Is he . . . is he hurt bad?"

"Who cares?"

"What are you going to do? We'd better leave before he comes to."

Afterward, I tried to figure when I first knew and I think it was then, but I don't know why. I think it was because she wanted to walk out without knowing whether he was dead or dying or anything, just as long as she got clear. I probably had it in the back of my mind all the time but right at that instant, right when she showed she was rotten enough to actually leave him, that, I think, was when I knew for certain. In spite of her red hair and her cool eyes and her eager, easy body she was rotten inside. It made me a little sick to have to believe it.

"How long did *he* live?" I asked.

"I don't . . ."

"Carton," I said. "How long did he live? Was it as soon as he walked in, like it was supposed to be for me? Never mind. Where is he?"

She didn't answer me and I didn't find him then. I tied Bellow up and locked her in a closet and went into the village for the law. All the way in I kept hoping she'd get loose and make a break for it; there wasn't anyplace to go but the woods and she wouldn't have had much chance. I didn't want her to have much; I knew what was going on in her mind and I didn't like it.

We found the body in a shallow grave under the back porch and all but a thousand of the loot stashed away at the bottom of the wood box in the living room.

Clara didn't open her mouth until the D. A. offered her a deal, life for State's evidence and then she pushed it all on to Bellow. Maybe she told the truth. The whole thing (she said) was Bellow's idea. She got the job at Benton, Hurley and set about getting Carton interested in her. She'd nabbed him at the bowling alley, minus her office disguise, and from then on bowling was out for Carton. It took her four months to talk him into the theft. He agreed because she promised to go away with him. It took so long because she only had that one night a week to work on him but finally he agreed and took the dough home. She left her apartment at eight, drove to Pomona and went to a movie to kill time. She couldn't risk just driving around; she wanted to be far enough away so no one would know her. Also she established the fact that she was on her way to Arrowhead early by stopping for gas just outside of Pomona. At one-thirty she picked Carton up in front of his house. Bellow had gone on up to the cabin earlier. The idea was just to get the money and then blow, not to kill Carton. (That part of her story didn't go with anyone.) Bellow hit him too hard and they buried the body and hid the money.

LIFE GUARD
Irwin Caplan

"I'm drowning, I say!"

They planned to follow the same routine with me and afterwards they'd really have gone.

I didn't see her after the cops took her out of the cabin closet. I didn't have to appear at Bellow's trial and I didn't go. He got the death sentence. Clara will be out in about thirty years if she behaves herself.

When I got back to the main office I gave the Old Man a detailed account.

"Well," he said when I'd finished, "you were lucky. Why did you suspect her in the first place?"

"Like you said, I was lucky."

But what I didn't tell him and what I didn't tell anyone was that when I kissed Clara she kept her eyes open; and I look for the worst in any woman who does that. ⧺

Continued from page 39

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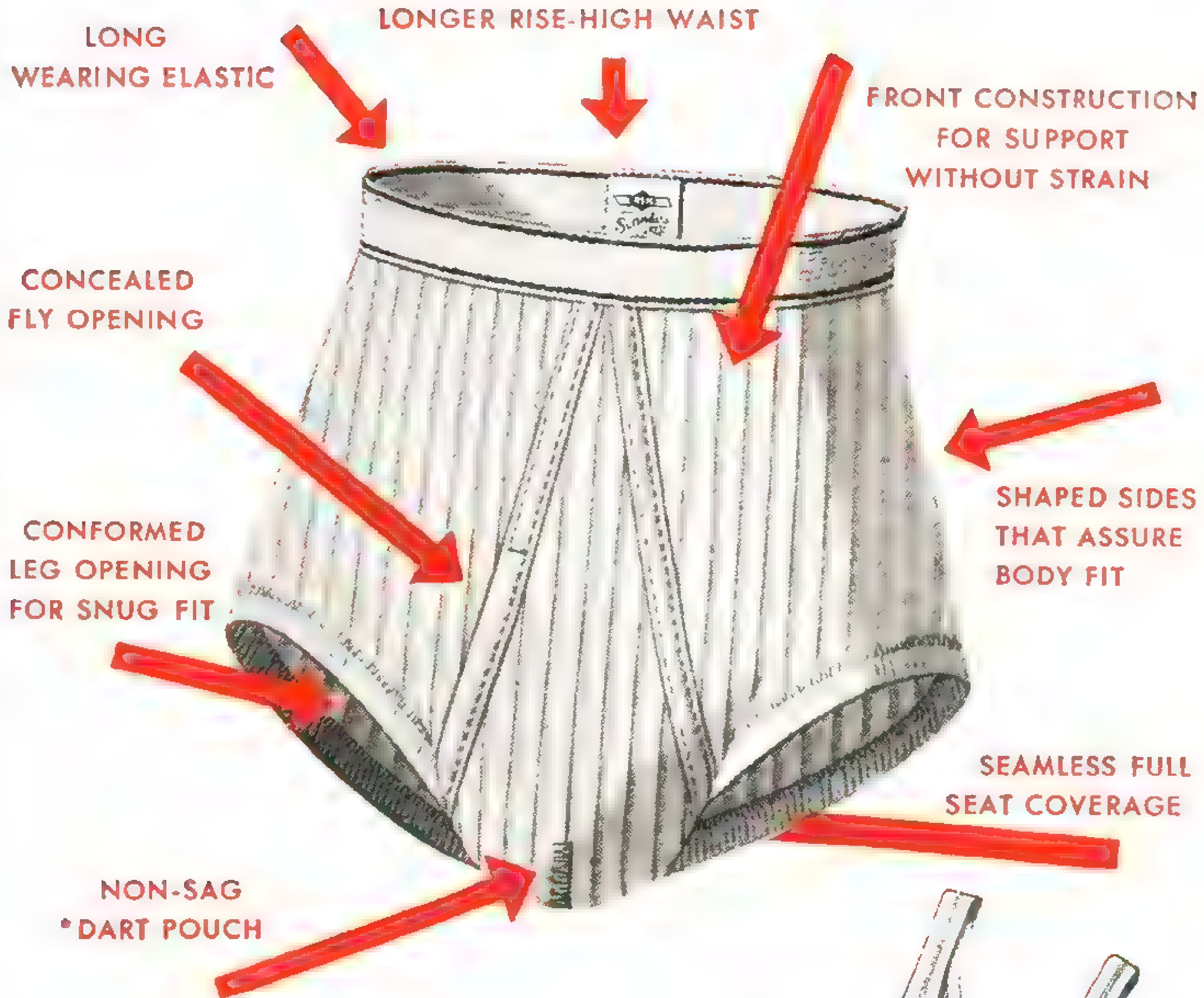
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Death Comes for the Pilot

Continued from page 44

was bad in Cincinnati. A heavy blanket of bad weather covered Southern Ohio and most of Kentucky that night. Nevertheless, the agent, remembering the urgency of Mr. Miller's appeal, put in a call to Bowman Field at Louisville, and asked Shannon if he would make the flight. Bud really knew that country. He had flown in and out of the airport at Logan several times. After checking the weather, Bud called the agent and said he would barnstorm into Logan."

"Do you permit such flying?" asked the Aeronautics Board official.

"Naturally I don't," Cartwright shot back. "But the agent had stated that it was an emergency. Shannon had one of our DC-3s which we used for cargo."

"It had been a surplus Army C-47, hadn't it?"

"Yes," Cartwright replied, "just a big cargo hold with wings and engines; two rows of bucket seats and little else, but there were attachments for a stretcher or else an ambulance bed . . ."

As Cartwright continued, Dr. Brown recalled, as he had a hundred times since that night, the fog that had bathed his face as he and the others waited for the sound of the plane.

Sarah Jane was lying on the cot which her father had loaded onto their farm truck.

At last the huge silver plane swooped out of the rolling fog and circled low over the trees to line up with the single sod runway of the little airport.

Dr. Brown remembered the moist cold fog that settled over the valley and closed in the little air field as Andy Miller and his friends loaded Sarah Jane's cot into the airplane.

Suddenly he heard a familiar name and looked up to see that Stevenson had called upon Harvey Sikes, the co-pilot who had refused to take off with Bud Shannon.

"But don't you know," Stevenson was demanding, "that a pilot is in absolute command?"

Sikes answered, "Sure, I know; but that's while the ship is in the air. We looked at the weather and saw that the ceiling had closed in to less than a hundred feet, so we decided to stay put."

"How long did you remain on the ground?" Stevenson asked.

"Not long—maybe ten minutes when Bud said he would take a chance on it."

"Did the ceiling lift?"

"No, it got steadily worse."

"Had you any idea what the weather was like at Cincinnati?"

"Sure, we had learned it was bad before we left Louisville."

"Then why did Shannon insist on taking off?"

"I don't know. I was trying to get Cincinnati on the telephone while Bud was getting the passenger loaded. When he came in he was acting strangely and told me to hang up. He said we would have to take off regardless what the weather was like. In fact, I think he was afraid we would be told to stay on the ground. Anyway, I told him he could go without me."

The doctor listened closely to the co-pilot's words and saw again the face of Waldo Shannon as he stepped up to see if the loading was correct. He had seen none of the looks that were cast at him as he had paused briefly to tuck the blanket of the cot and shape the words on his handsome mouth, "You'll be okay, kid. You're in Bud Shannon's storm chariot."

Then the pilot had called the doctor aside and asked him what the matter had been. There had been no other hint of emotion than the flexing of those muscles of the angular jaw as the explanation fell upon his ears.

The strident voice of the C.A.B. official jarred Dr. Brown into awareness of the progress of the hearing. Stevenson was quizzing the mechanic the doctor remembered having seen at the Logan airport.

"Are you certain that it was the right engine that was difficult to start?"

"Yes, sir; I know because I pulled the propellers through on that engine."

"Who handled the other one?"

"I did," Sikes answered.

"Did you notice any difficulty in starting the right engine?"

"Yeah, the right engine was balky and took about five minutes. Must have been a wet ignition harness."

"How did the left engine behave?"

"Perfectly," Sikes stated.

Turning to the N.C.A.L. executive again, Stevenson queried, "Mr. Cartwright, how long had you been operating that C-47?"

"It was the last one we purchased from the Army. We gave it an overhaul and put it into service the eighteenth of last month, so it was actually in operation less than a month."

"How many hours had your company logged on it before it crashed?"

"Precisely ninety hours. It was just about due for a hundred-hour overhaul."

"Have you no overhauls under a hundred hours?"

"Of course we do!" Cartwright snapped. "We follow C.A.B. regulations. We have a major overhaul every hundred hours, when we thoroughly check the engines for every possible flaw."

As though thinking aloud, Mr. Stevenson surmised, "Only ten hours between life and death."

But Dr. Brown remembered that the plane had gotten into the air without further trouble. Alone with the pain-racked girl, he had sat in the darkness on the edge of the cot, holding one of her hot little hands in his.

The memory came again of the

feelings he had experienced as the plane had bumped over the field with a directionless rumbling. As Shannon had tested and retested the engines, the fragile metal walls of the fuselage had been shaken as if a cyclone had swept upon them. But there had been no wind in the darkness outside; only the fog that had turned into light rain. The great propeller blades churned the rain to spray. Then, with a wave of his hand, Bud Shannon had taken off.

"Dr. Brown," Stevenson was saying, "did you notice any engine difficulty in the take-off?"

"Difficulty? No, I don't reckon there was any. Course, I wouldn't know 'bout those things."

"You knew when the right engine went out, didn't you?"

"It didn't go out."

"What?" Stevenson half rose from his chair.

"Nope. Shannon turned it off."

One of Stevenson's assistants reached out and tapped his chief on the arm. "That's right, Mr. Stevenson. We found that the right ignition and mixture control were in the off position."

There was a murmur of conjectures as Stevenson lighted a cigarette and picked up his assistant's report. In agitation he slapped the face of the printed page and turned to address the underling.

"You state here that the blades of the right propeller were not feathered. How do you account for that?"

The assistant shrugged and offered no reply. He had reported what he had seen of the wreckage and could not include in his report something he did not know. There could be no explanation for a pilot shutting off an engine that was dead, but at the same time allowing the propeller to windmill uselessly, creating a vibration and a dangerous drag on his speed.

Stevenson turned to another man, a radio operator, who had been in the radio range station at Cincinnati when Flight 490 had reported in.

"Mr. Bartrann, did the pilot of this airplane communicate his distress to you?"

"He did not," was the flat reply.

"He did contact you, did he not?"

"Yes, he reported his position at an altitude of five thousand feet, on instruments, out of Logan, and bound for Cincinnati."

"What was your reply?" Stevenson probed.

"I informed him that the field at Cincinnati was closed due to the fact that the ceiling was only four hundred feet."

"And then?"

"He replied that it was an emergency and requested permission to turn over to Cincinnati tower."

"Which he did," Stevenson concluded. "So that carries our case to within gliding distance of Cincinnati without any suggestion of difficulty. An excellent pilot flying a comparatively good airplane at a correct altitude on instruments, but in generally smooth air, gets to a point where he can begin his letdown. Now let's get to the bottom of this; what caused Flight 490 to crash? I see we have Mr. Thaddeus J. Morgan here. Mr. Morgan, you were in charge of the tower at Cincinnati on this particular night, were you not?"

"Yes, sir, I was," said Morgan, a lean, doleful-looking man.

"Mr. Morgan, can you clear up our mystery? What transpired when Pilot Shannon contacted you?"

"He had a strong tail wind and was right over the field when he called in. I advised him to go on to Dayton, but he said something about the field at Dayton being too far from a hospital."

"That's true," Stevenson agreed. "The airport there is twelve miles from the city. What happened next?"

"Shannon had passed the cone of silence and had gone over the field into an A zone. He called me and asked which leg of the beam he should work. I told him to let down on the NE leg of the Cincinnati range, cross the range station at 2000, and descend on the SW leg, reporting at every 500 feet."

"The wind was from the south?"

"That is correct, sir."

"Did he follow directions?"

"Yes, I believe he did. We heard him pass overhead. Apparently he misjudged the speed and angle of his glide to the field. Anyway, he was still in the overcast when he lost the beam the second time. When he called in I advised him again to go on to Dayton because existing weather conditions made another try at the landing dangerous. It was then that he complained of a rough engine and said that he was coming around for another try; this time coming in from the south. That was all."

"Thank you, Mr. Morgan." Stevenson paused to put out his cigarette. "So it was a rough engine. Presumably it was the right engine, since my assistant included in his report that the controls for the right engine were found in the off position. But it seems strange that Shannon should fail to feather the propeller blades of that engine. His wheels were down. Though he was twelve miles from the airport and in trouble when he crashed, he failed to raise them. Did Shannon know what he was doing? Does that sound like the pilot that has been described by Mr. Cartwright? Could it have been that someone else cut those controls? I ask these questions, gentlemen, in the interests of commercial aviation. I am ignorant of the entire tragedy and therefore I am asking your views. Now let me call upon Frank Boyd Humphries, metallurgist on our staff. Mr. Humphries, what were your findings?"

Mr. Humphries rustled his papers importantly and created a moment of suspense by producing from a large packing box by his chair a badly worn cylinder from an airplane engine.

"Mr. Stevenson, gentlemen,"

Continued on page 148

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Death Comes for the Pilot

Continued from page 147

Humphries began formally, "we have every reason to believe that the pilot of Flight 490 could easily fly his ship even though he had cut one engine. He had no load to speak of. There were only two passengers. However, the wreckage was found imbedded in five feet of mud along the south bank of the Ohio River. Evidently the plane had hit with one solid impact. The nature of the wreckage indicates that the plane crashed from a stall. Since Shannon was descending, he would hardly have had much need for two engines, so I suspected that he had lost not one, but both engines. Our examination of the wreckage has borne this out. This object I have just placed on the table is the No. 6 cylinder from the left engine. You can see for yourself that it is badly cracked. The crack was not caused by the crash, but is an old one. Examination of the right engine has revealed that, though the pilot had cut it, it was in good running order."

Humphries paused to let the horrifying fact impress itself upon the minds of his listeners.

Dr. Brown alone appeared unmoved. He was remembering the scene in the cockpit of the doomed plane. He remembered the pilot's face as he had stared at the instruments, each in its little pool of greenish light. He remembered the pilot's hand nervously throttling back as the vibration from the faulty engine shook the airplane. Clearly he remembered the pilot's voice and he heard the dead man say: "... we won't be too late ... just another minute or two ... that was the fan marker. We'll let down now—down to a thousand ... oh, oh, too fast ... go hold her hand, Doc ... too fast ... that goddam right engine, got to shut it off ..."

As death came for him through the little green pools, Shannon went to pieces. The little doctor had watched and wondered in silent fear, knowing that it would not be long, afraid that it would not be immediate.

Humphries, the metallurgist, was still talking. He was telling the others about the No. 6 cylinder of the left engine. It had been cracked; a large crack, with worn blackened edges.

So that was the villain of the drama, they all decided. All but the doctor. The others looked at the bulk of metal in silence. But Shannon, they agreed, would not have taken off with a cracked cylinder, if he had known about it. It must not have been apparent at the time of take-off and up to the moment of the crash. The pilot had shut off the wrong engine. Why?

Dr. Parks, consulting psychologist, was asked for his opinion. He gave a fine talk on the fragility of the human mind. But the talk did not contain what all the others were groping for. He described graphically how, in the range of human experience, the few situations that were equal, for sheer compressed nervous strain, to the act of piloting an airplane through the final approach to an airport concealed in a heavy overcast. For the pilot, Dr. Parks stated, responsibility of decision at such a juncture could reach the ultimate of loneliness. In many cases, he concluded, some relatively unimportant thing added to the load on a pilot's mind at such a period of trial could prove to be one straw too many.

"Steady does it, Miss Laverne!"

Dr. Parks sat down. Stevenson lighted another cigarette. The silence was charged with the question—*what was the straw that killed Bud Shannon?*

Stevenson's eyes roved around the room until they fell again on Dr. Brown. The two men looked at one another soberly. The government official studied the worn, wise features of the little country doctor who had been thrown miraculously clear of the wreckage of Flight 490.

"Dr. Brown," Stevenson asked, "as you were the last to see Waldo Shannon alive, would you care to add to testimony already given?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Were you able to see the ground at any time, Dr. Brown?"

"Only at the last. Just a quick glimpse," he answered softly.

"This cylinder Mr. Humphries has shown us could not have broken without a sudden acceleration. Did you notice any such action on the part of the pilot?"

"Yes, I did. When I went forward, Shannon was letting down. Then he changed his mind, said he was going to go on to Dayton, and opened the throttle to get more altitude."

"Why had you gone forward? Weren't you supposed to be with the patient?"

"Yes, I was—but—" the doctor faltered, "we were too late."

"You mean Sarah Jane Miller had died?"

Dr. Brown nodded.

"Did Bud Shannon know that?"

"Yes, he sensed it when I went forward. You see, he would have been the father of the child." ⧻

Continued from page 44

The Furnace Was Waiting

Continued from page 60

shrieked continuously, loudly and terrifyingly.

"Do something, one of you!" Owen yelled to the horror-stricken moulders in the bay. He caught Bill Taylor by the arm. "Phone the doctor! Hurry, for God's sake!"

Without further hesitation he threw a board over the space, tore off his jacket and darted forward. Throwing it around the tortured Ritchie's body, he grasped him in his arms and dragged him to safety.

Gently he laid him on the ground. The crowd of men, whispering and gesticulating, closed in around the prostrate figure.

"Give him air!" Owen snapped fiercely. He threw out his arms and braced his shoulders against the crowd. He glanced apprehensively around. "Where's Bill? Has the doctor come?"

"Make way there," someone shouted authoritatively. The crowd parted. The foundry's first-aid man, followed by two others carrying a stretcher, pushed his way to the front. From a small box he took out a bottle of greenish liquid, pads of cotton wool and rolls of bandage. He called the stretcher bearers to his side.

"Easy, now."

One of the men placed his hands under Ritchie's legs. A charred boot crumbled at his touch, pieces of brown, roasted flesh adhering to it. The man retched. His face turned a sickly green. His hands slipped down Ritchie's trousers and came in contact with the raw, shining heel bone.

Ritchie whimpered with pain. His fingers clawed wildly at Owen's shoulders. The skin of his closed eyelids was blistered, the eyelashes singed. His face, a dirty yellow, drawn and haggard, glistened with cold sweat. Now and again he shivered convulsively.

Owen tenderly raised his injured friend to a sitting position.

"Ritchie . . . Ritchie bach*," he choked. He looked into the first-aid's man's face.

"It's too late, too late," he sobbed. "Nothing can be done."

Ritchie stared at him vacantly. His fingers and lips moved. He coughed weakly.

"A fag," he whispered. "A . . . fag."

A cigarette was placed between his lips; it fell from his mouth and rolled to the ground.

Owen pillowed Ritchie's head on his knees and stared wild-eyed at the gaping crowd.

"He's dead! Dead—d'you hear me?" he shouted hysterically. "Ritchie's dead . . . murdered by a butcher of a foreman . . . D'you hear me, fellers? My pal Ritchie's been murdered!"

One of the men stooped down and patted Owen's hand.

"Calm down, Owen. You don't realize what you're saying," he whispered nervously. "It was an accident, as you can see. All the men here can testify that it couldn't be helped, and . . ."

Owen rose slowly to his feet. His teeth were clenched. His eyes burned. He grasped the speaker by the shoulder and shook him fiercely.

"Accident!" he shouted. "Accident!"

The man spluttered. "Such things happen, don't they?" He pulled away, his eyes full of fear.

Presently Squint shouldered his way into the ring. "Get that box out into the scrap yard," he ordered. "Smash the damn thing!"

"Oh, no you don't." Owen swung round to face the foreman. "There's a hell of a lot of questions to be asked before this affair is cleared. And that box will answer all of them."

Squint pretended not to have heard.

"How—how's Ritchie?" he asked.

"He's dead!" The words were cold and harsh.

The foreman paled. "Dead? But I—I thought he was saved?"

"Saved?" Owen mocked. "Saved?" He stepped up to the foreman, his fists clenching and unclenching. "You bloody murderer!" he raged. "You killed him!"

Squint edged back. "Keep him

Continued on page 150

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*Little (term of endearment in Wales)

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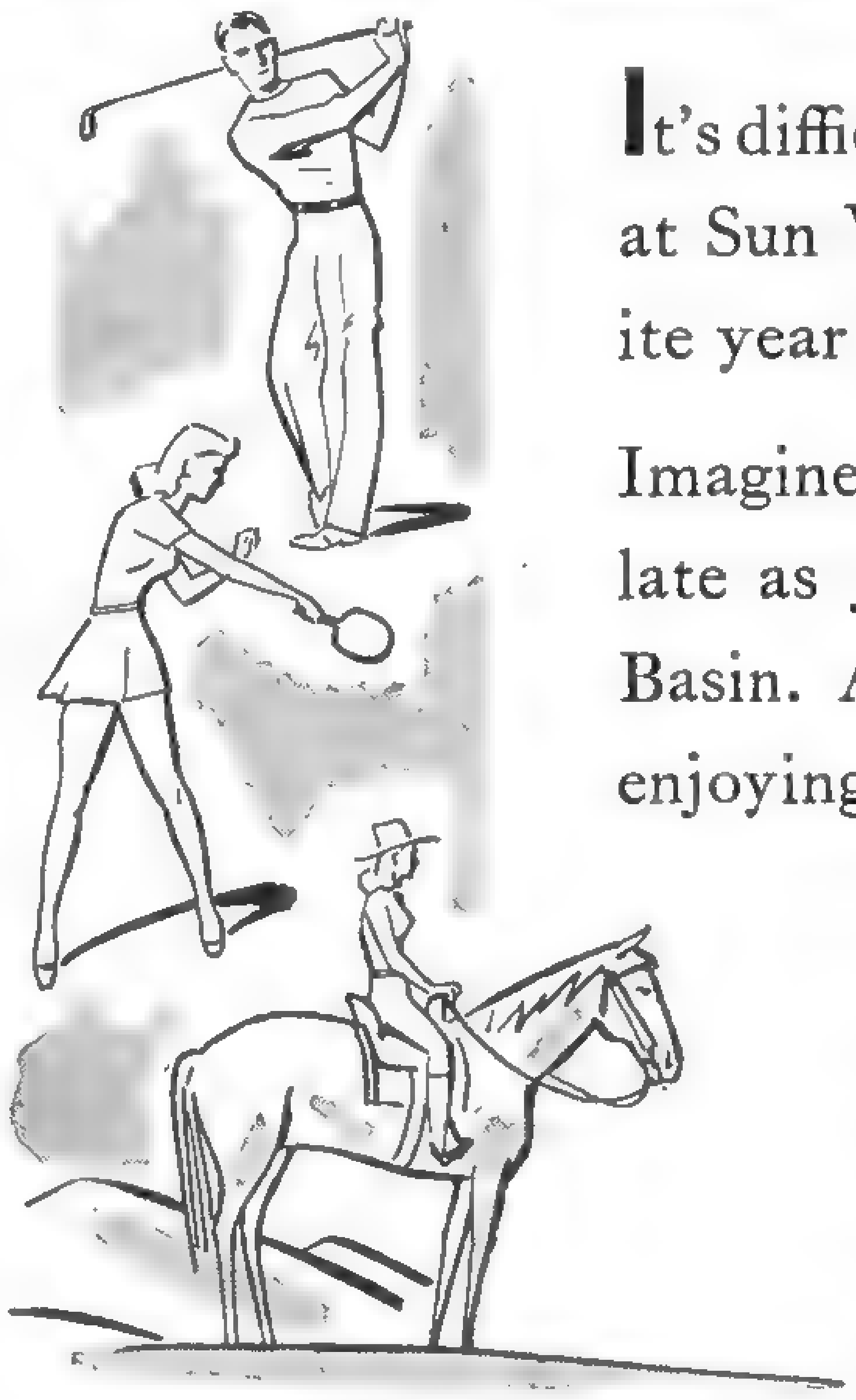

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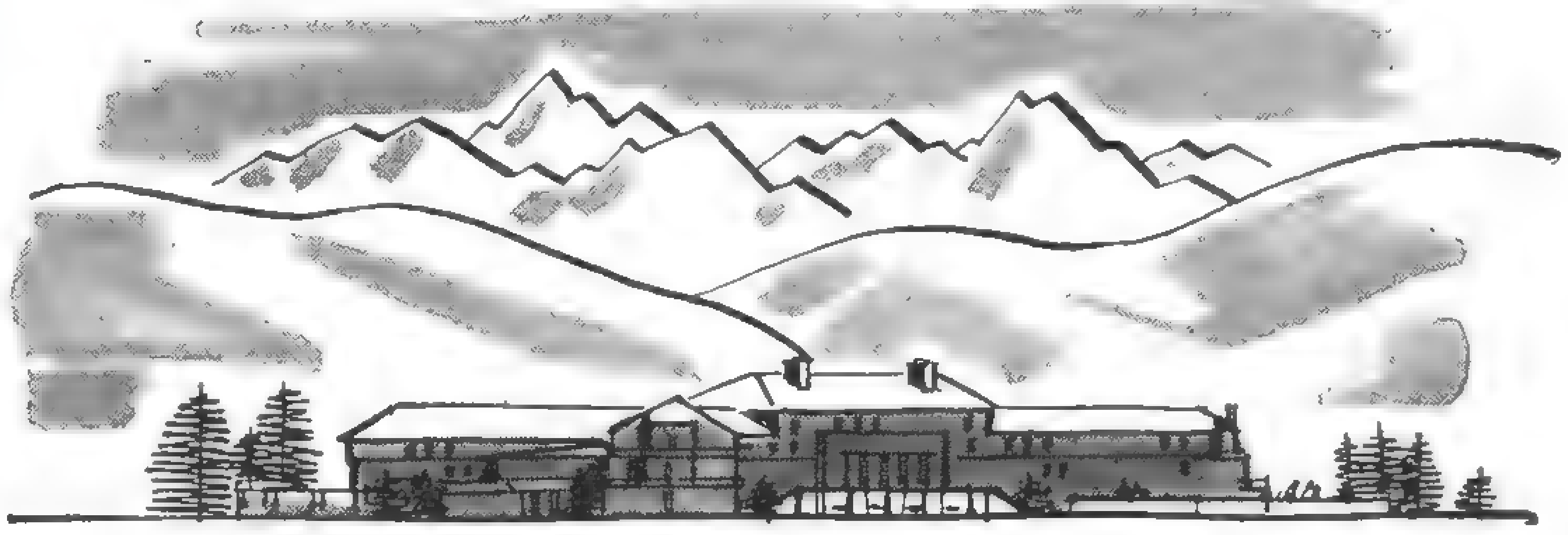

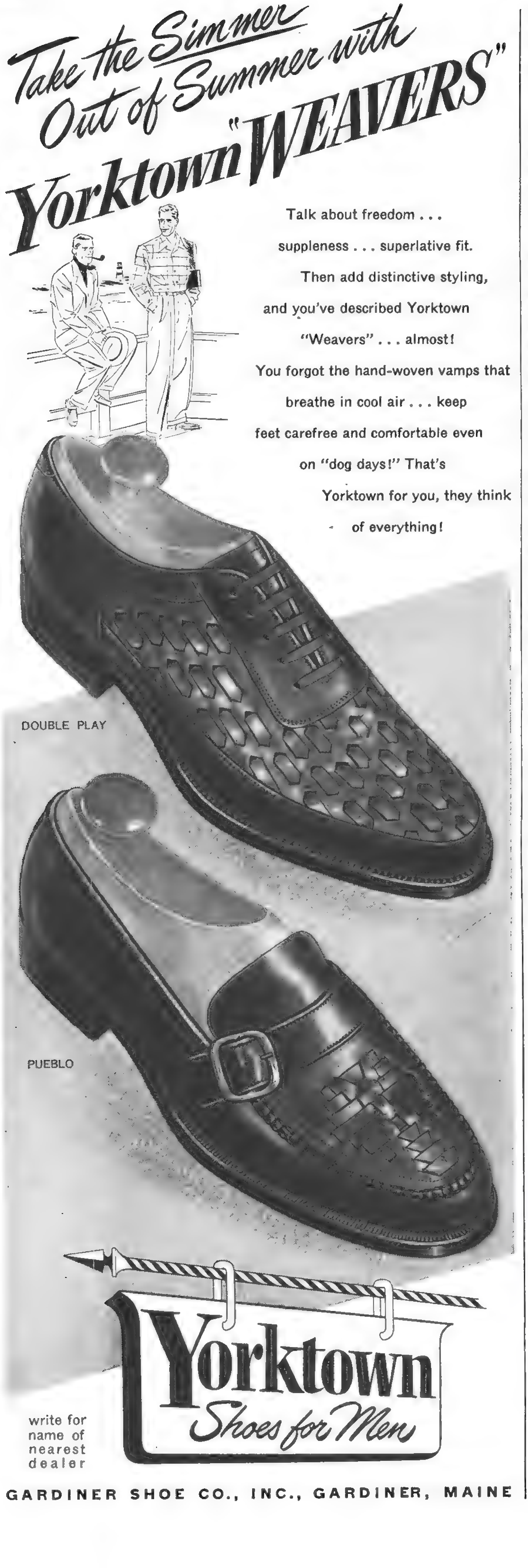
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The Furnace Was Waiting

Continued from page 149

away," he appealed to the men. "He's out of his mind."

Owen leapt forward and clutched him by the throat. "I'll strangle you . . . you sod!" he hissed between his bared teeth. He glared at the men. "You saw what happened? You heard me warn him, didn't you?"

No one answered.

"God! Isn't there a man amongst you? Are you going to stand by and see your mate murdered without a word in protest?"

Bill Taylor dashed into the casting bay. "The—the doctor . . . he'll be here any minute . . ." He paused. "Owen, for God's sake, man—what are you doing?"

He threw himself at Owen and caught him round the waist. "Let him go, man alive . . . Let him go! D'you want to kill him?"

Two of the moulders sensed the danger. They tore Owen's hands away from the foreman's throat.

"Good God, man . . . What's come over you?" Bill Taylor panted. Owen pointed to the body of his friend.

"Ritchie's a goner," he said slowly. "And that sod's responsible." He stared accusingly at the foreman.

Squint shuffled backwards into the safety of the crowd. "Be—be careful what you say," he stammered. He beckoned to the craneman.

"Dai! Lower the chain," he called urgently. Then to Bill Taylor he shouted desperately: "Take that box out to the yard, Bill. Break it up. We don't want no more trouble here after this accident."

The crane rumbled forward. The chain was lowered and Bill Taylor and another moulder prepared to hitch the box.

"Just a minute, there!" Owen jumped to the box. He stood poised in front of it, his fists clenched. "Take the crane away!" he shouted over his shoulder without glancing at the craneman.

"But, Owen," Bill Taylor protested.

"You'll not touch this box." Owen's face was grim. His eyes flashed and the knuckles of his hands showed white beneath the grime.

"Stand back!" he cried sullenly. "My pal's been murdered. This box is the only evidence we have, and I'll see that a full report is made to doctor and police."

Squint trembled like a man afflicted with the ague.

"The police!" he gasped involuntarily. "Good God!"

He made an effort to regain his authority. "You heard me, Bill Taylor!" he cried. "Get that box out."

Bill looked at Owen. One of the moulders stepped up to him. "I'll give you a hand, Bill."

"Stand back!" Owen grabbed a heavy steel cramp and raised it shoulder high. "I'll brain the first man that lays a hand on this box!"

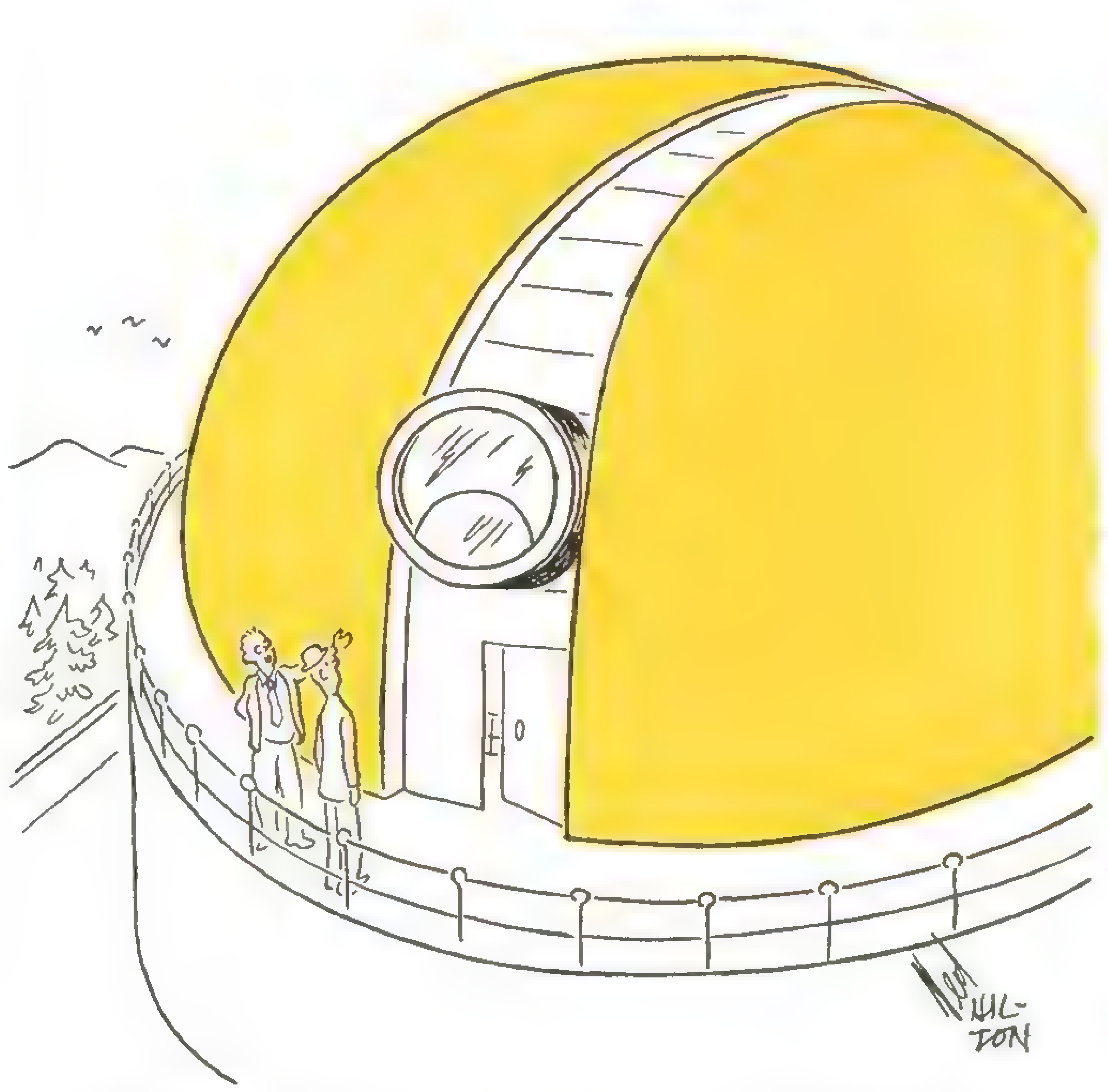
The men glanced nervously at one another. Squint, desperate with fear, broke through to the front once more.

"Owen, for Christ's sake, be reasonable, man," he pleaded. "Think what this'll mean to me . . . My job . . . My livelihood. Christ, man—let's forget what I've said to you. Forget what I've said to Ritchie . . . I'll do anything . . . to compensate him".

His words were unheeded. Owen stood guard between the smouldering box and the dead body of his friend. The men stood by as if transfixed.

And at that moment the doctor came. ⵌ

Continued from page 60



"The bifocal on the telescope enables us to study the planets more closely"

And Now Once Again

Continued from page 55

house jacket, donned his coat silently, automatically. Walking to the door he paused and turned toward his wife.

"You're sure you mean this?" he asked. "You're not just . . . well, jealous. That is . . . possessive?"

"I never meant anything more in my life," she replied. "I'm not jealous, not in the way you think. I'm just lonesome. Unhappy. I've been lonesome and unhappy for quite a long time. In fact I'm glad that this has finally happened."

"All right," said Mr. Borthridge. "I'll think it out. You think it out too. It isn't simple but it could be done."

He opened the apartment door, walked down the hall to the elevator and pressed the buzzer. When the car arrived he stepped into it, nodding, from habit, to Joe the operator. On the way down he abstractedly studied the back of Joe's neck with its hairline touching his soiled coat collar. In the lobby he vacantly saw Miss Fairchild at the switchboard and then suddenly he was out the door and on the sidewalk, walking briskly.

How do you start all over? From back when you courted and kissed and quarreled? What attracted you then? Not just a pretty face and lips you ached to kiss. Or a body you wanted to hold. There were other pretty faces and shapely bodies.

Pure chance, this meeting one woman instead of another. It might have been Midge instead of Alice. Or someone else you haven't even seen. Why that certain one to share your life? Alice. The first time you had dinner with her. You explained the correct wine with different courses. And she listened so raptly, her eyes saying you were so important. You went driving and she marveled at your expert handling of the car. The little tavern with the rustic bar in the basement, a fireplace blazing. You sat at a corner table, watching the people. Tumbling snatches of their conversation. Other young couples. The distinguished old gentleman and his wife. They grew old gracefully you agreed. That was the way to grow old together. That, you told yourselves, was the way you would do it. The fire was warm and you grew warm with laughter and repartee and the others about you seemed interesting and gay. All nice people. The world was filled with people who were nice. And the future was filled with brightness and adventure.

You had no more quarrels than other young people in love. They were trivial anyway and you knew they weren't for keeps. Sometimes you even instigated them and knew that she did too. The forgiving and forgetting that followed them was worth the torment and apprehension while you were apart. Except that time you told her solemnly it was all over. That was the time you decided she was too selfish to live with forever and ever. Because she had objected, vehemently, to your generosity with your friends. And you told yourself it was because she wanted everything for herself. You debated a long time about that and you were sure you were right when you told her in cold logical sentences that you just weren't meant for each other. Later in your tiny apartment you couldn't sleep and you kept reviewing what you had said, word for word. You had expected her to cry, but she just looked at you and listened and kissed you good night.

In the cheerless days that followed you answered each telephone call with tense expectancy but it was never she. Then she sent the birthday card. You had to blink your eyes to read the special lines she had written on it. You telephoned her then and told her you wanted to talk to her. On the way to her apartment you recited the demands you would make, but when you faced each other in that quivering moment you simply held out your arms to her and she came into them.

You were married and at first it seemed all that you could hope for. The first apartment. The furniture you couldn't afford. Friends came and in admiration you watched Alice skillfully guide the conversation. The warm laughter. The friendliness. Those evenings and the days that followed were filled with contentment.

Then it started to change, slowly, insidiously, at first. Differences. Complaints. It wasn't the one but the many that finally numbed you into steeling yourself against any. Then the cold, strained politeness grew.

Perhaps Alice is right about the cause. Partly right, anyway. Perhaps now that you know . . .

"Jerry Borthridge!" The voice shattered his thoughts. He looked up to find himself on a pathway of Cortland Park. In front of him stood Midge Christian. Before he could speak she laughed softly.

"I've read about a blue haze of concentration, but until now I'd never seen one."

"And never hope to be'n one," said Mr. Borthridge with a wry grin.

"And what, may I ask, protruding my nose, is the reason for this heads-down concentration?"

"You, indirectly," said Mr. Borthridge. "Mrs. Borthridge finally saw us. At the Colony today."

"Oh! And?"

"Well, it worked. More than I dared hope for."

Midge smiled. "If you'll pardon my cliché showing . . . I told you so!" she said. "Any woman will fight for whatever some other

Continued on page 152

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And Now Once Again

Continued from page 151

woman wants too. Particularly a man. And more particularly a husband."

"And if she later discovers that the other woman didn't really want him?"

"In this instance she won't from me," replied Midge. "Besides, it isn't the possessive urge that counts. It's the revaluation of what she almost lost. Of course, *you* have to take it from here. It's up to you . . . and her."

"That's right," said Mr. Borthridge. He hesitated, then continued, "You know how much I appreciate your help, Midge. If there's any way I can repay you . . ."

"Let's not spoil it, Jerry. You know there isn't any payment involved. It was . . . well, interesting and exciting . . . for me." She held out her hand and, with a warm smile, said, "Good-by . . . and I wish you smooth sailing."

"Good-by," said Mr. Borthridge. He gave her hand a quick pressure, then turned abruptly and started walking rapidly toward his home.

A revaluation of what you might have lost, Midge had said. Maybe that was the solution. Recognition of the other's virtues. Patience with her faults. Consideration of her viewpoint. Understanding. The little things you gave the other for no reason except that you loved her.

He turned into a flower shop and asked for a single gardenia. "Just one?" asked the clerk.

"Just one," he answered, "with a little maidenhair and a lot of ribbon."

That was what she had worn at the wedding. And every anniversary, until the last, you had brought her one. And drunk a toast in the two champagne glasses you had used on that first night. You could get those two glasses. You could chill a bottle of champagne, tonight. And drink your toast. You could plan a trip together. You could find that tavern with the rustic bar.

"You're all ready, sir," said the clerk, holding out a cellophane package.

Mr. Borthridge took the flower, paid for it, walked from the shop and headed for his apartment. His eyes were eager and his steps hurried. ⧺

Continued from page 55

Theme with Variations

Continued from page 37

used to bend over to them and add a raucous "Haaah?" Callie wasn't hyperthyroid, but she had that tanned peaches-and-cream skin that thyroid cases seem to have. She was tall and slim and wore black suits; when you saw her, you said hot damn. "I can't tell you I love you more than anything else," he had told Callie, "because I don't love anything else. I love only you. Darling—you're everything I've ever wanted. Everything."

Dorothy Parker once wrote a poem that ended, "Lady, make a note of this—one of you is lying."

The kid shoved herself a little away from him, in the chair, and propped up on an elbow. "I'm not criticizing that baby-doll torch singer," she said. "I was just commenting."

"All right," he said.

"You've got the hots for her, haven't you?"

"I've got the *what?*"

"Oh, damn. My mother told me never to say that, and I try very hard. I learned it at college."

"God, how obscene. What does it mean?"

"Oh, *you* know. Isn't this the same girl you always say can put her shoes under your bed any time?"

"That ain't no bad life," he said.

"You're a dirty, lecherous old man," she said.

Her laugh reminded him of Joan. Boy, even if you just looked at it objectively, Joan was something. She wore wide leather belts, brass-studded, and she was studying at the Art Students' League and she couldn't stand the line in *Thanks for the Memory* that went, "You might have been a headache, but you never were a bore." She had shiny blonde hair and her seams *always* were straight. That was just before the war and he was right in the first year or two after thirty and he still laughed an awful lot. Somewhere in there it caught up with you—it being age, probably, or maybe partly the war—and you stopped laughing and became, as they say in books, mature. That all happened in the years with Joan. She had gone back to St. Louis. Postcards from California, now, or Christmas greetings, or someone sitting in the cocktail lounge at the Roosevelt, all green carpet and Venetian blinds, saying, "I was through St. Loo last month. The kid looks fine."

So there was Madeline and Joan and Callie. Well, he was 38, and no ascetic. Looking out the window, he saw that only one or two skaters were left. It began to snow; big, thick flakes, the kind that don't last. Skaters in the park, snow falling outside the open window . . . all that it needed was a log fire and a couple of candles burning tall and silently.

"And a copy of *The Snow Goose,*" he said, half-aloud. She said, "Huh?" very unladylike.

"I used to accomplish my best seductions with a jug of wine and a copy of *The Snow Goose,*" he added. "They would lie on one sofa on one side of the room, and—"

"*She* would lie. Or did you go

in for multiple rape?"

"All right, she would lie. I would come to the last page, the part about 'Only the frightless gulls wheeled,' and I would close the book softly, look at them—"

"*Her.*"

"—and then cross from my sofa to theirs tenderly, and seduce them."

She was pretty much awake now. She looked up at him from the corner of his arm, her brow knit half-seriously. "I bet you *did*," she said. "*Did* you?" He grinned and kissed her on the ear. "Maybe," he said. "Honest to God, I don't remember. That was a long time ago. You know what that snow reminds me of, it's so theatrical? It gets me to remembering when I wrote publicity for John Sylvester. Do you know who John Sylvester is?"

"I'm a very old 22," she said. "How did you like Sylvester?"

"I never saw him. I was only a third assistant press agent. I thought I was going to shoot my life away turning out releases about 'a new comedy by John Sylvester.' The heroines always needed to be psyched."

"Just who were you reading purple prose to at that time?"

"*To whom.* And according to the rules, I am not to tell you. Remember, my past is 'one with the long-dead ages, gone though we seek it forever'?"

"All right," she said. "I'm sorry. Tell me, though, wherever did you get all those moldy quotations."

"That was an anonymous poem in *College Humor*. I thought it was very beautiful, you little tramp."

"Oh, you kid."

He jiggled the last little pieces of ice around the highball glass. Pauline used to come up to his little office, his broom closet in the Sylvester suite atop the Euphorion Theatre, and make faces at him through the dirty window glass, and if he hadn't lost all his money in the Tuesday poker game they would eat in Sardi's. Until it got sidetracked somewhere, it was one of those both-of-us-up-the-ladder-together things. "It's a dirty business," Polly would say, "but I do want to get somewhere. I think I'll shack up with producers." They wouldn't ask you, he would say, you're not that terrific. There were days of standing in the wings, looking at third acts, and meeting Polly's chorus-girl friends with their make-up dirty brown and greasy, and sitting in Bergen's, drinking beer. Polly was in Hollywood now. She had made two B movies, when this Sy Valentine, the director, had made a very large pitch for her, and they had been married. "Listen," Polly had said one night, before all that, "I don't want this to make you think or worry, or anything, but I couldn't ever go for anyone else, ever. You know that, don't you?"

There was one lamp lighted. The kid reached around and turned it off. "Golly, I love you," she said. "It makes me feel all funny to say it. But I do."

"I'm glad," he said. "Because that makes two of us."

"It *could* work out, couldn't it?" she asked.

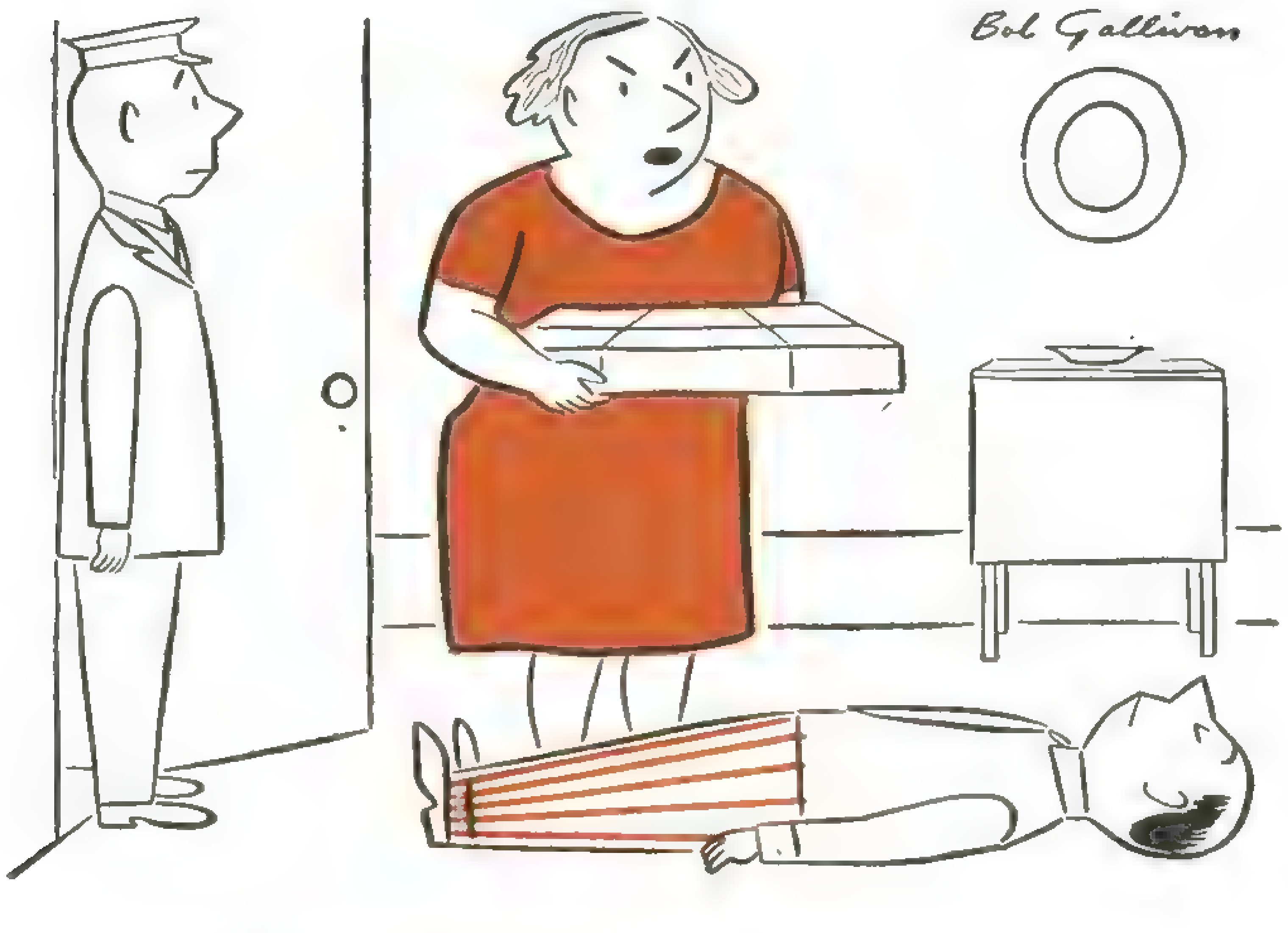
"It has an awfully good chance, kid. Good night, I've never been mixed up in anything like this. Never, ever."

"Call me baby doll. Come on, humor me."

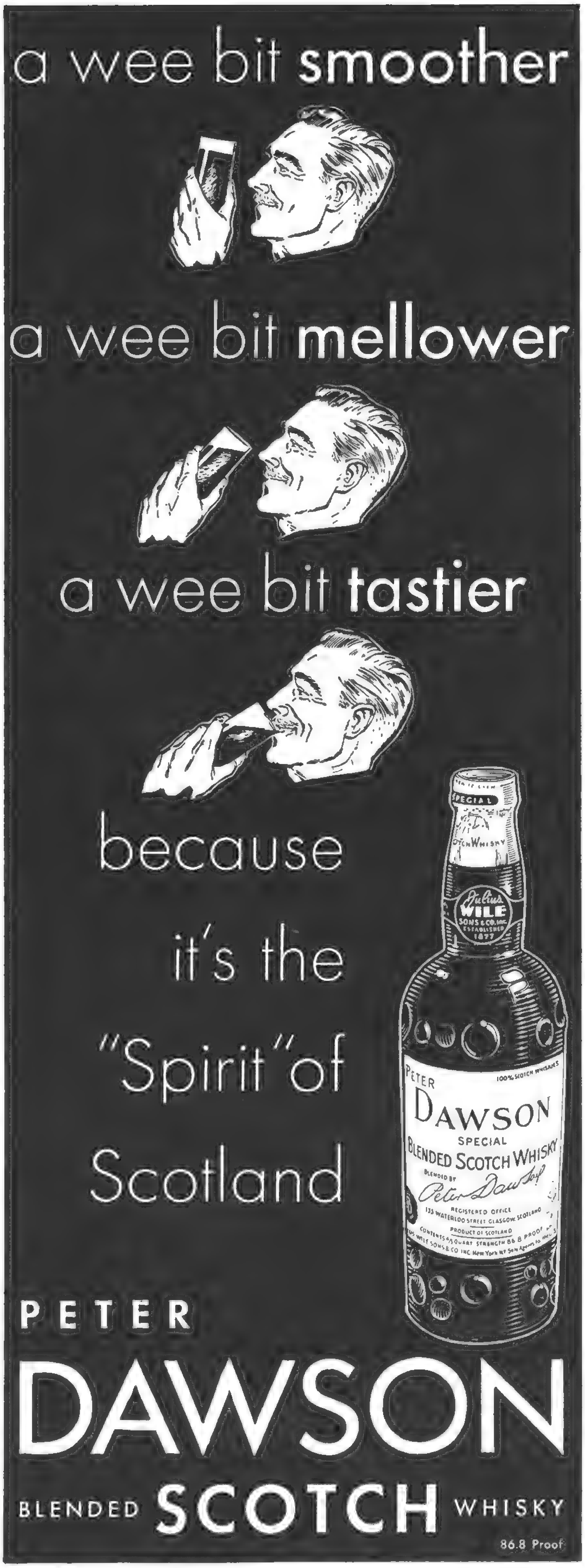
"Baby doll. *Dearest* baby doll."

Then there was the one moment, the single hesitant time, when he looked at her and felt as if he shouldn't. He remembered an old Norman Rockwell cover from *The Saturday Evening Post*; a young blonde girl in green chiffon, fifteen, maybe sixteen, writing in her diary about her first dance. Rockwell was no Renoir or Vermeer, but he had painted the look in the young blonde girl just right—breathless, wonderful. The abandon with which women give themselves to first love is a frightening thing; soft and full, but with an emotional violence in their eyes alone that can hold you tight. He had seen it before and now he was seeing it again, and for the moment, for the one hesitant time, he felt like saying ah, the hell with it.

"Sit there," he said to her. "I want to make sure that the door is locked." #



"Well, don't lie there! Give the man $385.65!"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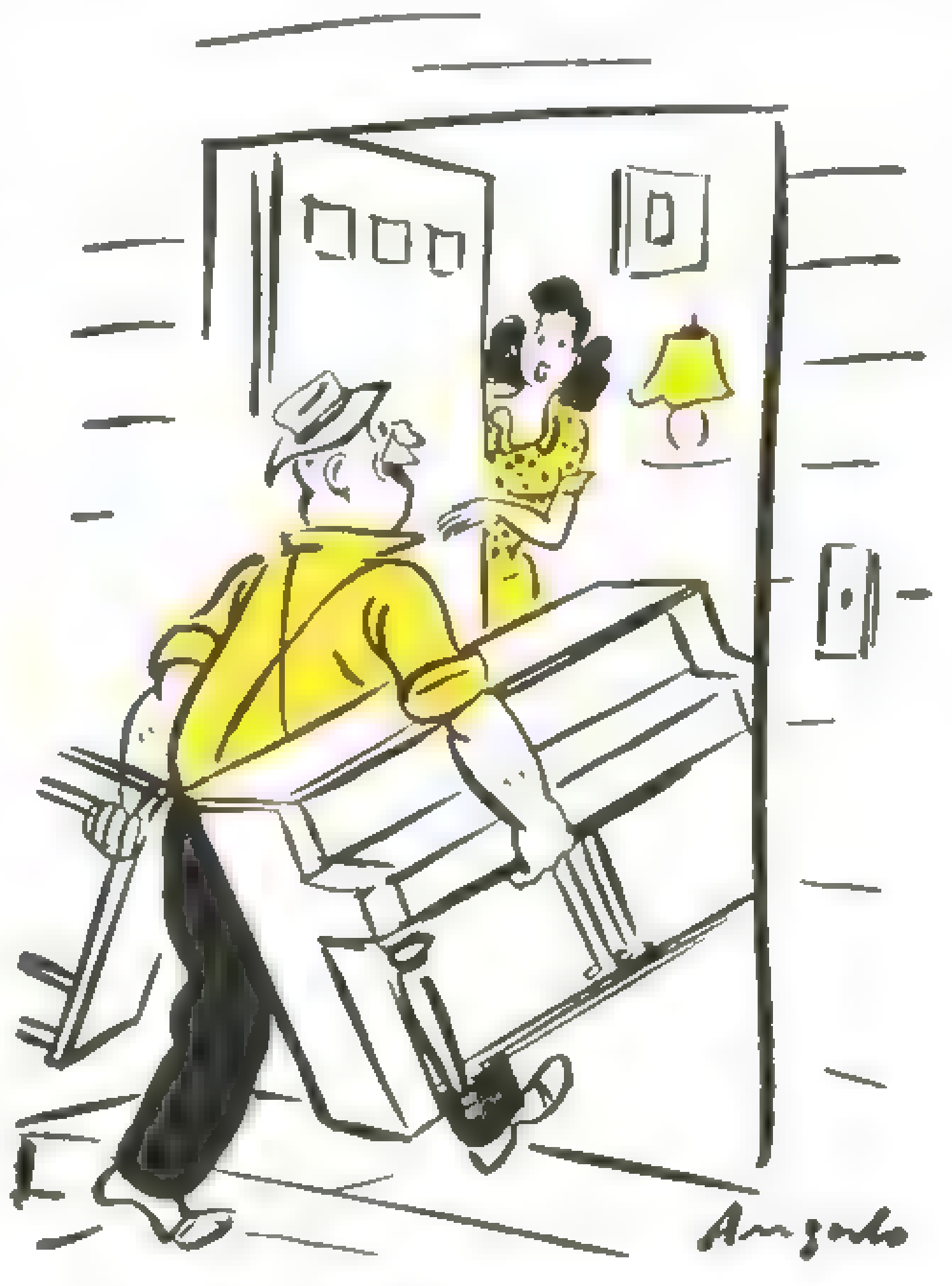
My Dog Is Delinquent

Continued from page 83

shot our limit in thirty minutes. Each time a bird fell Peg ceased searching and fetched game.

We returned to the farmhouse. The other hunters were impressed and expressed a desire to use the dog. Peg sprawled in the dust and when they motioned for her to come she closed her eyes. Nothing could move her. She was weary. She slept.

There are some people who think the soul of someone great inhabits Peg's undignified body. They really do.



"Lady—piano moving has changed a lot"

Peg's most bitter critic is my father. Differences between the two occur often. The major crisis occurred when the three of us were on a hunting jaunt. Two charges of shot rent the air and a large, green-topped mallard tumbled into the wide stream, lodging against the end of a log in the center of the current. The current was swift and the log, although it extended from shore to the middle of the stream, was too unsteady to support the weight of a man. My father seized the dog to prevent her from retrieving the duck.

"If she tries to get that one she'll get tired of fighting the current and sink," he remarked.

She would. Peg is peculiarly degenerate in that when she tires she halts exertion then and there.

We flipped a coin to see who was to do the fetching and my father lost. While I held the dog, he waded. The stream was icy cold and the water churned and whipped around his belt and he fought for his balance. When Dad was about ten feet from the duck the dog broke loose from my grasp and hurled herself into the water. Like a trout she swam. Her course and the current almost carried her past the duck, but she snatched it on the way by. My father was so near the duck that the dog's bulk filled the gap between his hand and the end of the log.

With an air of victory Peg brought the mallard to me. While the old man was preoccupied with anger the water swept him off his feet and pounded him into the jutting log. When he reached shore, Peg and I were miles away.

I forgive Peg for all her faults but one. She does not appreciate quail hunts. Peg will drive the small birds from cover and retrieve them when a kill is made, if the hunter will plead, appeal to her sense of sport, flatter her, and promise impossible rewards.

Once I found her behind a haystack slyly playing with a dead quail. Repeatedly she took the bird gently in her teeth and pitched it into the air. As it floated in an arc, and then fell to the ground with a miniature thud, she regarded it studiously. Obviously she was attempting to measure its weight. She gave me the bird, but I waited until she was ready to do so. Peg held that it was a long way to go for such a morsel of food. I know, because I saw her look of contempt as I slipped the bird into my pocket.

Peg's walk from the car to the house after a hunt is a heart-wrenching sight. She walks slowly, each step practically a stumble. "I'm through," her manner suggests. "I have gone too far already."

She crosses the lawn like a tear coursing down a child's cheek. Once across our threshold her four legs give way. Death comes and taps her on the shoulder, but she is too worn out to enter the Valley.

Peg was taught one thing which she remembers. Pheasant feathers and barbed wire were fastened to a stick of wood. Sharp nails were driven through the wood from both sides. Peg retrieved this stick when it was thrown. In this way she learned never to break the skins of the birds. Birds with broken skins are messy to pluck. Peg never forgot. Work, whether she has to do it or not, she hates.

At one time in her life Peg could heel, fall to the ground at command, charge through the brush, move from side to side ahead of the hunter at a wave of his hand, and do many other wonderful things. But during the war she became a cynic. Commands paled into insignificance and she enjoyed the freedom of anarchy. I don't believe that she will ever change.

Sometimes I have attempted to revive the old patterns. Peg can sleep through the most solemn remarks supporting ambition. When she lost her pride we stopped her training. Now we do things her way. In her defense, may I point out she is not a failure. She didn't try.

Her attitude toward work is something for the world to envy. Peg's performance in the field is efficiency stripped of useless enthusiasm. She preserves her own life and she knows it.

As I finished this I looked down at the golden lump on the floor and said, "Peg, this is about you."

Her tail twitched slightly. She smiled in that irresistible way dogs have. She opened *both* eyes.

She opened both eyes, because she never thought to open just one. ⌗

Dr. Clodhopper's Footsies

It was inevitable that blood would be shed over the shoeless symphony

by MARTIN GARDNER

I WAS walking along theMidway one spring afternoon—on my way to Harper Library, at the University of Chicago—when Alberta came pedaling toward me on her bicycle. Al was a graduate student in the art department. She wheeled over to the curb and stood with her legs straddling the bar. It was a boy's bicycle.

"Oh! You haven't seen my new apartment yet!" she said excitedly. "It's only a few blocks from here. Hop on."

I thought it over for a moment. "I'm a lot older than you are," I said, "and it would look funny. Let me drive."

"Okay," she said.

She had a small room and kitchenette in the basement of a building on Dorchester. The bed was a large mattress on the floor, covered with a bright purple spread so you could use it for a sofa. We sat on the edge of the bed and fired a couple of cigarettes.

"Still spending Saturdays at the Bauhaus?" I said. The Bauhaus was an *avante garde* art school in the Tower Town area. Among other things they experimented with "tactile sculpture" designed to be felt by the hands rather than looked at.

She shook her head so hard that her braids whirled around horizontally. "The Bauhaus is too conservative. I've been working at the Clodhopper Institute across the street."

"Good God!" I said, "what's the Clodhopper Institute?"

Alberta looked at me in astonishment. "Haven't you heard of Dr. Hans Clodhopper?" she exclaimed.

From a closet she produced a curious-shaped hunk of wood, put it on the floor, removed her moccasins and ankle socks. Then she pulled over a chair, sat opposite me, and placed both feet on top of the object, sliding them about over the polished floor.

"It's the most wonderful feeling in the world," she giggled.

Clodhopper, she explained, had conceived the new foot art at the old German Bauhaus in Weimar. He had remained in Europe until shortly before the war, she said, then he had come to this country and begun to experiment with different types of surfaces.

This wooden object, she added, was called a "footsie."

Fortunately I'd bathed that morning and my feet were reasonably clean. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and Alberta removed her legs from the footsie so I could play with it.

I slid my feet over it, wriggling my toes into the crevices. It felt pleasant enough—but nothing to get worked up about. I took away my feet and grinned.

"I'd like to see this Clodhopper school. Do they object to visitors?"

"Hell, no. Hoppy would be tickled pink. Right now we're working on a new exhibit. Why not drop over Saturday?"

We talked a while longer about the new foot art, then I put on my shoes and socks and left.

On Saturday I picked her up at two o'clock and we rode north to Tower Town in a taxi.

The Institute was in an old garage, converted into a series of studios. A long hallway divided the building into east and west sections. Alberta led me through the first door on the west side.

The scene we came upon was startling. A priest, wearing richly embroidered robes, was standing under a flood of photographer's lights. He was swinging a large jeweled censer, which made pleasant clinking sounds. A young man in a turtle-neck sweater was taking motion pictures of the censer as it swung back and forth.

We were in the room where "natural motions" were recorded on film, Alberta explained. The motions were later studied and used in the construction of "mobiles." She pointed to several students working on intricate devices made of wire, metal, and transparent plastic. Each device was a piece of abstract sculpture geared to a motor so that parts could be kept in constant movement. The priest, who was Greek Orthodox, she said, had kindly volunteered his services.

In a corner of the room a young girl was filming the motion of a green bottle of ale bobbing in a tank of water. Another girl stirred the water with her hand to create waves. As we walked by she took her hand out of the tank and gaily flicked some drops in my face.

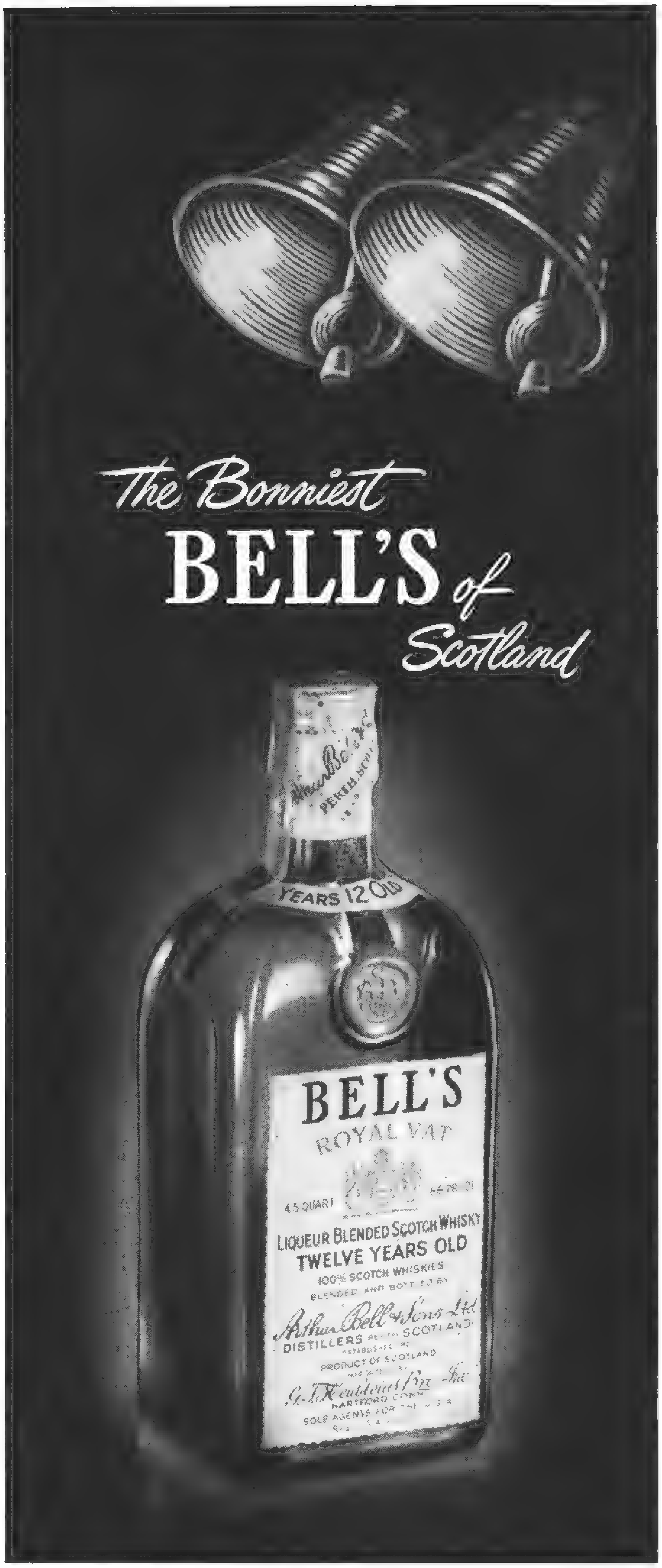
In the next room, a stocky chap with a crew haircut was tinkering with some complex machinery attached to the back of an oil painting. He explained its operations—one of his own inventions. The painting was a seascape. When you pushed a button on the frame, the machine in back threw a fine spray of salt water into the air and recited John Masefield's poem, *Sea Fever*, against a soft musical background.

"It combines painting, poetry, music, and odors," he said.

"If there was a moving platform to stand on," I said, "you could get seasick while you looked at it."

When we left the room the recording had stuck and was repeat-

Continued on page 156



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Dr. Clodhopper's Footsies

Continued from page 155

ing, "blown spume, blown spume, blown spume . . ."

As we entered the last workshop a door in back, with "director's office" on it, opened and a tall, clumsy character with thick-lensed glasses and enormous feet emerged. As he plodded by, Alberta grabbed his coat, pulling him to a halt.

"Hoppy," she said, "meet a friend of mine—Mr. Featherstone. He's a writer."

The director jerked his head toward me. "Glad to meet you, Featherstone," he growled in a thick Teutonic accent. "Sorry I'm in such a hurry. Talk to you later." He turned and continued through the room. His trousers were short and you could see several inches of red and green checked socks.

"He must be in one of his bad moods," Alberta said. We turned and strolled back through the rooms we'd just been through. "I want to show you our foot symphony," she said. "Johnny's probably working on it now. It's the biggest thing in the show."

"Who's Johnny?" I asked, winking at the girl by the water tank as we went by.

"He's our lefty," she said, "one of the old-fashioned kind. He's always trying to get social content into his art and Hoppy always objects to it. Hoppy believes in pure art."

As we walked down the hall, Alberta began removing her moccasins.

"Wait here, Feathers," she said, "while I see if it's all right to go in."

She went inside and closed the door. A minute or so dragged by. Then I heard Alberta scream.

I had my hand on the doorknob when I heard running steps of bare feet and felt the knob rotate in my hand. The door opened. Alberta was deathly pale. She took a few steps forward, mumbled something incoherent, then her knees buckled and I caught her.

There was a sofa at the other end of the hall. I carried her over to it, followed by a group of students excitedly asking questions. One girl stifled a scream and pointed to Alberta's feet.

The soles of both feet were smeared with crimson stains.

I left Al in the care of one of the girls, rushed back to the door from which she had come, and pushed through it. I found myself walking along a kind of pathway, about four feet wide, that extended forward through three connecting rooms. Wooden boards bounded each side of the path. Apparently this was the beginning of the foot symphony. The path itself was formed of various materials—each designed, I assumed, to give a different sensation to the feet. As I had my shoes on, I had no notion of what it might feel like. I walked rapidly along the symphony, students trailing me.

In the second room I stepped with more care because the path had developed bumps and hollows that made it hard to keep your balance.

The lights were out in the third and last room, but there was enough light coming from the door to show a body lying just off the path. One of the girls switched on the light.

A young man was sprawled face downward with the handle of a small knife projecting from the center of his back. One bare foot rested on the symphony. He had been stabbed in two places. A dark pool of blood pushed up against the board that formed one edge of the path. On a segment of the path that consisted of polished steel were several bloody footprints—probably Alberta's.

I was kneeling by the body, checking for signs of life, when a door opened at the side of the room and Dr. Clodhopper entered. His face was grey.

"I just heard about it from Al," he said unsteadily as he stared at the body. "Is he dead?"

I stood up, nodded, and said, "We'd better not touch anything."

About a dozen students had crowded in through both doors. I finally got them out the side entrance and into the hall. I closed the door.

Alberta was sitting up on the couch holding a cigarette with trembling fingers. She didn't have much to tell. She had found the room dark, had seen Johnny on the floor, had walked over to investigate. She saw the knife, turned and fled. That was all.

Clodhopper shuffled back and forth nervously, muttering to himself in German. "I go call the police," he said after a moment.

"Good," I said. "I'll wait here."

He plodded off down the hall, the back of his ankles exposed by his short trousers. His ankles were bare.

I stopped short. What about his red and green socks?

"Keep an eye on the door," I said to one of the students.

I hurried through the west chain of rooms until I came to the door of the director's office. It was closed. I bent down and looked through the keyhole.

Clodhopper was behind his desk. In his hand, rolled into a ball, were the checkered socks. With my eyes still at the keyhole, I rapped sharply on the door.

He looked up with a startled expression, glanced wildly around the room, then turned quickly and threw the socks through the open window back of his desk.

"Come in!" he called out.

I stood up, opened the door, and asked, "Phoned the police yet?"

"I . . . I couldn't find the number," he stammered. "Do you know how to get them?"

I nodded. "I'll call them. Why don't you go back to the hall and talk to the students? See if they have any idea what happened."

He jerked his head in assent and lumbered out of the room.

I closed the door and threw a bolt above the knob. Then I went back to the window. It was only a few feet above street level.

A serious-looking young man was standing on the sidewalk staring at me. He had a ball of socks in one hand and was rubbing the back of his neck with the other.

"For God's sake, what's going on in there?" he asked.

"My wife threw them," I said, "but I ducked. I'm awfully sorry."

He smiled crookedly and tossed me the socks.

"Just so nobody's mad at me," he said.

I examined the socks. The outsides were clean, but when I turned one sock inside out I found dark red splotches on the toe. The other sock was okay. I rolled them up again and put them in my pocket. Then I walked back through the rooms to the hall.

"I'd like to talk to you a minute, Doctor," I said to Clodhopper, motioning with my finger, "in here." I opened the door to the room where the body lay.

"Clodhopper," I said, "it's no use trying to hide anything."

I took the socks from my pocket and held them out to him.

He groaned and sank into a chair, holding his head in his hands.

Finally he spoke, without looking up. "Yes—you are right, Featherstone." His voice seemed calmer and resigned.

Suddenly he stood up and led me to the front room where the foot symphony began. Each room, he said, contained a separate movement of the symphony. These movements in turn were divided into three parts, separated from each other by small crosspieces of wood.

He launched into a technical discussion of tactile art. It was, he insisted, entirely nonobjective. The power to symbolize complex ideas was so limited that any attempt to introduce symbolic meaning into a foot symphony inevitably distorted the aesthetic effect. But Johnny, an old-school Marxist, believed all art, including foot art, should contain political content. They had often argued about it. Clodhopper finally had refused to let him prepare the symphony for the coming exhibit until he promised to keep it a pure abstraction.

"And he promised me he would," Clodhopper said bitterly, "and I was fool enough to trust him. Today I learned that he had not kept his word. It was this afternoon that I discovered it."

He explained how Johnny working secretly alone, had managed to construct the symphony in such a way that the tactual sensations became symbols of stages in the history of the Russian revolution. Section by section, Clodhopper showed me how this had been done.

The opening movement symbolized the prerevolutionary period. The rich became richer, but smaller in number, while the poor increased in power.

The first section of the movement was divided equally into surfaces of two different textures. One surface, consisting of fur, stood for wealth. The other, indicating poverty, was formed of loose rags.

The second panel substituted silk for fur, and altered the proportions. The silk area was smaller, the rag area larger.

The last section was almost all rags except for a narrow strip of very thick and rich velvet.

This movement, Clodhopper continued, depicted the revolutionary period. First came a wooden surface, greatly distorted into bumps and depressions to indicate the chaos and unrest that preceded the actual outbreak. It was followed by a section strewn with bullet shells—symbols of armed conflict. The final panel repeated the distorted surface—the chaos following the revolution—but toward the end of the panel the distortions became less and the surface smoother as the new government began to achieve peace and order.

We entered the last room. Here was pictured the gradual and triumphant construction of the new world. The surfaces were no longer level, but sloped upward to suggest progress. The slope began with a rough sandpaper surface, the period of difficult climbing. The center panel was polished steel. Progress now was smooth and rapid. The last panel was covered with large globular-shaped pieces of soft rubber.

"They represent the breasts of women," Clodhopper explained sadly. "A symbol of the future—of the final achievement of Utopia. All economic and social problems are now solved. Citizens can relax and live in happiness."

"Did you discover all this yourself?" I asked, changing the subject.

He shook his head. "Only part. I insisted on walking over the symphony this afternoon, and by the time I reached the last room I suspected what Johnny had done. He denied it at first, but later he confessed the whole thing. I told him the symphony would have to be destroyed. He refused. We argued. I threatened to expel him from the school. Then he lost all self-control, grabbed my throat, and began to strangle me. I picked up a knife he had used for trimming his textures, and—well—you can guess the rest."

"You mean you reached around and stabbed him in the back?"

He nodded.

I was about to make a remark when the door to the hall opened and Alberta came in slowly. She shut the door behind her.

"I was listening," she said in a whisper. "I must tell the truth. It was I who stabbed Johnny."

Clodhopper came over and patted her shoulder. "You should have said nothing, Al," he said softly.

"No! No!" Alberta cried. "It wouldn't have worked, Hoppy. It would never have worked." She buried her face in her hands and wept convulsively.

We waited until she calmed down enough to speak again. The

Continued on page 158

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Dr. Clodhopper's Footsies

Continued from page 157

story she finally told made better sense than Clodhopper's. When she first entered the room, she said, she found the two men struggling on the floor. Johnny had his fingers around Hoppy's throat. She knew she must act quickly. Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she picked up the knife, buried it twice in Johnny's back.

At intervals, while she sobbed out her story, Clodhopper nodded in confirmation. He showed me the red thumbmarks still on his neck. After the stabbing, he said, he found that the toes of his right foot were covered with blood. He had hastily pulled on his socks and shoes while Alberta stood there in a daze, her eyes fixed in horror on the floor. Then, realizing suddenly what had occurred, she screamed and ran. While everyone crowded about her at the front of the hall, he had slipped quietly out the door in back and returned to his office. There he removed his socks, cleaned his foot in a washbasin, put on his shoes, and came back to the hallway just as Alberta was regaining consciousness.

Everything seemed to fit together and I believed them both. With his testimony about the choking, Al might even get an acquittal.

Details concerning the subsequent events of the afternoon are unimportant. I called the police. They finally got a rough idea of what the foot symphony was all about. One lieutenant, who weighed several hundred pounds, actually walked over the symphony barefooted. He liked the last panel.

After an ambulance had removed the body, the police cleared out, taking Dr. Clodhopper and Alberta with them. I stopped to talk to the girl who had flicked water at me. She was standing by the water cooler, drinking from a paper cup and staring into space.

"I've just had a great idea," I said. "The Institute doesn't go far enough. It deals only with the hands and feet. It overlooks one of the body's most sensitive areas."

"Meaning what?" she said.

"I mean surfaces and textures on which one might sit. You could call them rumpsies."

She stopped smiling, raised her hand, tossed the rest of the water in the cup into my face.

"This is no time," she said, "for levity." She wheeled about and stalked down the hall.

I mopped my face with my handkerchief and stared at her retreating figure. Suddenly I understood. She was wearing slacks, and her girth around the hips was—well—extraordinary. #

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The Wreck at the Hesperus

Continued from page 72

the show and Ronald Ingram."

"The costume designer?"

"None other," said Alex. "Whatever he does in the future and no matter what he has done in the past, he will always be known as the first man with the courage to date Webfoot's daughter.

"Ronnie is unusual for a costume designer in more ways than one. He was a football player in college and he stopped a bevy of tanks singlehanded during the war. In spite of this record, I was surprised at his audacity until I later learned that he didn't know at first who Nancy's father was. Then Willy begged him not to ask Nancy for a second date until he'd finished the show costumes.

"Ronnie wanted to risk his life in breaking the news to Webfoot, but his friends persuaded him to wait till the show had opened. However, a costume designer spends a lot of time backstage, so he and Nancy naturally had many a sweet moment together. They made a pretty picture—he's a big, blond, good-looking guy. Webfoot, who doesn't read the Broadway columns, missed items like: 'Has someone notified that certain dress designer's next of kin?' and 'What swim-show costumer whose initials are R. I. is in for bubble-trouble?'

"On opening night I rented a tuxedo from Moe's Modes and no one could have told I wasn't one of the Four Hundred—1000 of whom were on hand for the première. I must say I looked sharp."

"No doubt, no doubt."

"And," said Alex, "I stopped to chat with Webfoot who was standing out in front of the joint. 'You must be mighty proud to have your daughter a star,' I said, and he said, ''Tis the Olympics she should be swimming and not in a night club.'

"While I was talking to Webfoot, Mrs. O'Leary, the flower seller, came by with her tray and the big cop bought a spray of shamrocks. 'A fine good-luck token for my daughter,' he said. I followed him into the club. He headed for Nancy's dressing room while I went into the wings.

"Naturally, Willy and his platoon of backers were at ringside tables and Willy was beaming at the first round of applause as his swimmers paddled into the million-dollar glass-enclosed pool. I could hear him telling his money men they hadn't seen anything until they glimpsed the second number which featured Nancy, a school of beauteous mermaids and Bodenschatz' kissing seals, Romeo and Juliet.

"Then," said Alex, "it happened. While I was gandering the

Continued on page 160

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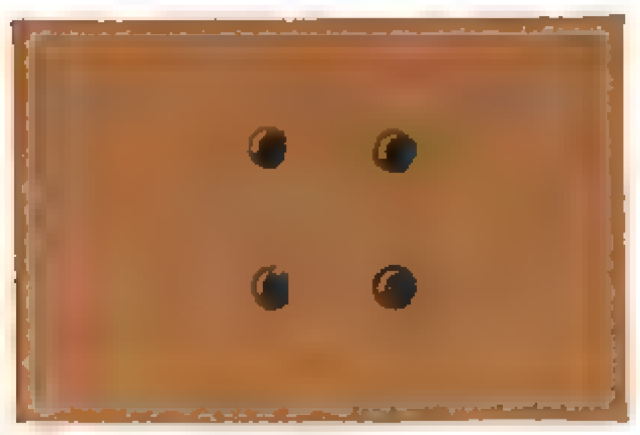

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The Wreck at the Hesperus

Continued from page 159

show, Webfoot, wearing a big smile, tiptoed up to Nancy's dressing room holding the shamrocks in a fist the size of a beer keg. He was about to open the door when he heard Nancy trill and then a man's voice. And the man's voice said: 'Take off your dress.' "

The man with the tan whistled.

"Webfoot didn't bother with the door," Alex said, awe in his voice. "Shaking off the splinters, he saw a man whose arms were around his daughter and whose hands were reaching for the zipper on her costume."

"Ingram?" queried the Florida refugee.

"Precisely," responded Alex. "But try to tell Webfoot the guy was only a costume designer fixing a costume. He shagged Ronnie all around the room, chopping at his rear with his club. Ronnie saw it was no time for explanations, so he concentrated on working up more speed. Nancy's pitiful wails went unnoticed. As a matter of fact, Ronnie and Webfoot were using her as a hurdle every time they reached her part of the room.

"Meanwhile, out in front, the orchestra began playing Nancy's song. When she didn't show up on cue they began to vamp for time. Nancy knew about the show-must-go-on stuff and finally she came trembling out onstage, convinced she was widowed before her marriage. She sang facing the wings instead of the audience, and tearing her handkerchief to shreds.

"I could see Willy was aghast. 'Why,' he yelped, 'she's rushing my lyrics. What's wrong with her?'

"Out of the wings came Ronnie, squawking at every leap as Webfoot's night stick swished past his backside. Their sprint took them clear across the stage and they went into the tank with a splash that caught the gallery."

"And that was that," said the man with the tan.

"By no means," said Alex. "You know what chorus girls are."

The man with the tan shuddered. "I married one once," he moaned.

"So you will not be surprised to learn," said Alex, "that the chorus went right ahead with the production number as though nothing had happened. So did Romeo and Juliet, the kissing seals.

"There were the chorus girls in bathing suits so tight they pinched, doing a swimming number in which they formed the shape of an orchid. And there was Webfoot chasing Ronnie through the drink. They went right through the chorus-girl formation like two sharks playing squat tag.

"To me it looked like a cinch for an underwater murder, because all of a sudden Webfoot dove like a whale, grabbed Ronnie by the tails of his dress suit and dragged him under.

"Things became even more sen-

In Spring
ALL THOUGHTS TURN TO LOVE
GIVE HER THE PERFECT
BLUEBIRD DIAMOND

BLUEBIRD 14K 25576
BLUEBIRD 14K 4-202

The flawless diamond ring by Bluebird that symbolizes Perfect Love. Set in exquisite rings of platinum and gold, its magnificent sparkle and fine blue Wesselton color will be cherished forever.

Less than 1% of all the diamonds mined are perfect. Ask for the finest, a Bluebird Diamond Ring, and be sure.

Guaranteed
PERFECT
DIAMOND RINGS
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SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY
of "The Book That Lovers Love," for details on judging diamonds.
BLUEBIRD DIAMOND SYNDICATE, Dept. B-4
55 East Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

"With TUMS in my pocket ACID INDIGESTION is an EASY OUT!"

Says STAN MUSIAL

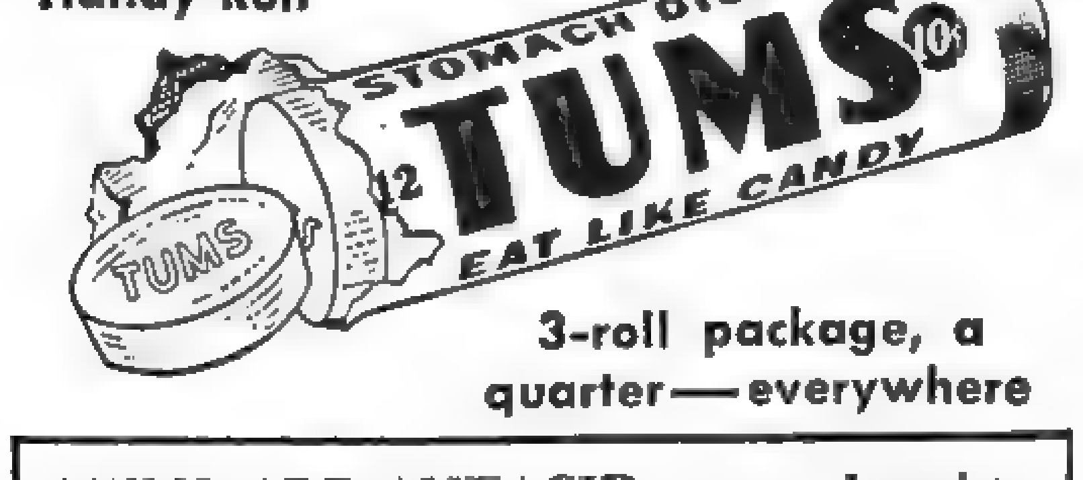
Star First Baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals

"Covering first sack," says Stan, "grabbing 'em high, low and hot, I can't be bogged down by acid indigestion. So Tums always take the field with me. They give me relief anytime I need it—and fast!"

When acid indigestion hits you, just slip one or two tasty Tums in your mouth. Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication so relief is more prolonged. Sweeten sour stomach; relieve heartburn, gas and bloated feeling, too! And when excess acid keeps you awake, don't count sheep — count on Tums for a good night's rest. Nothing to mix or stir, no water needed. No soda in Tums, either — no raw, harsh alkali — nothing to overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. So *never* overalkalize— always *neutralize* excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢ Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25c box today.

sational when Herman Bodenschatz, the trainer of Romeo and Juliet, blew his wig and gave them the cue for their featured underwater kiss. Seals are nearsighted. So Romeo missed his sweetheart by ten feet and wound up planting a big fishy kiss full on Webfoot's mouth.

"The big cop fought his way to the surface, only to have Bodenschatz, who is also nearsighted, pop a fishball right into his mouth. Romeo's kiss gave Ronnie just what he needed—a moment to collect his thoughts. And when Webfoot returned to the chase, Ronnie threw up his hands and yelled: 'Help, help!'

"These words hit Webfoot like a fire gong affects a fire horse. He dropped his club and began to look for the person who hollered. He soon discovered it wasn't a chorus girl and that it was the gent who'd insulted his daughter.

"You could see duty and revenge struggling in Webfoot's bosom. But I guess when you spend thirty years saving people from a watery grave you can't change. So he heaved a big sigh and grabbed Ronnie. Under the rules, you're allowed to slug a drowning person if it's necessary to save his life. But Ronnie didn't move a muscle and Webfoot sadly spun him on his back and towed him to the side of the pool."

Alex paused, gazed with approval at his listener's rapt attention, and went on.

"Webfoot dragged Ronnie onto the stage. Then, with the spotlight full on him, his fist raised to pound out the spark of life he had just salvaged—he changed his mind and that was the end of the mayhem and the show . . . The audience loved it. You never heard such cheers and applause. Willy Lilly, who had been sobbing in rage, found himself taking bows. It was quite an opening night."

"One thing don't register," Alex' listener complained. "How come Webfoot decided not to clobber Ingram?"

Alex yawned and put down his empty cup. "Very simple," he replied. "Ronnie remembered that Nancy once told him that her father grew very soft-hearted over people he rescued. So he gargled for assistance and Webfoot swallowed the hook. It was an inspired thought."

"And Miss McCarthy and Mr. Ingram?" the man asked.

"Very happy people and getting married tomorrow."

"So soon?"

"Necessity dictated the move. They want to get hitched before Webfoot learns that Ronnie was a water-polo champ and can swim like a kipper."

"I get it," said the man from Florida. "It wouldn't look well for Webfoot to murder his own son-in-law."

"That seems to be the theory," Alex observed and began moving down the counter. "Remind me sometime," he called back, "to tell you about a horse race I once attended in Florida." ⧻

Continued from page 72

The "Great Dane" YEAR-ROUND *Weatherproof* Coat

Magnificently tailored of specially loomed worsted gabardine. Superior in water-repellency, durability and luxurious texture.

At Leading Men's Stores

Other famous "Dane Wear" Coats include:

"BLUE RIBBON" "CHAMPION"
"PEDIGREE" "MILITAIRE"
"CHALLENGER" "ARISTOCRAT"

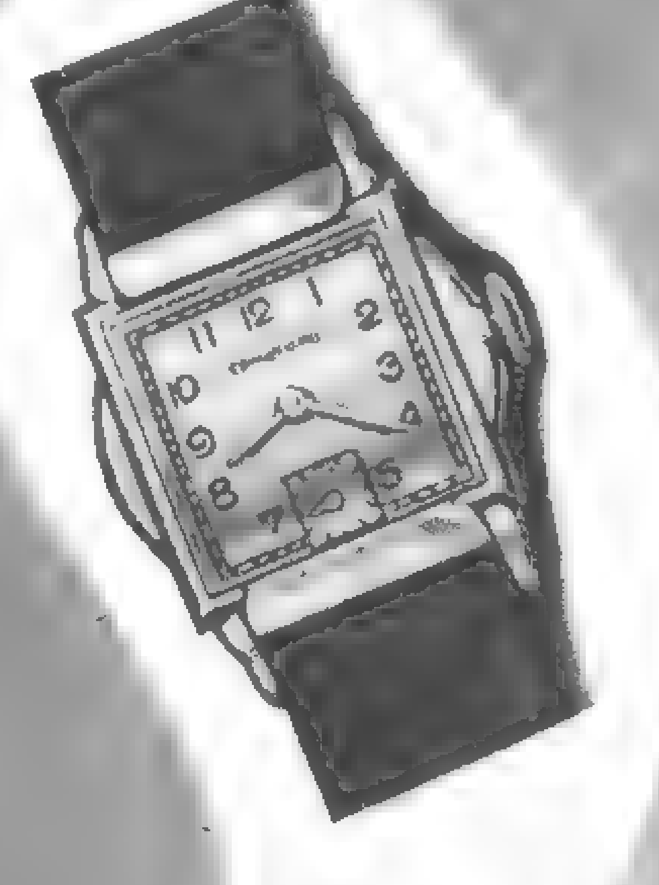
COSMOPOLITAN MFG. CO.
Cambridge 42, Mass.

©

completely dependable

BEAUTY—ACCURACY

Crawford WATCHES



THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT IN SUPERB TIMEPIECES

at better shops everywhere

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Manufacturers & Importers
New York, N. Y.

COME SPRING, LOOK SPRUCE

JERK THEM ON
THEY STAY PUT

IN "Jerks Socks"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WITH ELASTIC TOPS

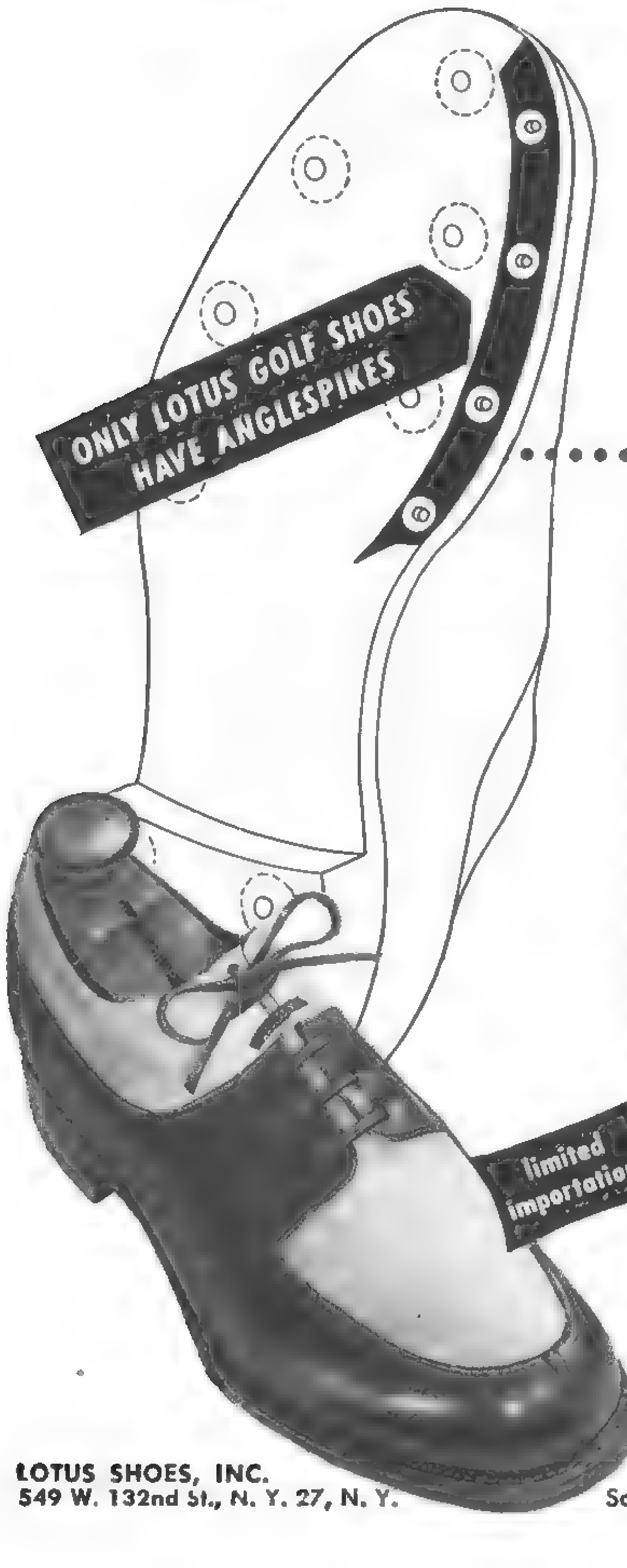
Style-full socks for a styleful Spring! See this great new assortment of distinctive patterns and "blend-able" colors today . . . ask for them at your favorite haberdashery or department store!

55c • 65c • 75c • $1.00 • $1.25 • $1.50 • $1.75 • $2.00

JERKS SOCKS INCORPORATED • CINCINNATI, OHIO

ANCHOR YOUR BALANCE...

with this patented
ANGLESPIKE
GOLF SHOE
by
LOTUS


ONLY LOTUS GOLF SHOES HAVE ANGLESPIKES
limited importation

★ An extra row of 4 spikes, set at an angle on the inner edge of each sole, remains firmly embedded in a "no-slip stance" all during your golf stroke. Anglespikes assure a firm grip for increased power . . . help keep your swing in the groove. LOTUS Angle-spike golf shoes are superb examples of English shoemaking . . . perfectly balanced, fit your feet like a glove. Norwegian pattern front, comes in solid brown Aquatite leather, brown and white buck and black and white buck . . . $27.50 the pair. Use coupon only if your dealer cannot supply you.

LOTUS SHOES, INC. E5
549 W. 132nd St., N. Y. 27, N. Y.
Mail to me, postpaid, one pair of LOTUS ANGLESPIKE shoes in size specified. Check (or money-order) is enclosed.
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________
State ____________
Shoe size ________ Width ________
(6 through 11) (B, C, D and E)
Solid brown ☐ Brown & white ☐ Black & white ☐

LOTUS SHOES, INC.
549 W. 132nd St., N. Y. 27, N. Y.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

belle strikes Graffis

As a young lady in business for some few years, I heartily disagree with Herb Graffis in an all-over analysis of the female dressing habits.

By bending an ear to the manly outlook on ladies fashions, we learn a few simple things—mainly, that the longer fashions appeal to the male. According to the concensus, the average male feels that the length should not be determined by inches from the floor, but rather by the contour of the calf of the leg of the individual female. A frock of simple cut with an eye-catching belt, drape, or ornament is a basic ideal with our men. As a man confided to me the other day, "It makes little difference how a woman is clothed, the imaginative male can always determine the lines with which nature has endowed her."

As one parting fling, I should like to say it is the young career girl who inspires the American male's whistle and her simple taste is governed by her limited purse. So if you lament your plight, why just draw the strings of your purse tighter.

D. Krahn
Houston, Tex.

love that Bentley

As a member of the Bentley Driver's Club, mentioned in *Imported Horsepower*, I might add a few reasons why we are so rabid about Bentleys.

During the decade these cars were made, the company indulged in an extensive racing policy, and the public was able to buy the same type of cars that were raced, as they were not altered measurably for racing.

The 1927, 1928, 1929, and 1930 Le Mans (France) 24-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance were won by Bentley teams.

I have two 6½ litre Bentleys—"Speed Six" models, 1929 and 1930. These old cars are a joy to drive; they respond instantly to a touch of the throttle, hug the road, and are probably as fast as the cars being made today—not on pickup, but top speed.

If you could do something to promote interest in road-racing in this country, it would be a fine thing.

William C. Park
Princeton, N. J.

lost Christmas

I wonder if any of your readers could oblige me with a Christmas number of Esquire?

I have been a regular reader during my term in an Army hospital, but now find it impossible to procure any copies.

Francis Convey
Bristol, England

scrub bowl?

In regard to Stanley Frank's article *Ideals Bowled Over* in February, 1948, issue, may I add a modest proposal?

Institute a Sediment Bowl game to which the two trailing teams of the nation could battle it out for last place.

William T. Dunn
Ocean Springs, Miss.

author's alibi

In the March *Sound and Fury*, Mr. Harold A. Covey of Salt Lake City in Utah directs that you ask Mr. Henry Kane how come Pete Chambers in *Armchair in Hell* gets retained on page 111 at one per cent and by page 149 this self-same retainer has grown to ten per cent.

Good for Mr. Covey; Pete stretches his arm all the way to Utah for a handshake, because Pete himself has the same complaint. Confidentially, Mr. Chambers tells me that the manuscript had it ten per cent all the way through, but somewhere along the line a typesetter, whose wife had cut his poker money because eggs are going up, took

"Spark"
Your Advertising with
Esquire's
1949 CALENDAR OF
PAUL WEBB CARTOONS

"durned if Esquire ain't gone and put us Paul Webb Mountain Boys into a calendar for '49. It's a rite pritty one, too. Bet plenty of smart advertisers all over the country will be fixin' to git their ad on it." •

Right you are, boys. Esquire's Paul Webb calendar for 1949 *is* a honey! To smart advertisers who recognize the potency of humor in advertising, this calendar offers a rare vehicle for building customer good will. The coupon below will bring a trained Esquire Calendar representative to show you this and other calendars for 1949.

Esquire
THE LINE OF
TREASURED ADVERTISING

Esquire Calendar Division,
Dept. W-1
Esquire Building,
Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send your representative to show me the Esquire Line.

My Name..............................
Firm Name..............................
Address.................Phone..........
City.............Zone......State........

(Please attach your business letterhead. Our Calendars are offered for commercial advertising exclusively. Please do not request samples by mail.)

take off in style...

. . . weather it's fair, or weather it's foul, you're always fashion-right in the Sioux by Ayrstar. Made of lustrous Zelan-finished Poplin, full-lined in colorful plaid Duo-Suede, and handsomely styled with a generous swing and full drape. Voted the most practical of coats by America's best-dressed men, it's Ayrstar's all-weather answer to your year 'round coat problem.

At Better Stores

Ayrstar ORIGINAL

CAA* SPECIFICATIONS

Model: The Sioux

Wingspan: Just below knee

Instruments: All-leather buttons

Color: Oyster

Useful load: All sizes

Delivery: Right away

Where: At better stores

Price: About $25

*CIVIL AIR-FASHION AUTHORITY

STERN APPAREL CORPORATION
2101 SUPERIOR AVENUE • CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

it out on poor Pete and substituted a niggardly one for the robust ten, and then, as the arithmetical convolutions bubbled up, just didn't carry through. Luckily, in the Simon and Schuster book edition, nobody's wife cut nobody out of nuthin', and Pete sails through on a serene unjuggled ten per cent.

HENRY KANE
New York, N. Y.

false alarm?

Your Helen Lawrenson is no doubt the dismaying type of wit who lies awake nights dreaming up bombshells to throw at dinner parties, not only to disturb the flow of conversation, but to draw attention to herself at all costs. A type of woman endured only because of a nice husband in the background, usually very *far* in the background.

Although my circle of friends does not include wives of drama critics or actors, they are a reasonably sophisticated lot. I have searched my memory carefully and cannot recall any bull session such as she describes in the February issue.

I would say to any timorous male who is suffering an inferiority complex from reading it—skip it! She just needed the money and doesn't know any recipes for the Woman's Page.

MRS. T. J. TROXEL
Grand Rapids, Mich.

query to whiffenpoofs

I recently listened to a record of *The Whiffenpoof Song* played on a juke box. The music and almost the whole of the words of the refrain were taken from Kipling's *Gentleman Rankers*.

I inquired who the Whiffenpoofs were from some Yale friends and was told that they were an informally organized group of Yale students who liked to sing and drink beer in some of the New Haven bars mentioned in the song.

Perhaps some of your Yale readers can tell me why the Whiffenpoofs, who apparently never did anything more sinful than singing *Kathleen Mavourneen* over a glass of beer, should regard themselves as in the same class as Kipling's Gentlemen Rankers, "doomed from here to eternity."

WALTER HUGHES
Ojai, Calif.

disenchanted

How right you were in the February issue of Esquire, in your comments on the come-on advertisements which flourish in writers' magazines.

Now and then one of these periodicals brags on the cover: Over 200 Active Markets in This Issue! Upon study of the market lists, however, the bewildered beginner discovers the bulk of the markets are with such unlikely publications as the *Feed and Silo Monthly*, the *American Cobbler*, the *Retail Leather Merchants' Weekly*, or the *Home Canner's Journal*. One may pay a year's subscription for a 2,500 word article, another may go all-out and offer a half-cent a word—on publication.

BILLY L. BENNETT
Muskegon, Mich.

Mitty's dolly

In your December issue of Esquire on page 168; photograph by Hal McAlpin of Mitty's Mouse; Mitty's Mouse has a hole in the heel of her stocking.

Could it be,
Hal no see?

MRS. J. P. SMITH
Richmond, Ky.

but be wary of bees

In 1941 you published an article dealing with a boy's model airplane building club which experimented with using various size flies (insects) as motive power for these tiny model planes. Some time ago at a social gathering, I happened to mention this piece and tried to explain in so far as my ability would permit. Since then I have been ridiculed severely as to my veracity, in fact I have been called a damn prevaricator and have also been men-

Continued on page 164

New Bottle Designed to prevent air-thickened ink

New 100,000 Word Size
Ink-Well Bottle
Holds All the Ink You Can Keep Fresh

Sanford's
Penit
BLUE BLACK
DO NOT MIX WITH OTHERS
ACTUAL SIZE
INK-WELL BOTTLE

New Ink Developed for Controlled Flow . . . Starts Instantly, Writes Continuously Without Flooding

ONLY **10¢**

THERE is now available a new size bottle of ink—the first bottle to hold all the ink you can keep fresh—not a large, wasteful amount you can't use up before it dries out.

It is called Sanford's Ink-Well Bottle because you get a fresh, clean ink-well of FRESH ink every time you replenish your private supply—an ornamental ink-well in classic hobnail glass. It holds enough to write 100,000 words—all the ink you can keep fresh.

The new Ink-Well Bottle contains Sanford's Penit Ink—the ink that starts instantly without scratching, even after prolonged exposure of the pen point. Penit was especially developed for controlled flow, to write continuously without flooding. Guaranteed to improve the performance of *any* fountain pen.

Prevent bothersome, messy, air-thickened ink—keep ink *fresh* by using the new Ink-Well Bottle of Sanford's Penit Ink. Ask your retailer today.

SANFORD INK COMPANY • Home Office: BELLWOOD, ILL. • New York Office: 500 5th AVE.

Ask for Penit Ink
In the Ink-Well Bottle

FRONT PAGE NEWS

Journal 14-K EDITION
EVERYWHERE, U. S. A. EVERYDAY

FAMOUS PARK LANE INITIAL RING

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
You've seen the famous Park Lane ring in Esquire, Life, Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, New York Times, Playbill.

Here's a ring you'll be proud to own . . . proud to give

The Park Lane patented initial ring is custom-made of 14-K gold and the two or three massive initials are in contrasting 14-K white gold. It is indeed America's most beautiful initial ring. For men and women.

Just Fill in Coupon

Inclose measuring guide for size. We will send you the ring within ten days by insured, registered mail. We pay all postage, insurance and federal tax.

MODEL PL-51
$34.95
FED. TAX INCL.

UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Cut out measuring guide, mark off your size on graduated scale

MAIL COUPON TODAY

FRATERNAL INITIAL RING CO.,
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

Please send within 10 days the 14-K gold Park Lane (model PL51) initial ring .My initials are .... Inclosed is my check , money order , for $34.95. I understand the ring to be sold under an unconditional money-back guarantee.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE..........

Sorry NO C.O.D.'s

YOUR BEST FOOT

The old adage doesn't reveal which is the "best" foot to put forward—it can be either foot if you're wearing shoes with Soles by Rajah. The super-comfort and authentic style of the country's leading footwear come from these finer soles. Look for them on the next pair of leisure shoes you buy. They'll suit you from the ground up!

Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1857

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY · NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

THE Sensational MEEKER 340 BILLFOLD

Holds More . . . Bulks Up Less! It's Slim and Handsome!

PATENT APPLIED FOR

Maximum capacity with minimum bulk—that's the MEEKER 340 Billfold, with its unique, exclusive design and construction! . . . But this super-practical billfold (with Removable Pass Case), is extremely good looking, too. Smartly designed in many rich, fine leathers. See it and you'll want it! . . . Various Prices—At Dealers Everywhere.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
NEW YORK: 347 FIFTH AVE. • CHICAGO: 36 S. STATE ST.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 163

tioned as a very likely candidate for the booby hatch or Burlington Liars Club.

It would please me very much if I could substantiate this article. My reputation as a truthful man is at stake.

E. F. Cooper
Fort Worth, Tex.

Editor's Note: *By this time Mr. Cooper has received tear sheets of* Airplanes on the Ceiling, *an article which ran in our August, 1941, issue and in which the author, Charles E. Planck, soberly described the conversion of houseflies, horseflies and moths into engines for model planes. We are always delighted to comply with requests like these which have the double-barreled benefit of settling bets among our readers, and assuring Esquire's editors of the long life of the magazine's contents.*

beau jests

Your *Advice to Unfaithful Husbands* was truly explosive as guaranteed but I take exception to Miss Lawrenson's statement that "the new hats are perfectly hideous." Never have ladies' hats been more flattering. What she probably meant to write was that "the 'new' women are perfectly hideous."

Solomon Shapiro
Brooklyn, N. Y.

free trade

We all like Esquire very much and send our used copies on to a friend who has been in the hospital for a few years. Should any of your readers have read and finished copies of any other American magazines, books, or funnies, we would appreciate them. The latter are for our boy seven years of age. He gets a kick out of them when he is lucky enough to see one. We would send some English ones back in return.

Mrs. G. I. Pope
London, England

what price realism

Your stories are written in a vein guaranteed to frustrate and infuriate. You maintain a big buildup for the main character, getting all his background and pedigree down in black and white, and at length we arrive at the climax of the story. Then, you indicate that the character is disturbed. That is the end of the story.

Ninety per cent buildup, five per cent climax, four per cent the character's reaction and one per cent solution, and the long-awaited solution a small declarative sentence.

Mrs. Monroe Somer
Providence, R. I.

how to be unpopular

I was amazed to see that Esquire would publish such an article as *Advice to Unfaithful Husbands* by Helen Lawrenson. Maybe a good psychiatrist could help her.

It is sad to know that the author of such deranged views is a woman.

Esquire Reader
Mt. Arlington, N. J.

say it isn't so

We men are more or less used to women trying to change us, but according to Christine Cannon's letter in March Esquire the women are now finding fault with "The Magazine for Men." Unless the editors ignore such complaints, future copies of Esky may be delivered all wrapped up in colored tinsel paper and tied with a pretty ribbon.

Pin-ups will be clothed in the weird "new look" with all curves blacked out. Heroes will shake hands with heroines, or at best kiss them chastely on the foreheads.

Ronald Winters
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Continued from page 10

"the Pen that NEVER stops writing"

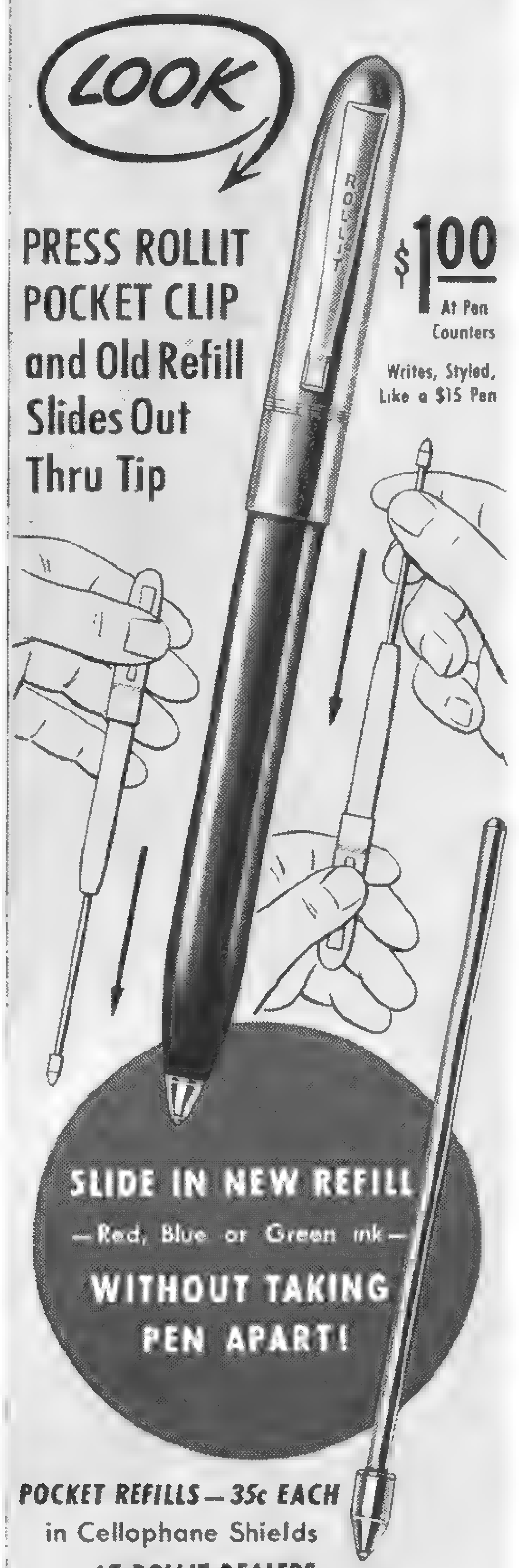
ROLLIT

WORLD'S FIRST NEVERSKIP BALL PEN!

when it "skips"!..it's empty!

REFILL IT YOURSELF IN 3 SECONDS . . .

and keep on writing!



PRESS ROLLIT POCKET CLIP and Old Refill Slides Out Thru Tip

$1.00 At Pen Counters

Writes, Styled, Like a $15 Pen

SLIDE IN NEW REFILL —Red, Blue or Green ink— WITHOUT TAKING PEN APART!

POCKET REFILLS—35¢ EACH
in Cellophane Shields
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Carry a Spare Refill
YOU'RE NEVER OUT OF INK!

Any Repairs, Anytime, 35¢
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DEALERS—WRITE FOR NEAREST JOBBER
DIVERSEY MACHINE WORKS • CHICAGO 7

Underwear

that knows its place and *stays* there... that's Healthknit. No creep, no bind, no bunch. Just firm, gentle support! You see, Healthknit has two exclusive

comfort

features built-in: the Kut-Ups feature and the Cantilever Support. You *feel* the difference with every move you make, every step you take. So if

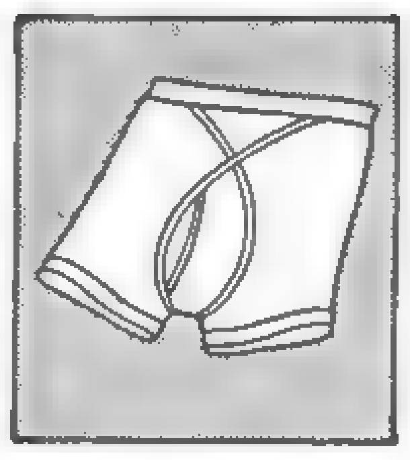
you've never

worn this wonder underwear, you've got a treat coming. Healthknit costs no more. Yet you'll say they're *twice* as comfortable as any thing you've

known before

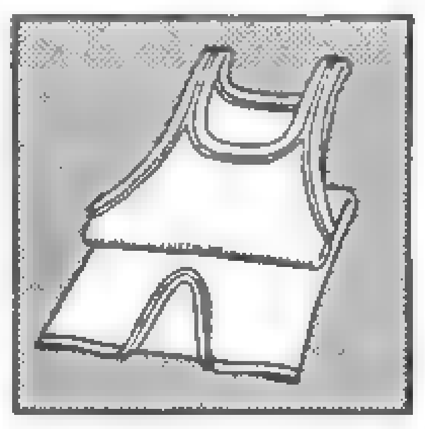
. . . and you'll wear 'em all your life. Too good to be true? Try 'em, friend —just try 'em! For men, and boys at better stores everywhere.

HEALTHKNIT MacDEE† BOTTOMS



support without binding or chafing. The built-in Cantilever action gently *lifts* as full elastic waistband *hugs*. Only Healthknit has it! Your choice of briefs or midlengths.

HEALTHKNIT *Kut-Ups*† SHIRTS



won't wrinkle, won't roll up. Because the inverted-V vent tailored-in at the crotch line *keeps* them smooth and tucked in. Exclusive with Healthknit!

†TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Healthknit

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

SHIRTS • SHORTS • DRAWERS
UNION SUITS • UTILITY SHIRTS

STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC.
Knoxville 3, Tenn.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Licensee for Canada, S. Lennard and Sons Limited, Dundas, Ont.

Satisfaction for Lizette

Continued from page 87

fascination, beauty, and geometry. She's the type that melts in your mouth."

"I can live without her."

"Please! I must beg you not to say that again. Didn't she look like an angel when she smiled at Grenouilleville?"

"Yes, like a fallen angel. And he's just the type of man her type of woman would have in tow. Of course, only after the stiff-backed old duke's staggered home."

"I am aware," Roland said, glowering at me, "that malicious tongues insinuate the duke's her lover. Personally I am inclined to believe he's actually, though secretly, her father."

"But he's too old to be her father," I said. "He's bound to be her lover. Which reminds me: I must discuss terms with the duke."

"I'll see Maître Serpento the while; he's France's foremost fencing master."

"That's your first brilliant idea since you found that diamond brooch in the subway. The old maestro may teach you a few tricks."

"Not that. Fencing is a science you don't acquire overnight. I know. I've reviewed a few duels for *L'Univers*."

"Then what do you want to see a fencing master about?"

"You see," Roland said, "it'd be awfully shabby letting on that I've never wielded anything longer than a table knife. Maître Serpento must teach me how to salute and get on guard properly, so my opponent might think I'm an old hand at it. That's the sporting thing to do."

After dropping Roland at Maître Serpento's I drove to Vive-Le-Czar, a little Russian restaurant that served the cheapest three-course indigestions in Montparnasse. Its doorman, Smerdakoff, who knew everything about duels that I didn't, was to be Roland's other second. He wore his colonel's uniform so everybody could tell he was the doorman. He was a thickset man with short-cropped hair and long mustachios, who drank vodka like a horse. His uniform was red and blue, with vodka splashes, and there was so much brass on his chest you could never tell where the cartridges ended and the medals began.

He seemed pleased to be called upon in a matter of honor and particularly happy to meet the Duke de Grand-Marnier, reputed to have been a great duelist who in his days had killed more people than a surgeon.

"Rapier's the only effective dueling weapon," he illuminated me on the way, "and Grenouilleville being such a fine blade is going to choose that without doubt. With the saber you can at best lop off an ear. With the pistol you put so much distance between the two men they can't hit anything except, if they are lucky, their

Continued on page 166

SILVER $20*
GOLD $175*
CHROME $4
INITIALS $1 EXTRA
*Fed. Tax not included

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

"The Lighter that Works"

At Your Favorite Dealer ZIPPO MFG. CO., Bradford, Pa.

TREASURE OF THE Tropics
PASSPORT White RUM
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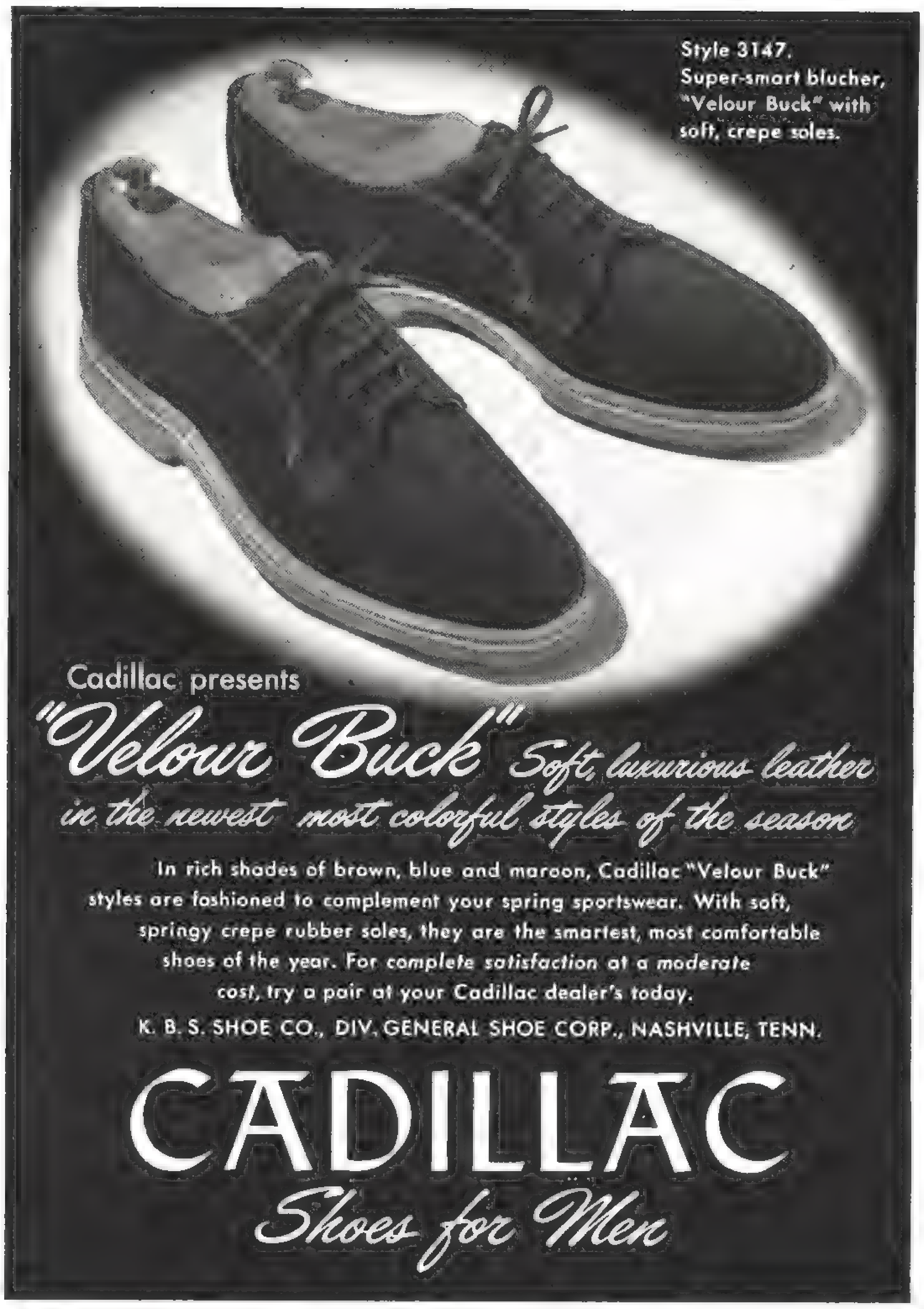
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Satisfaction for Lizette

Continued from page 165

own seconds, considering the natural nervousness at such a moment. But by the rapier you can die without wasting time."

"But there must be a difference between fencing in competitions and duels, and Grenouilleville's never made a real duel."

"The technique is identical. Only in duels you get hurt."

"But it's sad, it's barbaric, it's murder—almost illegal."

"Death in a duel isn't so bad as deaths go. It's rather elegant. An uncle of mine died in one. He was buried with military honors, although it is believed he died of fright, for there wasn't a wound on him. His funeral was one of the highlights of the 1912 winter season in St. Petersburg. Rasputin was represented by the Czar."

The Duke de Grand-Marnier was expecting us in the living room of his austere mansion with General Goujat. From the grand piano a photograph of Lizette smiled at us as we entered.

After the reverences were over the duke announced:

"The Marquis de Grenouilleville will use the rapier."

"And the Count de Rocquefort will use the pistol," I said.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," the duke iced. "It's the offended party that's entitled to the choice of weapons."

"Of course," Smerdakoff said. "Don't mind him, Messieurs. May I see the rapiers?"

General Goujat opened an oblong casket. "Best Spanish handiwork. Authentic Toledo blades."

I recoiled slightly, but Smerdakoff revealed himself a courageous man who viewed without misgivings the mean pair of carving irons embedded in purple velvet, with filigreed handles and grooved blades.

"What's the groove for?" I asked.

"For the blood," Smerdakoff said.

"I can see you're a man of the world, Colonel," said the duke. "Now let's determine the type of offense. Needless to say, Mlle. de Vences considers it atrocious."

"I find the whole affair atrocious," I said.

"If Monsieur will excuse," the duke said with simmering impatience, "the code of honor distinguishes between atrocious, severe, and light offenses. If the offense is atrocious the duel must be conducted to the last blood—till the death of one of the antagonists. If it's merely severe, the duel continues till one party is unable to carry on. If the offense is light the duel stops at the first blood. Will you please read the incriminating article out loud?" And he handed me the fateful copy of *L'Univers.*

I read Roland's article to them slowly and in soothing tones, and then remarked: "The offense is

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so light it's practically flattery."

"Let's meet halfway and call it severe," the duke said.

"Very chivalrous of you," Smerdakoff said. "When do we meet?"

"Tomorrow morning at 6:30," said the duke, and named as the site of the encounter a secluded spot in the Bois which was a favorite with lovers and duelists.

"The count'll be awfully tired if he must stay up that late," I said.

"The sun," said the duke, "rises at 6:47. We can just get things ready by the time it's light enough to see the targets. We must avoid attracting attention. There's a law against dueling."

"We'll be there," Smerdakoff said.

The duke put a finger over his lips: "Absolute secrecy's imperative."

I drove Smerdakoff back to Vive-Le-Czar and picked up Roland at Maitre Serpento's.

"Did you learn a lot?" I asked him.

"Enough not to seem a beginner." We drove to a café and ordered champagne. "There's nothing to do till dawn."

"Why don't you call on Mme. de L.?"

"I don't wish to see her." He spoke absently. "You see . . . I am terribly in love with Mlle. de Vences, I think."

I asked him to repeat what he'd just said. He did.

"You're as crazy as a psychiatrist," I said.

"Not that I want to," he apologized. "But she pops in every bubble of my champagne." He sighed and ordered another bottle. "I mailed her a letter today. She'll receive it after . . . after her honor's been vindicated. I told her of my feelings, and that I am glad to pay the extreme penalty if it makes her happy."

In the trees the birds were warbling reveille. Daylight was slowly conquering the gloom. The ground of the glade was damp from the night, and the weeds and leaves glinted with dew. I thought the Bois de Boulogne would be a delightful place if it were not infested by wasps, Grenouilleville, and other insects.

The secret had been well kept. Apart from the indispensables there wasn't a soul present except the representatives of France's seventeen major newspapers. Roland was calm and aloof as if the matter didn't concern him. The certainty of doom filled him with the indifference of resignation. Unless it was the champagne.

The duke presented us to the referee, a melancholy, soft-voiced little man, and to the doctor, a burly fellow with baleful eyes.

"The fee's five hundred francs a head," the doctor said.

"Payable in advance?" Roland inquired apprehensively.

"Afterwards. In case of death, the surviver pays for both," the doctor replied.

"Fine," said Roland, relieved.

"The Church doesn't allow

Continued on page 168

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Satisfaction for Lizette

Continued from page 167

priests to attend this sort of thing," the duke said, "but we have one ready behind the bushes."

Grenouilleville stepped stiffly to the center of the glade. He sure was a stuffy fellow. He hardly nodded in response to my bows. From out of his pale face his eyes stared with ominous fixity. There was something terrifying about his dead quiet. His wide-open shirt revealed an unsuspectedly powerful chest.

Smerdakoff took Roland's coat and tie off, rolled up his sleeve, and opened his shirt for inspection, lest he wore a silver tea tray over his chest, favorite talisman of duelists.

"This is embarrassing," Roland whispered while his chest blushed.

Smerdakoff and the duke tossed for the swords and handed them to the contestants. The blades glinted in the light of dawn.

"Before we commence," the duke said, "it's my duty to invite you to reconcile. You don't wish to reconcile, do you?"

"Let's be done with the formalities and begin," cried Smerdakoff, champing at the bit. His gallantry was admirable.

Everything was set for the Caesarean operation when there was the noise of an automobile approaching at great speed, and the yellow Delage slashed across the low-hanging branches and came to a stop.

Lizette's head appeared and her contralto rang out in the sudden quiet: "Make short work of it, my adored one!" And she gave her champion a smile as if he were a new acquaintance.

Grenouilleville made no reply. He stood tight-jawed and baleful-looking, clutching his rapier. But Roland's face became illuminated by a happiness that was not of this earth.

"Isn't she delightful?" he said to me. He bowed at her and took up his position, moving with ease and grace, almost gaily. I knew by this time that if he succeeded in dying in a nonchalant manner under her lovely eyes that he'd die happy.

"On guard!" cried the referee in a faltering voice.

The two antagonists saluted, rounded the left elbow, bent the right arm, and leaped into position, stamping the right foot. Roland did it very convincingly and with great élan. It was Maître Serpento's first lesson.

Roland's eyes had a stony, vacant look but his pulse didn't quiver while he waited for the onslaught. They must have stood like that for only an instant, but to me it seemed to last longer than a short story. Grenouilleville began to shake like a riveting machine. But Roland didn't make a move.

Then Grenouilleville turned green in the face, his eyes rolled heavenwards, his knees wobbled,

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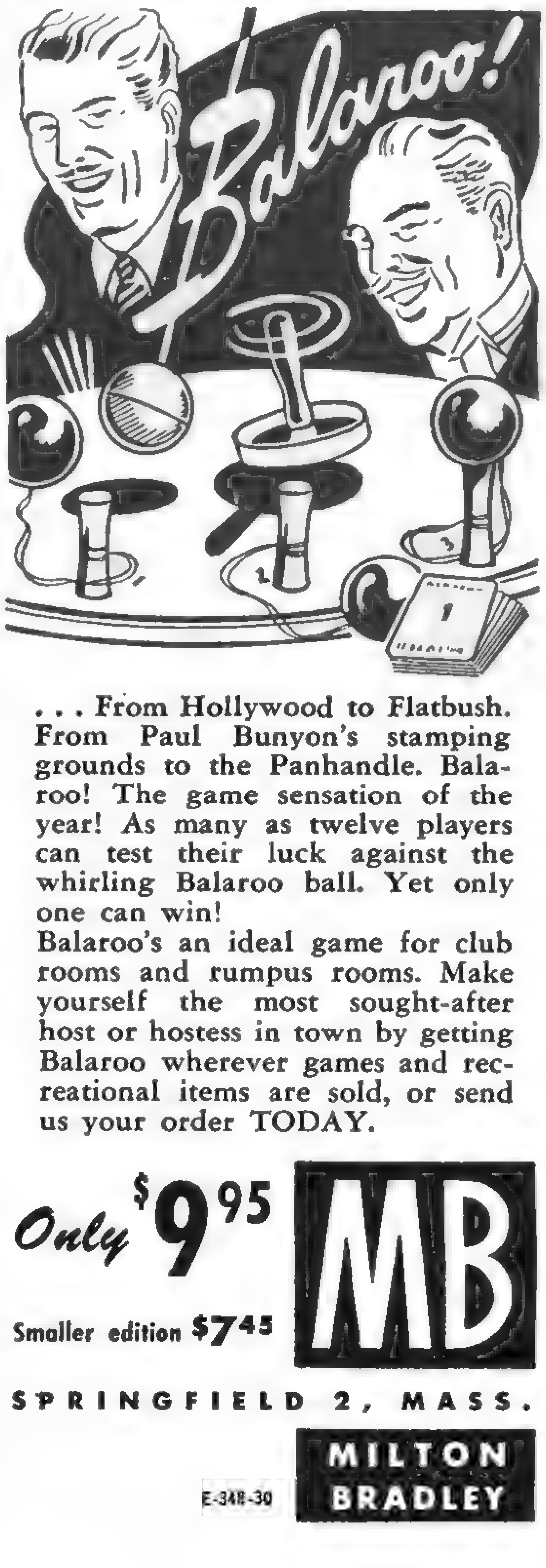

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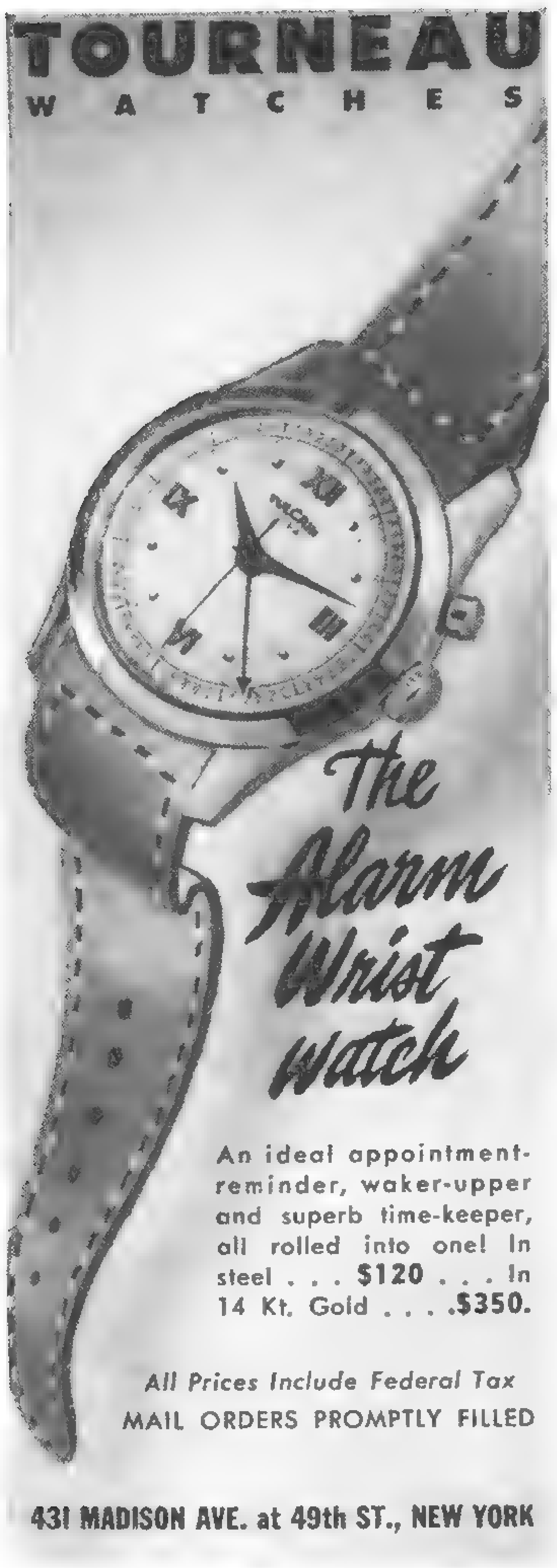
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a long moan came from his mouth, and he fainted dead away, sagging like a heap of empty clothes.

"I am ruined, ruined!" cried Roland, throwing his arms apart in black despair while Grenouilleville, brought half back to his senses with splashes of brandy and water, was being lugged into the duke's limousine and carted off.

"Why?" I said.

"I can't afford to be the winner—broke as I am! Now I must pay the rental on the rapiers, the doctor's fee, and a champagne dinner for the referee, the seconds, and the press! That's a horrible blow. Those are debts of honor and they *must* be paid—even if I have to work!"

"There's always Mme. de L."

"Oh, but there isn't! That's the main trouble. I wrote her yesterday that I was in love with someone else."

"Why on earth did you?"

"Since I was sure she was going to lose me in the duel I wanted to take the sting out of her great bereavement, lest she should weep over me. You know I hate causing a woman any grief. But now I can't go back to her. You know how women are."

But he didn't.

The yellow Delage was waiting for us when we got home after driving around all morning in the vain hope of picking up some drunk fare with plenty of money. A high contralto summoned Roland to step in and he followed suit, although I shouted at him in a low baritone to come back. I chased the Delage till my gas gave out. Then I notified the police.

In the evening the yellow coupé was found in a dark and lonesome alley in the Bois. Roland's body was in it—and so was Lizette's.

The police wanted to arrest them both, till they learned that the couple had just got engaged to be married. Roland wore the eagle of Vences on his finger and Lizette the boar of Rocquefort. The gendarmes said it served them both right, and left.

After the ominous way this incident began I was not surprised to see it end in the usual catastrophic manner: matrimony.

"A woman's honor can only be laved with blood—or marriage," said she to him, or words to that effect. "Only as the wife of the winner can I show my face in Paris again—and it'd be a pity if I didn't. No?"

"Yes."

I thought the argument was addled, but so was Roland.

The Duke de Grand-Marnier and General Goujat were the witnesses for the bride. Grenouilleville had disappeared from circulation and was rumored to have applied for a U. S. visa, but those two seasoned warriors were going to support Lizette in her married life. Smerdakoff and I were to second Roland in his.

His eyes had the vacant look they'd borne on the field of honor, but his hand didn't quiver as he slipped the ring on her finger. ⧻

Continued from page 87

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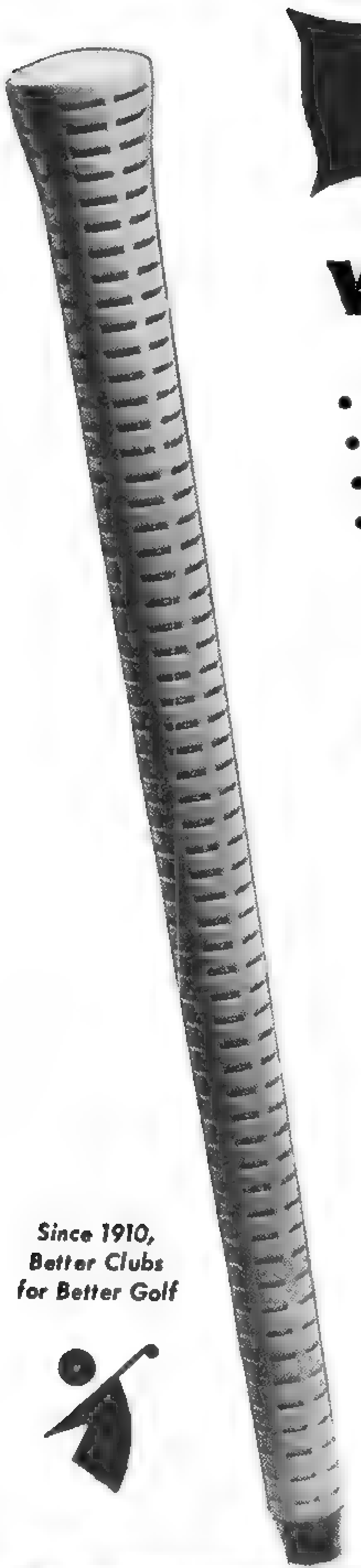

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MAY, 1948

Abels, Robert 8
Adler Shoes for Men 22
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 103
Allen-A 29
Allen Edmonds 171
Allied Golf Corporation 166
Alligator Company, The 124
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 95
Art-Carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) 4
Austin Motor Company, Ltd., The 19
Ayrstar (Stern Apparel Corporation) 163

Balaroo (Milton Bradley) 168
Bell's Scotch (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 155
Benedictine (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 130

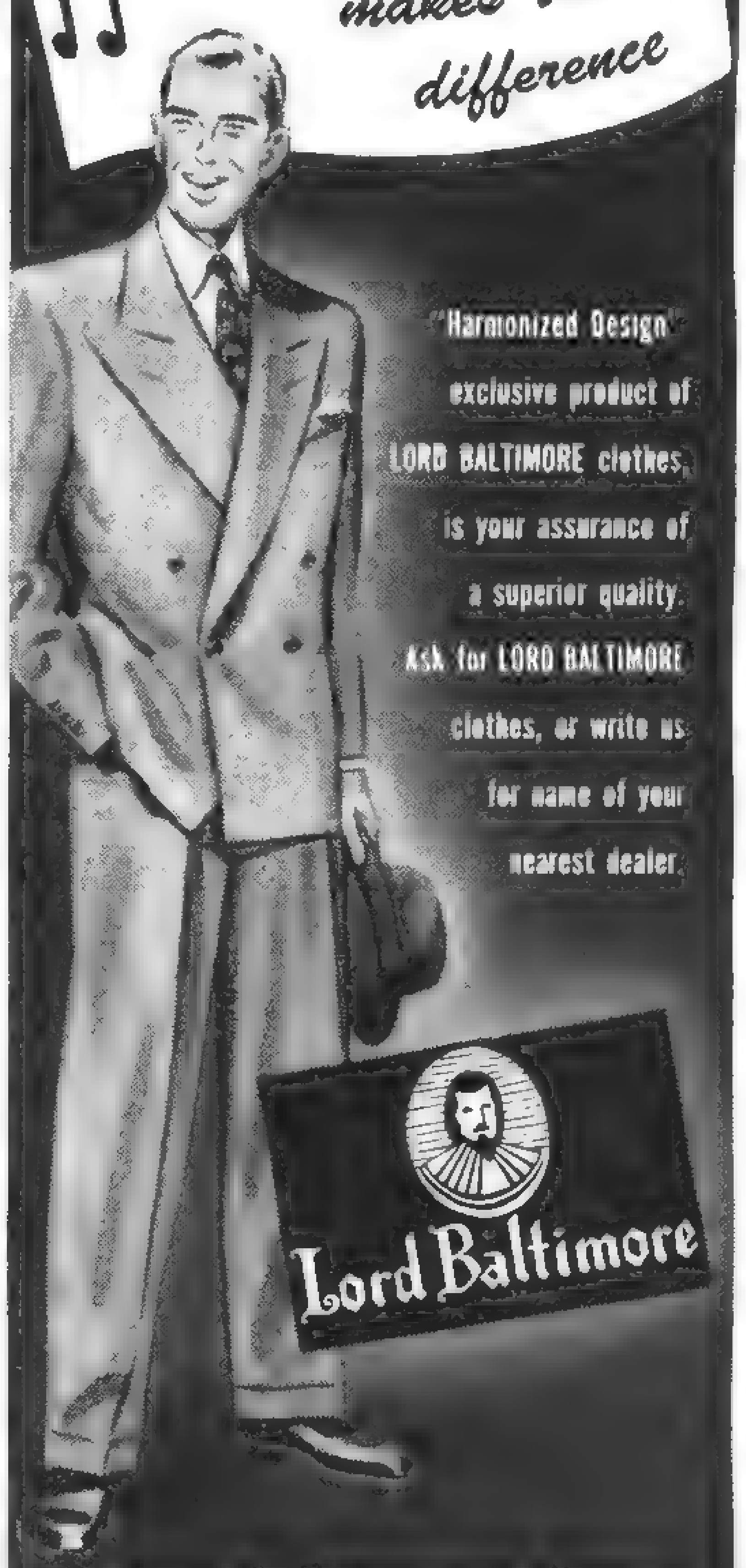
Berkeley Square (Padi of Philadelphia) 167
Bluebird Diamond Syndicate 160
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Company) IV Cover
Bostonian (Slax Footwear, Inc.) 144
Botany Mills, Inc. (500) III Cover
Bradley, Milton (Balaroo) 168
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 158
Bropar Distributors 24
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation (Old Forester) 119
Browne-Vintners Co., Inc. (White Horse) 11
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice) 27
Burger, Joseph 21
Burke Golf, Inc. 170
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt) 128

Cadillac (K.B.S. Shoe Co.) 166
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Passport Rum 165
  Johnnie Walker 98
Century Specialty Co. (Zip Kovers) 18
Chalmers (Lester Martin & Co., Inc.) 171
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 24
Church Co., Inc., Edmund T. 18
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 95
Collar-Bobs Co. 168
Concord Shoes, Inc. 22
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 24
Coopers Inc. (Jockey) 100
Corcoran Inc. 8
Corman & Wasserman, Inc. (Mayfair Slackfrost) 169
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. ("Great Dane") 161
Crawford Watch Corp. 161
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 171
Cricketeer (Samuel Spitz & Sons) 157

Davis Mfg. Co. 15
Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 153
Dennis Company, The Martin (Lexol) 24
Diversey Machine Works (Rollit) 164
Dobbs Hats 34
Drambuie (W. A. Taylor & Company) 159
Drewrys Limited U. S. A., Inc. 138
Dutch Masters 158
Duval of Hollywood 22

Eddie the Cigar Man 18
Electronic Specialty Co. 15
Elgin National Watch Company 3
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 172
Eunice Novelties 16
Expanso (Knothe Brothers Company, Inc.) 99

Feldstein & Sons, Inc., Max 15
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 148
"51" (The Parker Pen Company) II Cover
500 (Botany Mills Inc.) III Cover
Flamingo Hotel, The 28
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, The 123



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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Florists' Telegraph Delivery International ... 152
Florsheim Shoe Company, The ... 12
Foot Pals (Wall Streeter Shoe Company) ... 146
Foster, Mark ... 22
"44" (Marvel Jewelry Mfg. Company) ... 112
Fraternal Initial Ring Co. ... 163
Freeman Shoe Corp. ... 125
Friedman-Shelby Division, International Shoe Company (John C. Roberts) ... 97
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 16

Gail Mfg. Co. (Beauti-fold) ... 18
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) ... 148
Gardiner Shoe Co., Inc. (Yorktown) ... 150
Garnier (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) ... 169
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman Shoe Company) ... 131
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. ... 171
Gillette Safety Razor Co. ... 21
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Old Thompson) ... 14
Golf Secrets ... 21
Gramercy Park Clothes ... 151
"Great Dane" (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.) ... 161
Gruen Watch Company ... 23

Hale Rubber Company, Alfred (Rajah) ... 164
Hammonton Park Clothes (Wm. B. Kessler, Inc.) ... 110
Hanover Shoe, The ("Looper") ... 15
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. ... 15
Hartmann Company (Tourobe) ... 102
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) ... 126
Harwood's Canadian (Williams Importers) ... 101
Healthknit (Standard Knitting Mills, Inc.) ... 165
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (Bell's Scotch) ... 155
Heywood (Matrix Shoes) ... 142
Hollis Co. (Klipette) ... 18
Holman, Inc., Maurice ... 16
Horn (Rice-Stix) ... 170
House of Crosby Square, The (Lounge-abouts) ... 122
House of Murphy ... 28
Hull Mfg. Co. ... 22
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) ... 172

Jarman Shoe Company (General Shoe Corp.) ... 131
Jerks Socks Incorporated ... 162
Jewel Electric & Mfg. ... 21
Jockey (Coopers Inc.) ... 100

K.B.S. Shoe Co. (Cadillac) ... 166
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.). 117
Keith Company, Geo. E. (Walk-Over) ... 106
Kelly's, Jimmy ... 27
Kessler, Inc., Wm. B. (Hammonton Park Clothes) ... 110
Knapp-Monarch Co. (Sparklet) ... 27
Knipe Bros., Inc. (Ward Hill) ... 136
Knothe Brothers Company, Inc. (Expanso) ... 99

Laird & Co. ... 27
Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce 167
Leather Clearing House ... 22
Lee, Inc. ... 28
Lentheric, Inc. ... 140
Linguaphone Institute ... 8
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc.) ... 167
Lonsdale Company ... 116
Lotus Shoes, Inc. (Veldtschoen) ... 162
Lord Baltimore Clothes ... 170
Lounge-abouts (The House of Crosby Square) ... 122

Martin & Co., Inc., Lester (Chalmers) ... 171
Marvel Jewelry Mfg. Company ("44") ... 112

Continued on page 172

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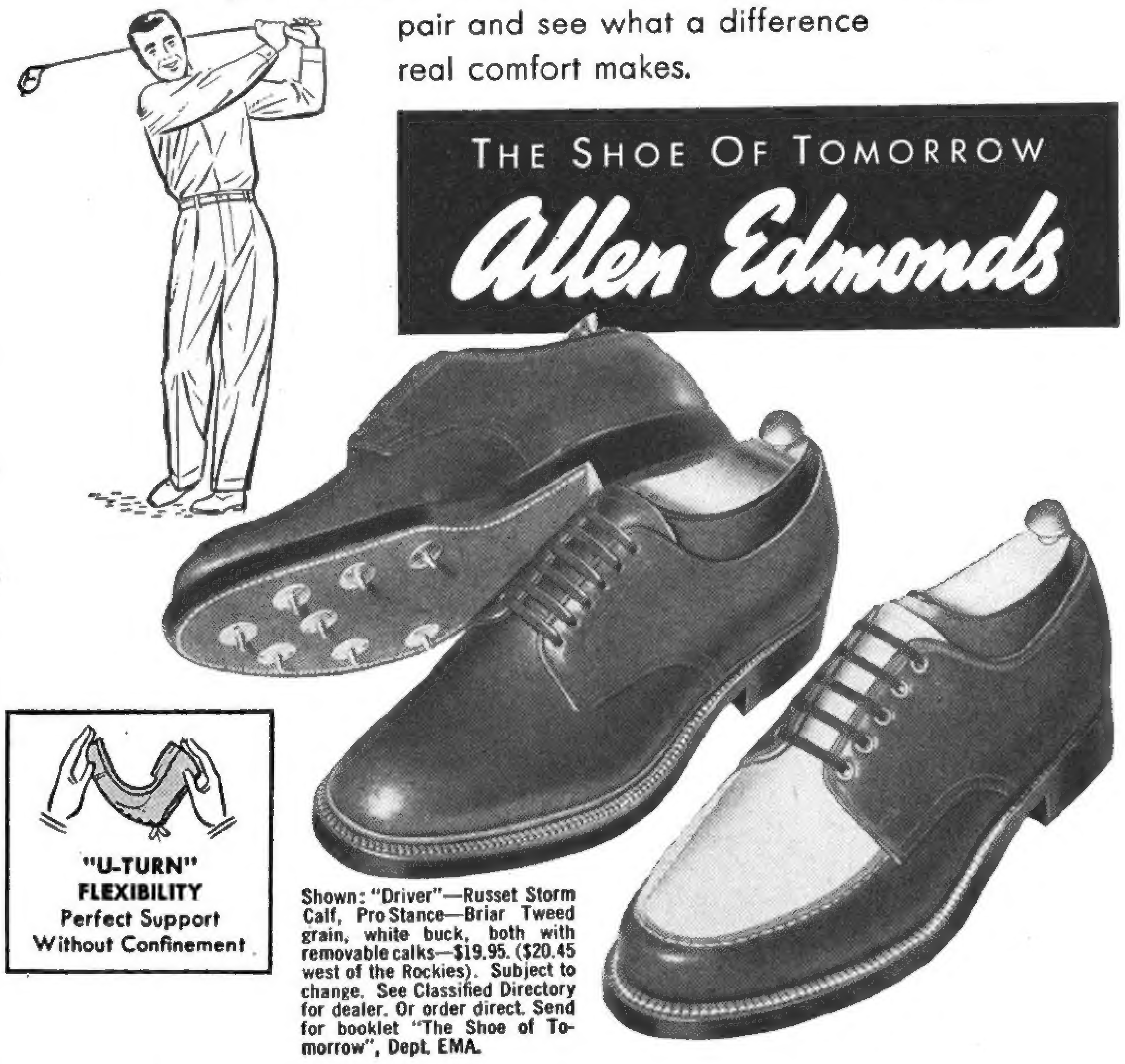

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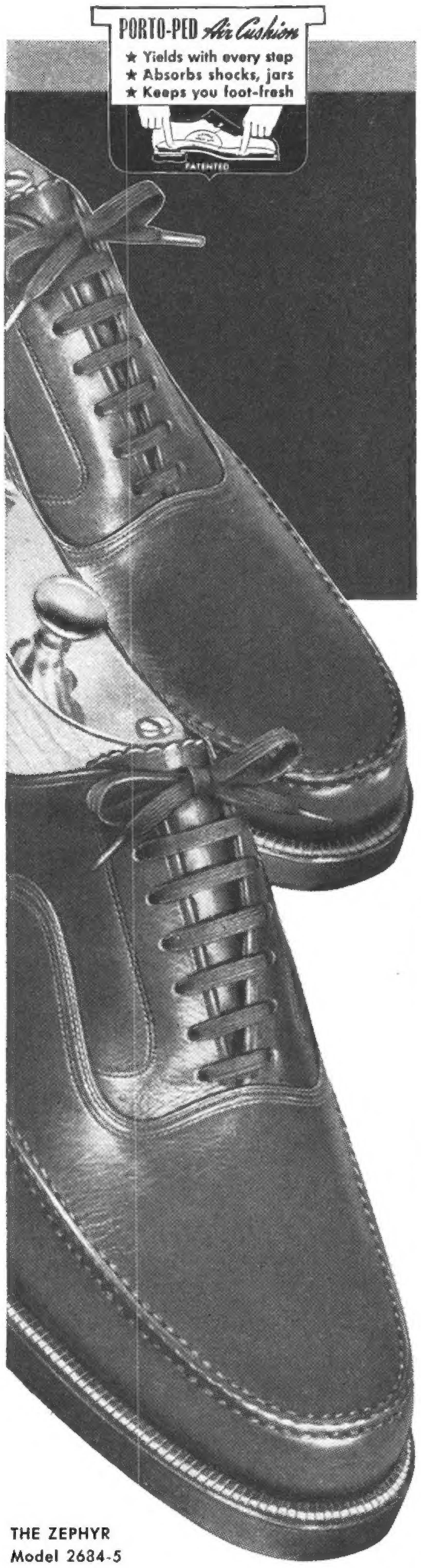

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Model 2684-5

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
(Continued)

Matrix Shoes (Heywood)....... 142
Mayfair Slackfrost (Corman & Wasserman, Inc.)............ 169
Meeker Company, Inc., The..... 164
Mexico Co., The.............. 21
Millers Forge................. 22
Mister Short Co., Inc., The (Antsy Pants).............. 24
Mooresville Mills............. 107
Motorola Inc.................. 9

National Distillers Products Corporation:
  Old Angus.................. 28
  Old Crow................... 7
Nationwide Adding Machine Co.. 170
Navarro Bros.................. 8
New Era Shirt Co.............. 134
Newman Inc., Sol (Setters Slacks) 22
"Nice-Cubes".................. 21
Nimrod Pipeliter.............. 24
Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M. (Lion of Troy).............. 167
Nosek, Adolph................. 18

Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corporation)........ 7
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation)........ 119
Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Company)................. 143
Old Thompson (Glenmore Distilleries Company)............ 14
Omega......................... 139
Otis Underwear................ 114

Pabst Brewing Company (Blue Ribbon)...............IV Cover
Pacific Mills................. 32
Padi of Philadelphia (Berkeley Square).................... 167
Paris (A. Stein & Company)..... 105
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords....... 27
  Harvey's..................... 126
  Private Stock................ 104
  Reserve...................... 25
  Vat 69....................... 135
Parker Pen Company, The ("51")..................II Cover
Parkway Shoes................. 16
Passport Rum (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)............... 165
Penit (Sanford Ink Company)... 163
Pennock & Associates.......... 24
Penobscot Shoe Co............. 168
Peper, Christian (London Dock). 27
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 33
Pioneer....................... 111
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake) 117
Poppin' A Button Co........... 21
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Zephyr).................... 172
Post Watch Company, Inc....... 167
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.)............. 104
Puritan Knitting Mills, Inc., The 160

Rabsons....................... 27
Rainbow Plastic Hanger Sales Co. 22
Rainfair, Inc...............20, 127
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Company)...................... 164
Recordia Manufacturing Co., Inc. 154
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals)... 145
Rice-Stix (Horn).............. 170
Roberts, John C. (Friedman-Shelby Division, International Shoe Co.).................. 97
Rockglas...................... 24
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-Tite).. 103
Rollit (Diversey Machine Works) 164
Rudo Sumrwear, Inc. (Sum-R-Nite)...................... 159
Rum and Maple................. 16

Sal-U-Taris Mineral Springs Co.. 28
Sanford Ink Company (Penit)... 163
Scandals (Robert Reis & Company)...................... 145
Schenley, Sir John............ 17
Scripton Press................ 22
Seabright Arts................ 8
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (V.O.).. 31
Sigma Products Corp. (Breath-O-Lator).................. 24
Skyway Flowers................ 16
Slax Footwear, Inc. (Bostonian). 144
Smartair (Rainfair, Inc.)....... 20
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers)............ 158
Spiffy (Crest Specialty)........ 171
Spitz & Sons, Samuel (Cricketeer) 157
Springs Cotton Mills, The (Springmaid)............... 26
Standard Knitting Mills, Inc. (Healthknit)............... 165
Star Specialty Co............. 21
Stein & Company, A. (Paris).... 105
Stern Apparel Corporation (Ayrstar).................. 163
Stern Brothers (Windsoroll)..... 24
Stone Films................... 8
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators)................ 18
Strata-Bloc (Wilson Sporting Goods Co.)................. 137
Streit Co., Fred H............ 8
Style-Mart Clothes............ 113
Stylepark Hats (Templeform)... 141
Sum-R-Nite (Rudo Sumrwear, Inc.)...................... 159
Sun Valley.................... 149
Swank, Inc.................... 147

Taylor Corp., E. E............ 133
Taylor & Company, W. A:
  Drambuie................... 159
  Old Smuggler............... 143
Taylor Wine Co., The.......... 28
Templeform (Stylepark Hats)... 141
Textron Inc................... 109
Timely Clothes................ 13
Tourneau...................... 169
Tourobe (Hartmann Company)... 102
Traub Manufacturing Co. (Orange Blossom)........... 21
Tricamp Corporation........... 168
Tums.......................... 161

V.O. (Seagram-Distillers Corp.).. 31
V-Line Clothes Company....... 129
Valley Knitting Co., Inc........ 8
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 33
Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Company).................. 128
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)..................... 135
Veldtschoen (Lotus Shoes, Inc.).. 162
Venus Corp.................... 27

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)............ 98
Walk-Over (Keith Company, Geo. E.)..................... 106
Wall Streeter Shoe Company (Foot Pals)................ 146
Ward Hill (Knipe Bros., Inc.)... 136
Wembley, Inc.................. 118
Wheary, Inc................... 169
White Horse (Browne-Vintners Co., Inc.).................. 11
Wilbar Sales Co............... 21
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius:
  Benedictine................ 130
  Peter Dawson............... 153
  Garnier.................... 169
  Lemon Hart................. 28
Williams Importers (Harwood's Canadian).................. 101
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. (Strata-Bloc)............... 137
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved)............... 4
World in Color Productions..... 18
Wright Company, H. E. ("Old Coppersides")......... 18
Wyn Castle Co................. 8

Yorktown (Gardiner Shoe Co., Inc.)...................... 150
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.)...................... 15

Zephyr, The (Portage Shoe Mfg. Co.)...................... 172
Zippo Mfg. Co................. 165

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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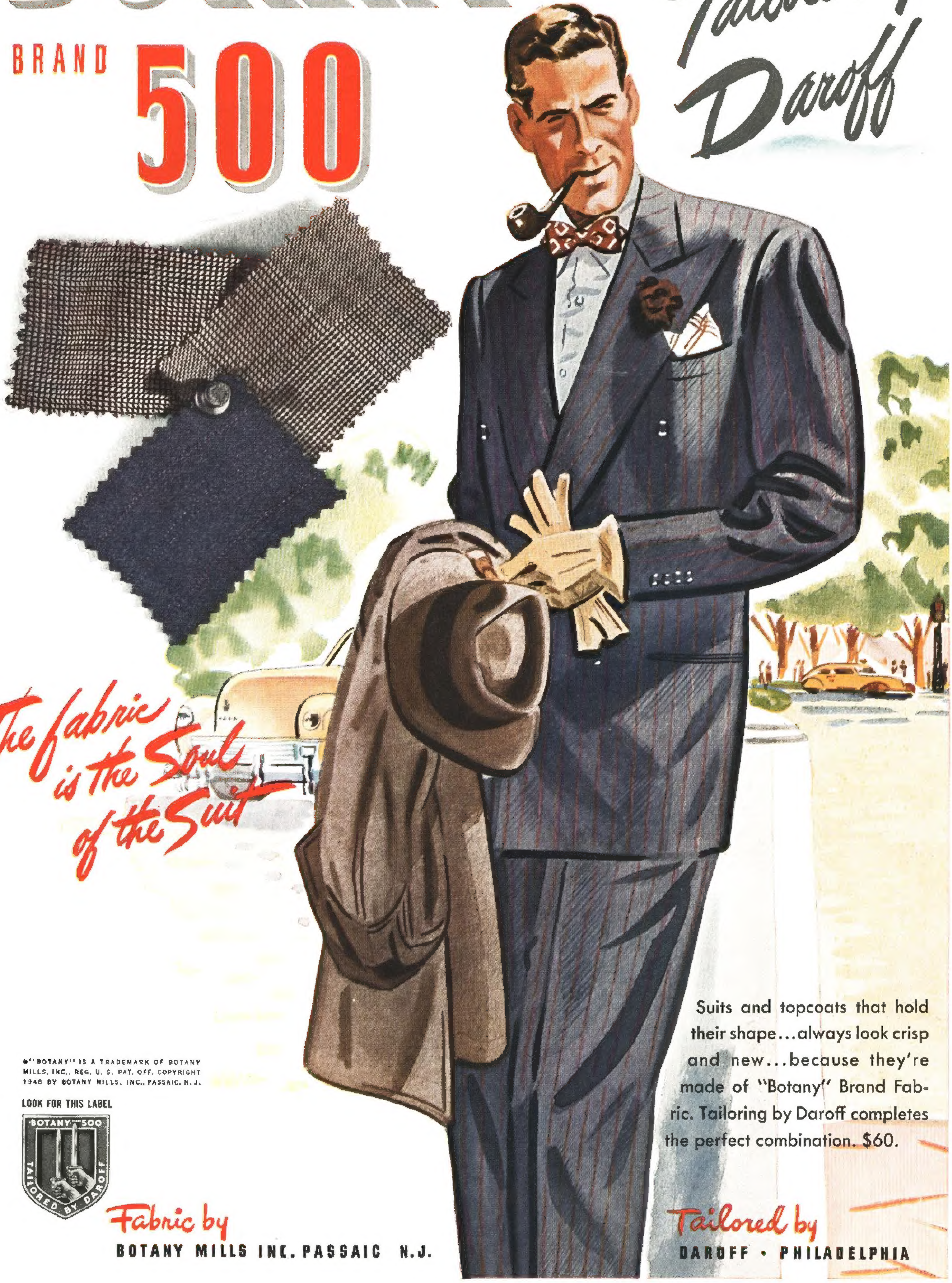
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